May 25, 1929
REF: STACK 5

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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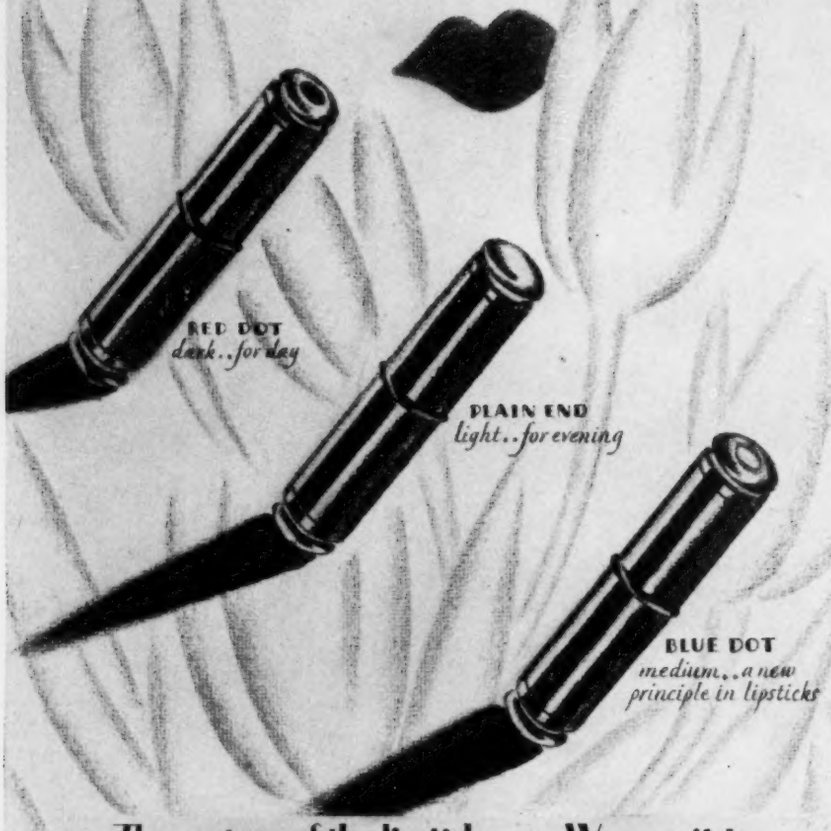

The gesture of the lipstick . . . . We owe it to Guerlain...the first to prison lips of radiant color in a slim two-inch case...the first to add a swivel for convenience...the first to say to all this loveliness, "You shall not fade ...you are indelible!"...the first to give us lipsticks smoother than our lips themselves.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 14, May 25, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin *Bareskin*
Beachskin *Clearskin*
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IN THE HIGH PLACES OF FASHION is "Slipper Heel" Hosiery. It reached these pinnacles because it creates slenderized ankle lines. To be sure it is not the only pointed heel, but it is the only pointed heel that holds so much chic. The clear, fine texture of the silk, and the rich beauty of the colors combine to give a flattering effect to the wearer.

For service sheer weight 88X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear No. 157X all silk chiffon is only $1.65. For formal wear 141X a 45 gauge, picot edge, at $1.95.

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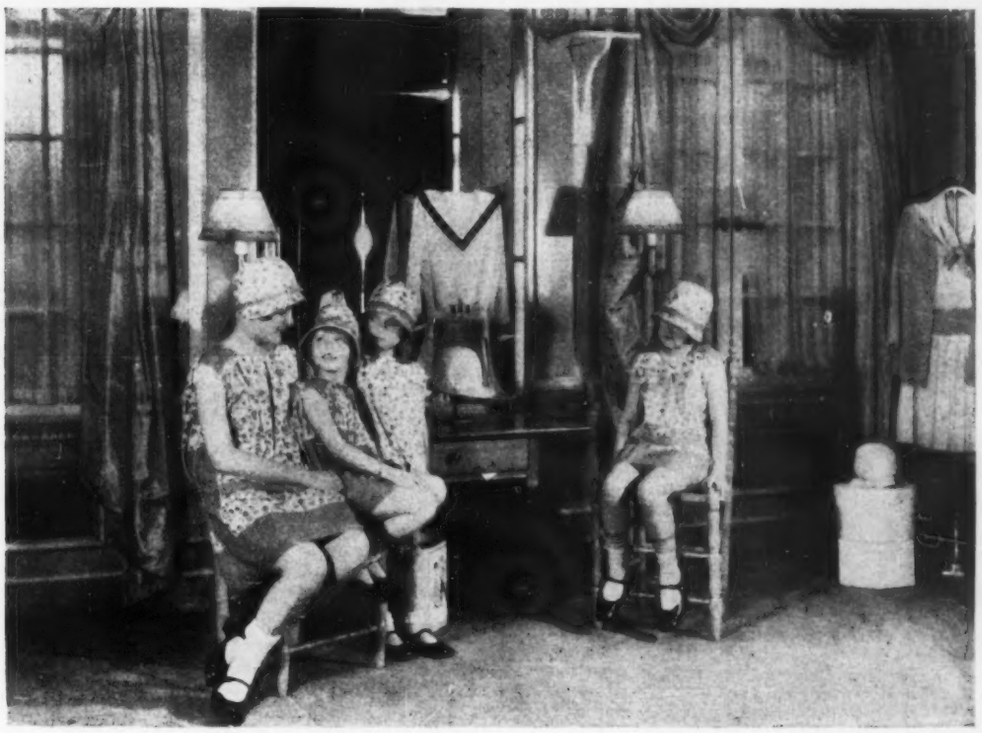
FLOURISHING on the 4th Floor is a sprightly young shop patterned after its popular predecessor. If you are a devotee of the Little Shop, as so many New Yorker readers are, you know that means very smart clothes, in this case for little girls, made beautifully and selling at prices characteristic of Macy's—where it's smart to be thrifty.



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WE had them made for us in Paris, by hand, for the most part. Saucy cotton flower prints, with hems in contrasting color. Trimmed with wee bindings, with dozens of tiny white buttons, with all the deft stitchery that French needlewomen employ. For girls of four to ten years. Bonnets to match, $4.64

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 1. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Last two days of the elaborate dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel. Worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40. Closes Sat., May 25.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an insignificant Cinderella play, but does it beautifully. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Moves to Guild, 52, W. on Mon., May 27. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Last performances of Walter Hampden's return engagement in Rostand's play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M. Closes Sat., May 25.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's sparkling comedy about the depressingly rich. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—Unassuming and fairly diverting farce of family life in a medium-sized American city. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—Edward G. Robinson as a know-it-all forced by fate to know a little something and act upon it. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—In which a father runs away with his baby. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Miss Barrymore gleams through a weepy comedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske's indefatigable comedy turns a slight and dated play into uproarious entertainment. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Final performances of Eugene O'Neill's nine-act work. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40. Closes Sat., May 25.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. Winner of this year's Pulitzer award. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—A good colored revue that is now in its second year on Broadway. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—The annual satirical review of Broadway's theatrical season, and not quite as bright as it usually is. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The tunes, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant musical show made from an Owen Davis farce. (Liberty, 42, W. Closes Sat., June 1.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MUSIC IN MAY—The latest prince-and-village-maid idyll; tuneful music well sung. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45,W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—A revue that isn't good-looking, but Phil Baker's nonsense makes up for it. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SPRING IS HERE—Fatherly interference with young love makes a charming book, and Richard Rodgers supplies the score. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb; Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

THE PASSION PLAY—The ages-old religious spectacle of Freiburg reproduced in New York with additions by Morris Gest. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the famous leg show of the sixties, is being entertainingly revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. only at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—John Charles Thomas, the well-known baritone, can be heard at the Palace, B'way at 46, Fri. and Sat., May 24 and 25; also Olga Baclanova, of the films, in person. Irving Aaronson's Commanders, and Irene Rich in a dramatic sketch, will be there for the week starting Sun., May 26. (2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre rendezvous, with Chick Endor singing popular ballads in his pleasant fashion.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—George Olsen and his band. Closes for the summer June 1.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music in an effective setting. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of places are: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where the inimitable Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with the amusing Jack White; Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, recently opened.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), which has an uptown clientele and is very good fun, closes for the summer June 1. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq., are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late show.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
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Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.
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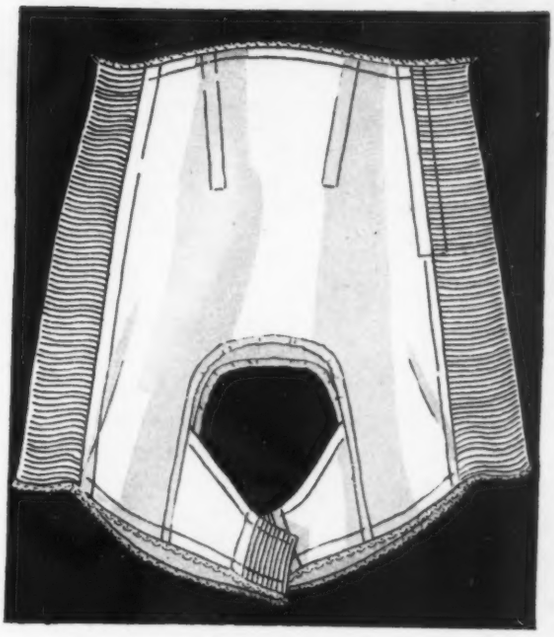

Flesh satin panels back and front. Surgical elastic at the sides. Two small bones in front

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Here it is!

THE GIRDLE TO WEAR WHEN YOU LEAVE OFF STOCKINGS

A Gossard creation exclusive with Best's

8.50

MOST smart young things will go stockingless this Summer, but not many of them want to go girdleless. But how can one wear a girdle when one has no stockings to anchor it down? Best's solves the problem with this new Gossard girdle which ends in two "round garters" and stays comfortably in place. Wear it under all your sports frocks—wear it when you wear no stockings—wear it when you roll 'em at the top.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 1. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 6)

NOTES—The Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), redecorated as a Persian Garden, is open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900). Must dress.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—For a short drive and a dance after the theatre you might try the following: Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, about 45 minutes' drive from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham P'kway and Williamsbridge Rd., Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; about 40 minutes from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, on the Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Meyer Davis music; about 50 minutes from Times Sq., and open until 1:30 A.M. (Sat. until 2:30).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—Night clubs, holdups, and even the domestic moments of the police and the crooks, make this a thoroughly exciting all-talking picture. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Backstage life; an undistinguished talkie which is drawing crowds. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Lights and shadows, camera work at its best, lift this thriller above the average. An all-talking picture with Ronald Colman. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—The vivacious Lupe Velez in an attractive, though silent, picture of the Paris of the Second Empire. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., May 25-27; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels in one of the best serious talking pictures to date. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., May 30 and 31; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MADAME X—A relic of big drama revived and renovated with telling effect. All-talking picture, splendidly acted by Ruth Chatterton. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—The best all-talking courtroom picture of the season, with Norma Shearer telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE VILLAGE OF SIN—Russian peasants suffering as usual, but with the benefit of superior photography. A silent picture. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Betrayal," Emil Jannings in a silent picture of life in the Swiss Alps, worth seeing on the star's account; "The Singing Fool," Al Jolson songs well recorded on the Vitaphone; "The Valiant," the tragic story of a condemned murderer in a talkie distinguished by the acting of a young newcomer to the screen, Paul Muni.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

BROADWAY—Talking-movie version of the popular stage play. (Globe, B'way at 46. Opens Mon., May 27, at 8:30 P.M.; daily thereafter, 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE COCOANUTS—A talking picture, with the Marx Brothers, Mary Eaton, and Oscar Shaw. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group. Davies, Homer, Innes, Lawson, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger contemporaries, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

DÜRER—Engravings and etchings by the master: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group summer show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Fine examples of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, Laurencin, and other moderns: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

ASSOCIATED GLEE CLUBS OF AMERICA—Four thousand strong, with Reinald Werrenrath and Cyrena Van Gordon as soloists: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49, Fri. Eve., May 24, at 8:30.

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Rubenstein's "The Demon." Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave., Fri. and Sat. Eves., May 31 and June 1, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS—Featuring negro spirituals: Fri., May 24, at 10 P.M., over WOR.

GEORGE OLSEN—And his band: Sat., May 25, at 11:30 P.M., and Thurs., May 30, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

OPERA—Selections from various operas, soloists and orchestra: Sun., May 26, at 6 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Victor Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile:" Sun., May 26, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Cesare Sodero's "Russian Shadows:" Mon., May 27, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

LIBBY HOLMAN—The husky-voiced blues singer from "The Little Show:" Sun., May 26, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., May 26, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra, broadcast from Chicago: Tues., May 28, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

HERBERT HOOVER—The President's Memorial Day Message, broadcast from Washington: Thurs., May 30, at 2 P.M., over WEAF and WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Fri., May 24, at 3:15 P.M., Sat. and Sun., May 25 and 26, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Brooklyn, Tues. and Wed., May 28 and 29, at 3:15 P.M., and Thurs., May 30, double-header, at 1:45 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., June 1, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

CREW—American Henleys, on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 25; first race about 2 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.) . . . Syracuse vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., Sat. Aft., May 25. (Through sleepers leave Penn. Sta. at 12:40 A.M., arriving in Ithaca at 8:28 A.M.)

DOG SHOW—Morris and Essex Kennel Club Show, on the estate of Mrs. Hartley Dodge, Madison, N. J., Sat., May 25.

POLO—Games at Phipps Field, New Haven, Conn., at 3 P.M.: Yale vs. Harvard, Sat. Aft., May 25; Yale vs. Army, Sat. Aft., June 1. (Trains leave Grand Central at 12 noon, 12:25, 1, and 1:05 P.M., arriving in New Haven at 1:43, 2:33, 2:37, and 2:51 P.M. respectively.)

RACING—Belmont Park, races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TRACK—Intercollegiates, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 31 and June 1. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.)

YACHTING—Harlem Yacht Club Regatta, Thurs. Aft., May 30. . . . Invitation Regatta, Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn., Fri. Aft., May 31. . . . American Yacht Club Regatta, Sat. Aft., June 1.

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE MARATHON—At Madison Square Garden, and probably still going strong. A fine chance for a little vicarious suffering. Sprints at 3 and 10 P.M., and 2 A.M.

NOTE—Thursday, May 30, is Decoration Day.

Who were Annie's Sisters?

SIR ROBERT LAURIE of Maxwellton, Scotland, was the father of three daughters. The eldest was born 247 years ago and named Annie. She had two sisters. Nobody remembers their names. The world knows Annie Laurie because it was her neck that William Douglas described in his song as resembling a swan's.

When Chrysler cars first appeared five years ago, the public hymned their praises. Their sister cars are forgotten while the general paean of Chrysler approval has not diminished in volume nor in enthusiasm.

There's something about the ownership of Chrysler cars that inspires vocal testimony to their superiorities. Chrysler drivers, more than any others, it seems, are fond of turning the conversation to the subject of automobiles so they can offer proudly the day's fresh evidence of Chrysler speed and power and stamina—of indomitable, irrepressible spirit.

The chorus of commendation for Chrysler rises in all countries and in all classes. It is the automotive music of the spheres.

And just as Annie Laurie's sisters now rest unremembered beneath the bonnie braes of Maxwellton, so many a less inspired and a less inspiring motor car is unhonored and unsung while the theme of Chrysler mounts and swells triumphantly in a soaring diapason of public plaudit.

CHRYSLER

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800
BROOKLYN

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1745 B'way at 56th St., Col. 6370
NEW YORK CITY

DeCozen Motor Co.
1226 Broad St., Terrace 6900
NEWARK

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSES SUNBURN?

MOST people do not understand the cause of the painful sunburn from which they suffer every summer in order to acquire a becoming tan.

Scientists agree that the burning and blistering part of sunburn is caused by a certain narrow band in the sun's ultra-violet ray. Your problem is to get the health-giving effect of this ultra-violet ray without the painful burning that sun exposure entails.

The obvious answer to this problem is a preparation to absorb that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes sunburn. *The new Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is that answer!* It is a creamy, fragrant liquid which, upon being smoothed over the skin, absorbs that part of the sun's rays which are responsible for burning. *It does not prevent tanning,* but instead encourages a rich, golden skin-tone. If you will just smooth Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream plentifully over your skin before exposure to the sun you will take on a beautiful, healthy tan, with no discomfort whatsoever. This Sunburn Cream is particularly delightful to use because it sinks quickly into the skin, leaving it soft and lightly fragrant, without the slightest trace of greasiness.

A bottle of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream costs only two dollars and will ordinarily last you an entire season. It is on sale at leading shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray salons.

DOROTHY GRAY

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they have just arrived but are ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. specially designed for train and steamer wear with the certain distinction of

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MANY people believe in the future of nakedness. Not without reason, either: wearing no clothes is reasonably healthful and right on the verge of being modish. The only person, though, that we ever heard of who had the complete courage of her convictions is a lady who is the mother of a girl baby. She took the child to be vaccinated last week and when the doctor started to vaccinate the infant on the hip, the mother protested. She said she couldn't conscientiously allow it—it might ruin her daughter's future. "If not on the hip, where then?" the doctor wanted to know. Hurriedly they made a survey of possible locations on the innocent little anatomy that might not be ex-

posed by future dress styles. It resulted in the child's being vaccinated on the sole of her foot—that being the only place that surely might not mar her beauty twenty years from now.

WE fail to see why there's so much fuss about the restored Central Park Casino. It is probably a good thing to let the rich people of the city dine expensively in full view of the multitude. From such a procedure both sides derive a great deal of harmless pleasure: it titillates the pride of the rich and tones up their system, it vents the hate of the poor and tones up theirs. If this were a democracy, it might be inadvisable; but in a plutarchy such as New York, it's necessary that the populace be allowed to glimpse the decadent class in the act of eating a six-dollar dinner. Sooner or later there will be a repetition of the French Revolution over here, and the Casino in Central Park will be an ideal place to have it start—with the

rabble edging in shouting: "We have no bread, we have no bread!" and Schuyler L. Parsons rising immaculate to inquire: "Why don't they eat cake?"

THE plain fact is, the old Casino had a way of serving rather undistinguished food at a rather stiff rate. Now it looks as though for the same (or "popular") prices, it will be possible to get decent fare. If that proves to be the case, we are heartily in favor of the project. Yes, sir, we will tie *our* saddle horse outside.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III graduates from Princeton this June. He has, as you perhaps know, been voted the student "most likely to succeed after graduation" by the seniors. We're not sure whether the Princeton boys had their tongues in their cheeks when they undertook that prophetic

utterance. As for us, we don't see how anybody can succeed with a name like that. Success, as we understand the term, means living a rich life. And living a rich life means being yourself. How can a Rockefeller be himself? How can anybody be himself when he is selfconscious in the presence of a Socony filling-station? How can anybody be himself who has paragraphs like this written about him? If young Mr. Rockefeller III is really bent on success, as most young men honestly are, our advice to him is to change his name. We suggest the name Amos L. Detweiler.

WE'VE had occasion to do quite a bit of railroading lately, and find that the Railroad is about where it was fifteen years ago, the same as the Horse. Except for one or two minor refinements, such as porcelain washbowls and slots for used razor blades, there has been no advance. Trains still spend half the night banging

around and crashing up against each other, making sleep fitful and unrefreshing; cars are still draughty; and the food is still bad, tasting as though it had been scooped aboard from wayside kitchens while the train was in motion, the way mail pouches are. Yet for all its backwardness, railroading remains our favorite form of overland travel in America—more amusing than either flying or motoring. To wake at some uncertain hour of the night, prop oneself on an elbow, peer out at the flares of a strange railroad yard, and hear the heavy breathing of a shadowy locomotive, still gives us that marvellous feeling of adventurous living that made our first overnight railroad journey (on the Bar Harbor Express in the summer of

1903) the rich experience it certainly was.

Mysterious Auctions

THE Mr. Henry F. Winthrop who created the excitement by paying the highest price ever given for a piece of furniture—forty-four thousand dollars for a carved mahogany highboy—is really Mr. Henry F. du Pont. He didn't want his identity known. Collectors often buy under fictitious names because they do not want to be pestered by people trying to sell them things, or because it's nobody's business anyhow. At the Reifsnyder furniture sale, before Mr. du Pont's agent bid, the auctioneer had been instructed not to use the right name, to make up one. As he stood on his platform, he coined the name Henry F. Winthrop offhand. It was used for the first three days of the sale but since it had attracted so much attention, the du Pont representative shifted to William Raymond. Someone wrote that down carelessly as W. Raymond, but it looked like M. Ray and so that name also came into the bidding, on the fourth day.

Another eminent collector bid incognito at the sale, although he was present in person, Mr. W. R. Hearst. He sat in full view of everyone, but wasn't generally recognized. He bought under the name of W. H. Woods. Hearst has numerous aliases—certain ones for furniture auctions, certain others for book auctions, and so on.

There is much secrecy at art sales, of course. Recently Gustav Igler's "The Morning Bath" was bought here by a gentleman described in the announcements of the sale only as a "world-famous nobleman." He was Baron Von Popper, husband of Jeritza. She had seen the painting at the galleries a day or so before and admired it. Later photographers were permitted to snap the masterpiece—but on condition that the buyer's name be not announced. Publicity brings notoriety, burglars, aspiring artists, etc.

Sir Joseph Duveen has a little secret method of his own. He bids under his own name, but not exactly openly. When an object is put up for sale he sits with his mouth slightly open. He closes it and opens it again slightly, to indicate a bid. Often the auctioneer is the only one who knows he is bidding.

"Charity! Humph!"

Modern Woman

WEST COAST STORY: King Vidor, the movie director, dined recently at the Hearst ranch at San Simeon, but was late in arriving because his car had been delayed by a fog along the road. He slipped into his place, turned to the lady on his left and was about to tell her, a little patronizingly, of the perils men encounter driving machines. Just then he saw the name on her place card—Lady Drummond Hay—the aviatrix, Zeppelin passenger, etc. He asked her if she had read any good books lately.

Historical Note

IF, as we intimated above, the Casino in Central Park is likely to become the starting point of an uprising of the

populace, it might be well for the sake of the historical record to tell how the idea of doing over the Casino was born. It was born on the St. Regis roof about a year ago, quite casually. Mr. A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., was up there with Joseph Urban and several other gentlemen, musing upon Mr. Urban's plans for decorating the roof garden. Now Mr. Biddle never goes to the St. Regis roof to muse but what he also muses on Central Park. He is quite fond of Central Park, often walks there with his two children, a flower in his buttonhole, lightness in his heart. The gentlemen on the roof followed his gaze as he looked over toward the Casino and one of them suggested that it ought to be born again. Mr. Urban was instantly enthusiastic. He said it was the kind of decorating he would love to do. Thus slowly formed the idea which led to the Dieppe Corporation, lessees of the Casino, twenty-eight gentlemen, the same group which last year reorganized the Everglades Club in Palm Beach.

On the occasion of the first visit of Biddle, Urban, and others to the Casino, they found kitchen attendants sloshing around in overshoes and rubber coats because a water pipe had burst. The whole place seemed in danger of falling in. Mr. Biddle rested his arm on a beam and it crashed down.

Capone At Play

BEFORE he went to jail in Pennsylvania last week, Scarface Al Capone, of Palm Beach and Chicago, spent some pleasant evenings in the latter city, one night attending the "Scandals" for relaxation. He sat in a seat second from the aisle, with a bodyguard on either side. At the back of the theatre two henchmen were stationed who scrutinized everyone that went down the aisle. One of them held the master's hat and overcoat, to avoid delay afterwards at the checkroom. Capone left his seat during the finale, was hastily helped into his overcoat and slipped out into the street and hurried into a motor car drawn up at the curb. No shots fired.

Here are Ladies

THE impression seems to have got round that Alice Longworth and Mrs. Gann are having a tiff because they are ladies and ladies have tiffs. That isn't the case. The matter of dinner-table precedence goes deeper than that, as Washington people will tell you, if you let them.

The point is, the two ladies involved are two of the most carefully guarded national symbols: socially they stand for the two offices which Mr. Longworth and Mr. Curtis hold—Speaker of the House and Vice-President. It happens that an ancient jealousy exists between those two offices. In some ways the Speaker has the edge on the Vice-President. The Speaker has a vote; the Vice-President hasn't, except in the rare case of a tie. The House has the power of impeachment, and so, roughly speaking, the Speaker and his outfit can fire the Vice-President, whereas the Vice-President can't touch a hair of the Speaker's head. Further, the Vice-President comes to his job merely as a substitute for the President; the Speaker is elevated to his by his peers. More fundamental still, the speakership was created prior to the vice-presidency as now constitutionally provided, hence the Speaker outranks the Vice-President, just as a general in the army outranks an admiral in the navy because the United States army was organized prior to the navy.

The Longworth-Gann trouble goes right to the roots of our system of government, for ever since Wilson's rather high-handed administration the House of Representatives has had a dim notion that maybe the executive branch of the government was encroaching on the legislative branch. The chip was on the shoulder. Even if Mrs. Gann had been the wife of the Vice-President, instead of merely the half-sister, the quarrel would have come up.

As things are, Mrs. Gann certainly

"But you don't understand, Mr. Coolidge—I've already promised Mr. Smith."

doesn't relish the situation. She is a personable lady, a little heavy but of classic mold. She is well liked in Washington. She wishes she were well out of the whole controversy, but both Mrs. Longworth and she know that they're fighting not for a seat at table but for an old red-white-and-blue principle—the same that Joe Cannon, that roaring old Quaker, championed long ago in Roosevelt's administration and grew so hot about that Mr. Roosevelt had to institute the Speaker's Dinner as a state occasion to mollify him.

These things that seem so piffling to citizens of outlying provinces like New York are of enthralling interest in the capital, where matters are regulated to such a fine point that Mr. Speaker Longworth not only does not admit the precedence of Mr. Vice-President Curtis, but doesn't give an inch to the Chief Justice of the United States (who had the bad luck not to be mentioned directly in the Constitution). In actual practice Mr. Longworth and Mr. Taft on state occasions enter and leave the room together, side by side—or as nearly side by side as anyone can go through a door with William Howard Taft—and Mr. Speaker Longworth assents to this not because Mr. Taft is Chief Justice but because he was once President.

Discipline

MORRIS GEST, producer of big sublime spectacles, was in court the other day for the breach-of-contract suit brought by the lady who claimed she had an option on the Passion Play. Mr. Gest is a brooding man, irritable, unhappy. He prowled around Justice Peters' courtroom, a wry, shrivelled figure, with his black Windsor tie drooping like a dewlap from his gloomy visage. He couldn't sit still. He was always fooling around—getting drinks of water, passing slips of paper to people, not paying attention, taking out his handkerchief, putting it back. He got on Justice Peters' nerves—the Justice had his hands pretty full anyway trying to hear the testimony of Judas Iscariot, who didn't speak very good English. Finally the Justice couldn't stand Mr. Gest's restlessness any longer. "Who has the custody of Morris Gest?" he asked, irritably. This crack took immediate effect. There was no more monkeying around. The producer sat meek as a lamb. In fact, a few minutes later, when something seemed to be on Mr. Gest's mind, he rose and tiptoed gingerly, like a schoolboy, to the seat of justice and in a timid voice asked permission to leave the room. The request was granted.

State Paper

PRACTICALLY everyone now knows that Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Navy, is a descendant of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams I, and so on. Not everybody knows what he wrote, however, when he posed for the movie men just after he had taken his oath of office. He was asked to sit at a desk and write something, while the cameras cranked. What he wrote was: "This is hell, this is hell, this is hell . . ."

Up From Harlem

CLAYTON, Jackson, and Durante have become timely subjects for comment by their recent signing of a contract with Ziegfeld. This is big news in the Lower East Side, Harlem, and way points. Jimmy Durante, the most inspired member of the trio, has regaled all sections of town with his madness. He learned the art of wise-cracking in his father's barber shop in Oliver Street, where as a youth he shined shoes, whisked coats, and exchanged whimsies with the customers. He learned to bang tunes on a wheezy piano in the neighborhood and before he wore long trousers was in demand at East Side parties—even weddings. He played by the ear and hour, the rate usually being twenty-five cents. Once he played Irish pieces on the piano in Al Smith's home. (Smith was sometimes shaved at the Durante shop.) Jimmy gave up a barbering apprenticeship when he was in his teens to sing in cabarets at Coney Island. Later he set up his own booth there, and sold cheap phonograph records of his songs. He has always written practically all of his material himself, songs and patter. He would get up on the barker's stand before the booth and yell "Ladies and gentlemen, hear the great Jimmy Durante singing and playing his own songs." People didn't know until they went inside that it was the great Mr. Durante himself ballyhooing. Just as the first jazz bands began to lure visitors up to Lenox Avenue, Durante took his piano act to Harlem. His curious playing became popular and he was dubbed "King of Harlem," a distinction of which he is still proud.

It was in an uptown cabaret where he was performing that he first met Eddie Jackson. Jackson had been crooning low-down blues ever since his voice changed in a tenement apartment north of the Harlem River. They formed a partnership, later decided to make it a trio, and in looking around, found Lou Clayton and persuaded him to leave vaudeville. Clayton had been trained as a hoofer in a long career of trouping over back-country circuits. He is the only real hoofer of the three.

Prohibition and the era of the night clubs drew the three down to the Fifties from the Hundred-and-Thirties, the astute Jimmy, who is quite a businessman, sensing the possibilities in entertaining broken-hearted wets—keeping their mind off the lack of liquor. To do this he decided that the trio's technique would have to be changed. Thus from a more or less stereotyped routine of piano playing, singing, and dancing, he converted it into a madly illogical hodgepodge of fooling. Patrons entered into the spirit of the thing.

He made his first vaudeville appearance last year, at the Palace, and had a shivering case of stage fright. Clayton finally gave him enough courage to go on for his first number, by assuring him that five hundred people out front had been given a dollar each to applaud. Jimmy was greatly relieved and got along fine.

A Few Figs

TWO ladies returned from London tell of an incident proving that, if the English are a nation of shopkeepers, they are pretty good at it. In Fortnum & Mason's, that engaging shop for shoes, hats, candies, sweaters, and groceries, they inquired if, by any chance, ripe figs could be obtained. Ripe figs, they knew, were out of season but they were beset by a great and

disturbing desire for them. The clerk was deeply sympathetic. Ripe figs were unheard of in London out of season, but he would see what Fortnum & Mason's could do about it. Thenceforward for five successive mornings the ladies received a telephone call from the clerk, assuring them in a warm, polite voice that the search was progressing, and that tomorrow ripe figs might be obtained. On the sixth day, instead of a telephone call, a messenger came, bearing a little blue box, neatly tied. Inside were eight ripe figs.

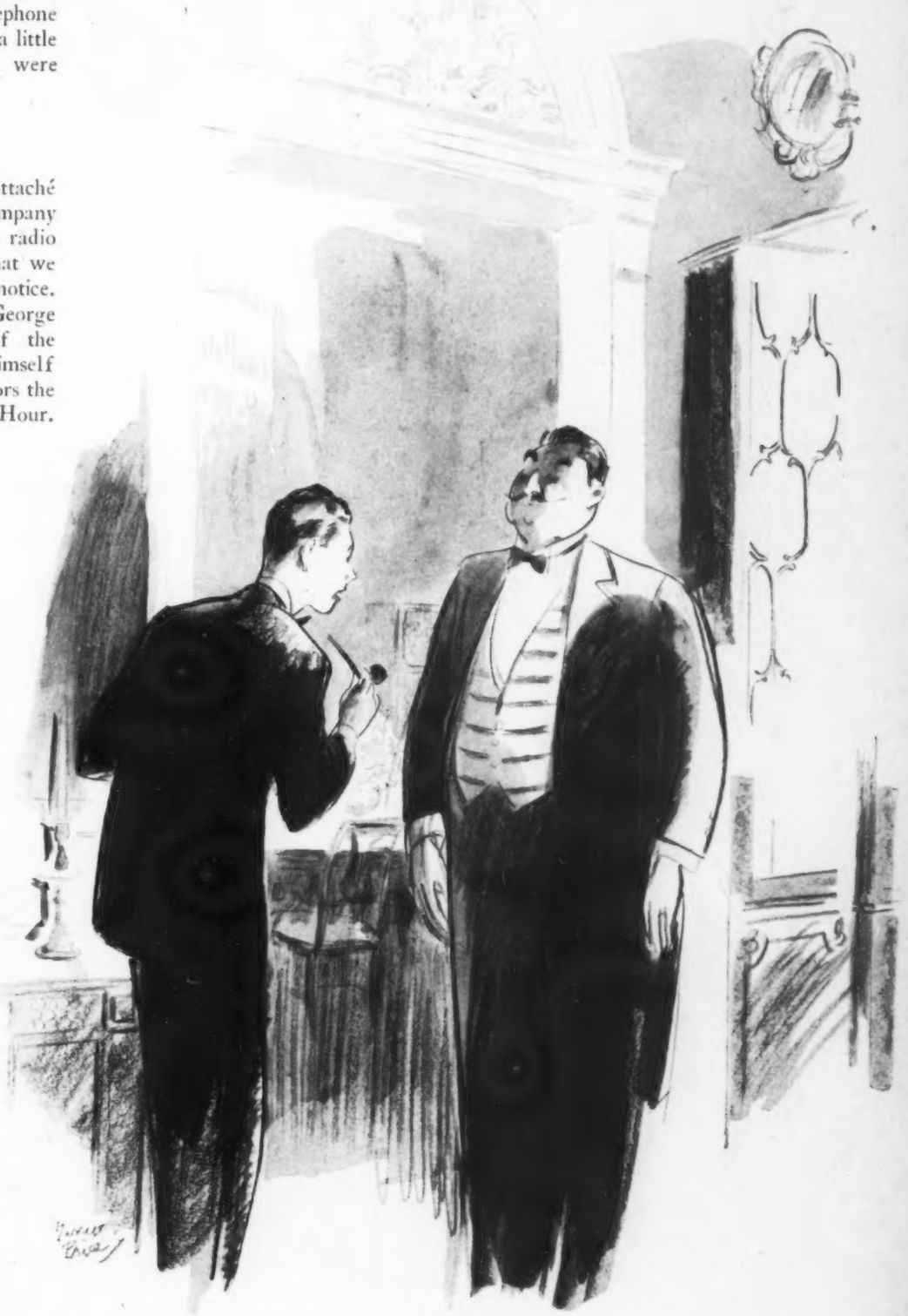
The Hours

OUR arrangement with an attaché of a big broadcasting company is that he shall phone us the big radio news, with the understanding that we can hang up on him without notice. This week's reports: Mr. George Washington Hill, President of the American Tobacco Company, himself (personally) supervises and censors the dance music for the Lucky Strike Hour. Saturday mornings at ten o'clock he appears at the studios of the National Broadcasting Company. The Lucky Strike orchestra plays through its entire program for the next presentation, and Mr. Hill steps to the music, nodding approval if he likes it, shaking a negative head if he doesn't. The program is then rearranged to suit him. Incidentally one of the gentlemen eminent in the candy-makers' war on Lucky Strike advertising has two daughters who insist on the Lucky Strike Hour for dances at their home. . . . Grave gentlemen connected with the Standard Oil Company, at 26 Broadway, where once only the most profound business discussions were allowed space, now take time out once a week and listen to the Soconyland Sketch before it is broadcast. . . . Mr. Milton Cross, who was recently awarded a prize for excellence in radio diction by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, later made a brief but touching speech of acceptance into the microphone, the speech having been written for him by a man at the National Broadcasting studios.

Delivery Wagon

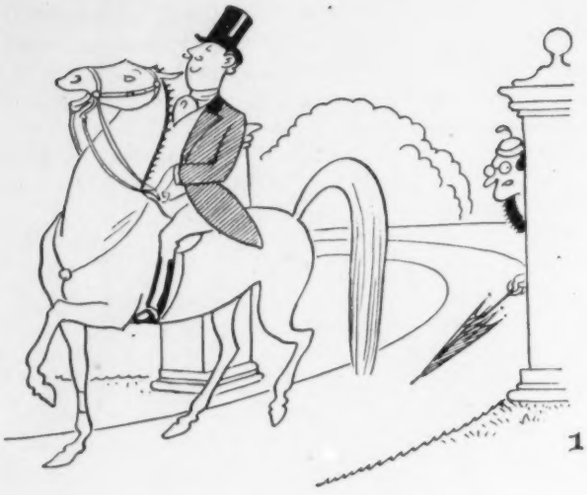
A MIDDLE-AGED woman who stops all baby-carriages to make clucking sounds at the babies was shocked during a walk she took in the Bronx last week. She halted a perambulator which was being pushed by a man, reached down, pulled back the pink coverlets, and clucked at five or six bottles of Bourbon.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Où est le cocktail shaker, Henri?"

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY



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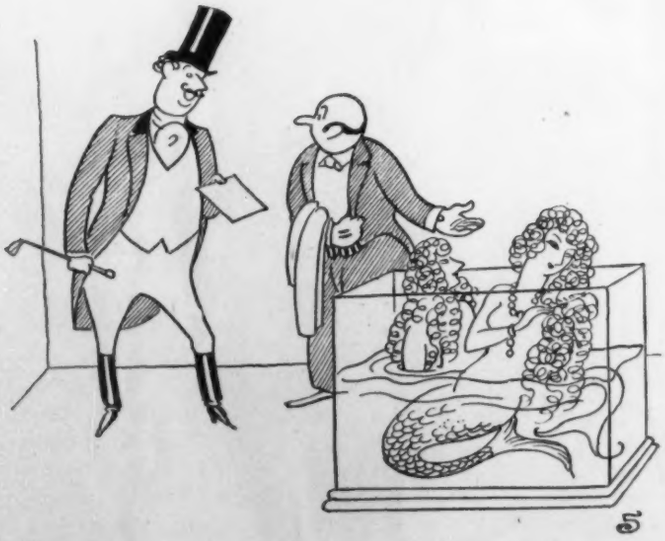

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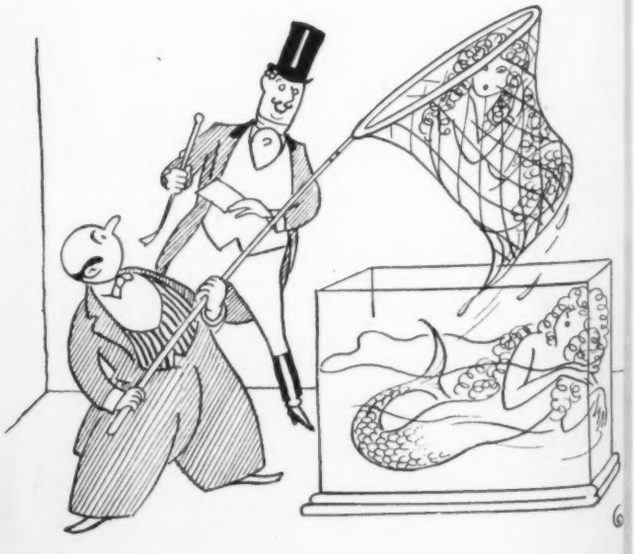

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HOW HORSES ARE CHEAT A

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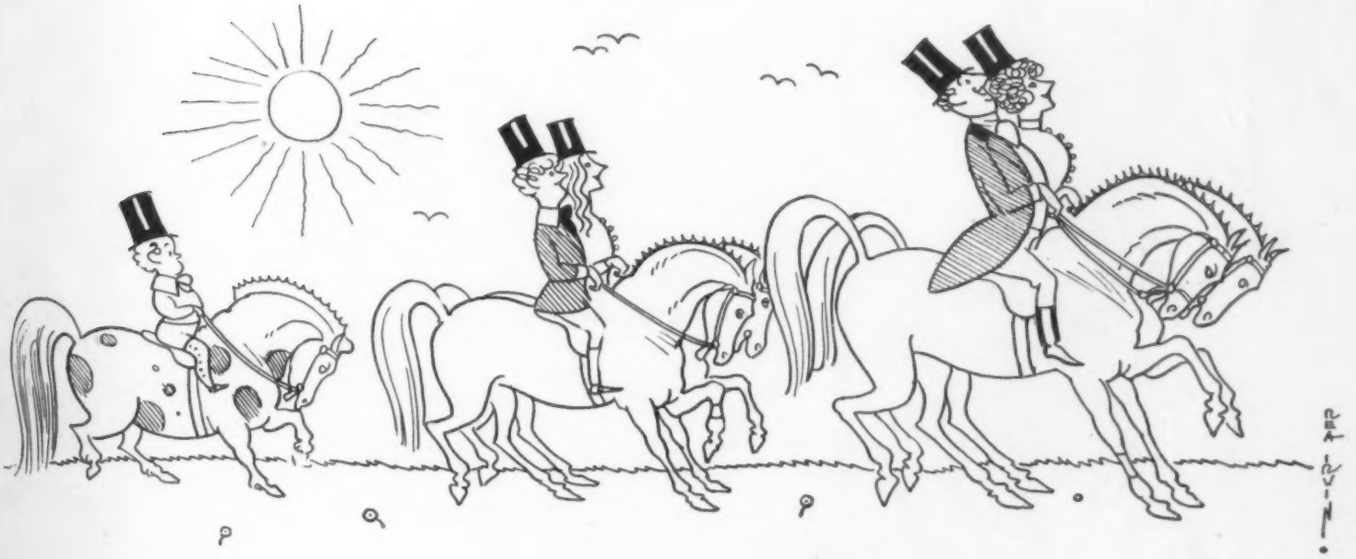

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HECK AT A GREAT HOTEL

THE MONROES FIND A TERMINAL

SHORTLY after nine o'clock little Mrs. Monroe began quietly to put on her things. Mr. Monroe, who was comfortably fixed in a deep chair, under a lamp, looked up apprehensively over his book.

"Where are we going?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"The French poodle gets in from Chicago tonight at nine-thirty," said his wife. "I didn't tell you before because I knew it would spoil your dinner, but it won't be anything, dear. We simply go over and pick up the puppy at the terminal so it won't have to stay all night in the crate. The shipper's letter gives all the directions." She took a letter from her handbag and gave it to her husband. Mr. Monroe, after a profound study, read one sentence aloud, slowly, "Go to the West Terminal on Sixteenth Street and ask for Messenger Car of New York Central train 608, which gets in about nine-thirty."

"It's only a step . . ." began Mrs. Monroe, soothingly. (The Monroes lived in the East Sixties.)

"It's just one of those letters that never work out," said John Monroe, wisely. "We'll get way over on Sixteenth Street and we'll see a lot of big, dark, locked buildings lighted by dismal street lamps. I'll ask a man where the West Terminal is and he won't know. You can't go directly to a west terminal and get a dog. I've lived long enough to know that."

"You're just trying to be ironical," said his wife. "You always make everything so hard."

"All right, all right," said Mr. Monroe, "but you'll see." He dragged out of his chair, with a hard smile, got his hat and coat, and they went out and hailed a taxi.

"West Terminal," said Mrs. Monroe to the driver.

"What west terminal?" asked the driver. It came out after a long talk in which Mr. Monroe, with a triumphant grin, took no part, that the taxi-man did not know of any west terminal where there might be a dog. Mrs. Monroe ordered him to go to Sixteenth Street and proceed slowly west which, in the end, he did, sharing Mr. Monroe's high skepticism. The street was ill-lighted, noisy with children. The farther west the Monroes went, the bigger, darker, and more firmly locked the buildings were. They passed the M. M. Cohen Co., Paper & Twine, the Ajax Examining and Shrinking Corporation, Ozaman Club No. 2, and a copper riveting works. Nothing looked like a freight terminal.

At the corner of Tenth Avenue, Mrs. Monroe commanded the driver to stop near the biggest and darkest building.

"I think this is it," she said, cheerily. Her husband roused himself and peered out.

"National Biscuit Company," he said, and relaxed back into his seat. He began to hum slightly. The driver looked around.

"You might get out and

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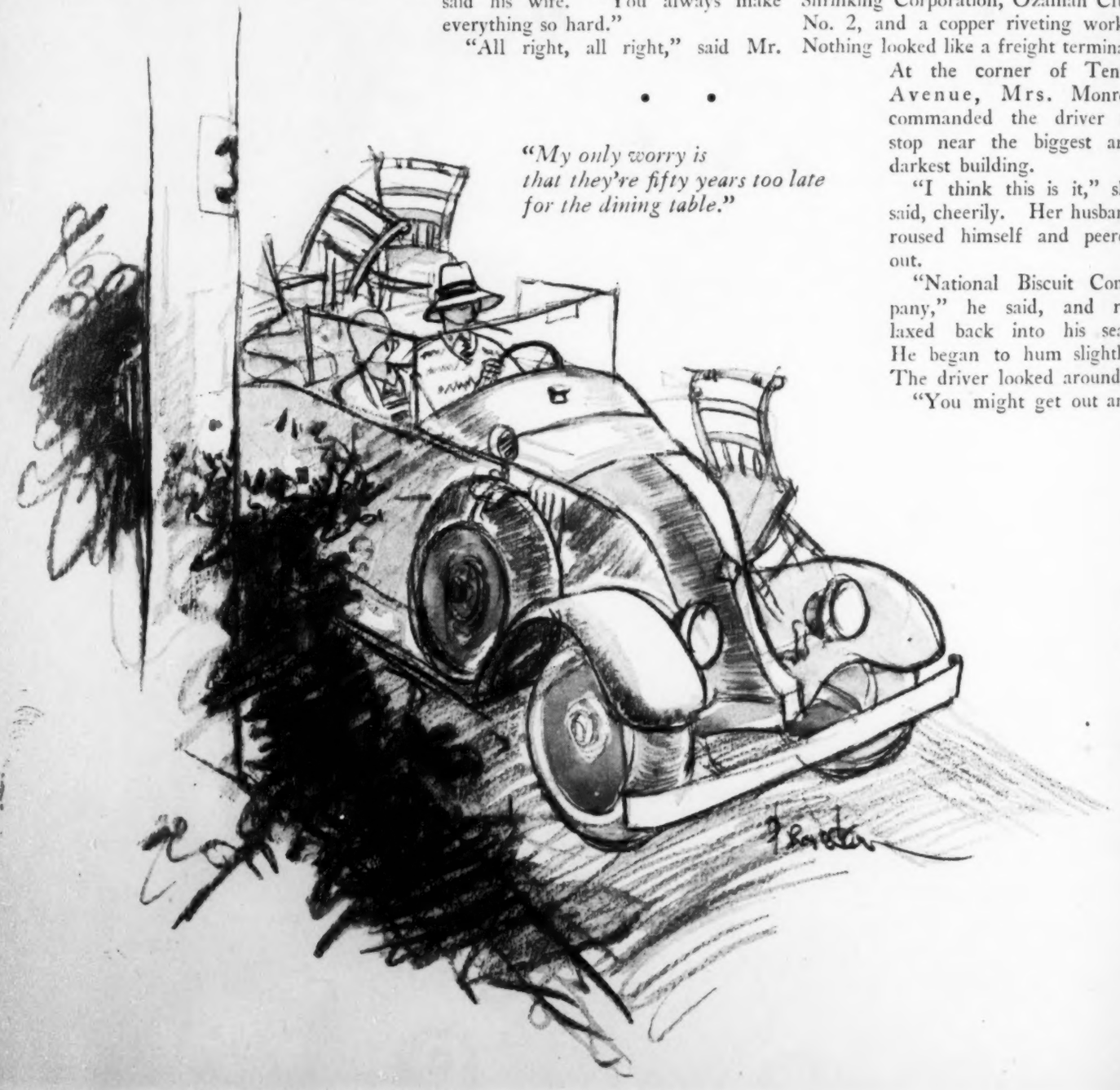

"My only worry is that they're fifty years too late for the dining table."

ask somebody,'' said Mrs. Monroe to her husband. This Mr. Monroe, with strange mutterings, did. He stopped a man, conversed briefly, and returned to the taxi.

"He says a fellow named Joe has an express office on this street and does piano hauling," said Mr. Monroe, grimly. The chauffeur drove on. Just around the corner in Eleventh Avenue, a hopeful-looking structure loomed up. Mr. Monroe looked out.

"The Economy Wiping Materials Company," he said.

"I can read," said his wife, shortly. After a moment she gave a little cry. "Look, John," she said, "there it is!" She pointed at some freight cars in a small yards across the avenue. A light glowed in a shack marked "N.Y.C. R.R." They got out of the cab and stumbled across the street. A short, gray, deaf man with silver-rimmed spectacles answered their knock at the door of the shack. He failed from the first to get it quite clear in his mind what was wanted, but he got enough to affirm definitely that there was no poodle in the yards there.

"Where do you think the dog would be?" Mrs. Monroe asked him.

"Lady," he said, "I don't know," and disappeared. Mrs. Monroe was for going into the yards and knocking on freight cars. "He might bark," she explained. Mr. Monroe led her back to the taxi. "You can't get a dog from a terminal by force," he said, sternly. "We'll go back home and think this thing out. First of all, is it coming freight or express—do you know that?" He had assumed his protective, man-of-the-world attitude.

"The express company is shipping it by freight," said his wife, somewhat subdued by the experiences of the evening.

"They don't do that," said Mr. Monroe. "The two things are separate." His tone, however, carried little conviction. "Probably express," he added. "I think it's only furniture that comes freighted."

"I don't suppose," said Mrs. Monroe, "they've given the poor doggy any water."

"The dog has water; we'll get the dog," said her husband, with his best executive air. He held her hand and they drove home in silence.

BACK at the apartment, he asked for the phone book, and Mrs. Monroe finally found it on Mr. Monroe's bed. "Now," he said, "look up under New York Central." She did and began to read off, "'General and Exec—'"

"Go on," said Mr. Monroe.

"'Freight stations,'" continued his wife, "'Pier 34 ER ft Rutgers slip, St Johns Pk Laight & Varick—'"

"Give me the book," said Mr. Monroe, importantly. He took it, flipped over a few pages, frowned, and began to look around nervously.

"Under your chair," said his wife. He reached under his chair and found his tobacco pouch. "Now look under American Railway Express," pursued his wife. Mr. Monroe did this, after filling his pipe.

"Here we are," he said, "'American Railway Express: Tracing department, Claim department, On Hand department'—ah, that's probably it—'438 West 55.' When things are received they are considered on hand and—"

"It couldn't be that," interrupted his wife. "That's where they have dogs for a week or more. Let me have the book." She went over and took it. Carefully and calmly she studied the listings. "Here!" she said, "'Terminals: Tenth Avenue and Thirty-third, Lexington and Forty-ninth.' Now Lexington is east and the other west—it must be Tenth Avenue and Thirty-third. I'll call that number."

"No use," said her husband, pityingly. He yawned and began to remove his shoes. "The shipper couldn't have been that far off—from Sixteenth to Thirty-third Street. If you phone there a guy will answer in a German accent and deny everything. Wait till morning and I'll call up a—" But Mrs. Monroe was already on the phone. Suddenly she was talking, animatedly. "Yes, 608. A little black dog. It is? Oh, you did? Well, that's fine! We'll be right up!" She hung up the receiver. "It's there!" she cried. "The man said he had seen the puppy—the car was just brought in up there. Hurry, let's go right up and get it!"

Mr. Monroe did not hurry. He put his shoes back on slowly, smiling strangely, like a diplomat at a conference.

"You see, my dear," he began, as they started out again, "you have to go at these things carefully and calmly and figure out logically where a dog, shipped from Chicago, would most naturally—" His wife smiled, even more strangely than he had, and kissed him.

"My great big wonderful husband," she said, gently. —JAMES THURBER

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ELEGY FOR JANES

[Historical fact: "All female rulers named Jane were murdered, became insane, or were deposed."
—*From "Believe It Or Not."*]

Light a taper,
Say a prayer
A bluish vapour
In holy air,
For poor Queen Jane.

Queens named Jane
Go insane.
Fire and stone
For Queens named Joan,
Jehan and Jeanne
Die scorned by man.

This gentle name
Brings a curse,
Draggled fame,
Hanging—worse,
Murder, rack-pains,
Madness, flight,
Fret and hack Janes
Day and night.
A royal flitter,
She knows no ease.
Life's drink is bitter
To its very lees.

Speed her reign
She had a tryst,
Curséd Jane
With an alienist,
A burly traitor,
A guillotine,
Run by a satyr,
Life treats her mean.

Death's a gain
Bringing release.
May Queens named Jane
Rest In Peace.
—ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

A SHORT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(With Acknowledgments to Nathan)

1913

THE four defiant Canadian Club whiskeys at the Susquehanna in Hackensack.

1914

The Great Western Champagne at the Trent House in Trenton and the groggy ride back to Princeton.

1915

The Sparkling Burgundy at Bustanoby's. The raw whiskey in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, when I got up on a table and sang, "Won't you come up," to the cowmen. The Stingers at Tate's in Seattle listening to Ed Muldoon, "that clever chap."

1916

The apple brandy nipped at in the locker-room at the White Bear Yacht Club.

1917

A first Burgundy with Monsignor X at the Lafayette. Blackberry brandy and whiskey with Tom at the old Nassau Inn.

1918

The Bourbon smuggled to officers' rooms by bellboys at the Seelbach in Louisville.

1919

The Sazzarac Cocktails brought up from New Orleans to Montgomery to celebrate an important occasion.

1920

Red wine at Mollat's. Absinthe cocktails in a hermetically sealed apartment in the Royalton. Corn liquor by moonlight in a deserted aviation field in Alabama.

1921

Leaving our champagne in the Savoy Grill on the Fourth of July when a drunk brought up two obviously Piccadilly ladies. Yellow Chartreuse in the Via Balbini in Rome.

1922

Kaly's crème de cacao cocktails in St. Paul. My own first and last manufacture of gin.

1923

Oceans of Canadian ale with R. Lardner in Great Neck, Long Island.

1924

Champagne cocktails on the Minnewaska, and apologizing to the old lady we kept awake. Graves Kressman at Villa Marie in Valescure and consequent arguments about British politics with the nursery governess. Porto Blancs at a time of sadness. Mousseux bought by a Frenchman in a garden at twilight. Chambéry Fraise with the Seldes on their honeymoon. The local product ordered on the wise advice of a friendly priest at Orvieto, when we were asking for French wines.

1925

A dry white wine that "won't travel," made a little south of Sorrento, that I've never been able to trace. Plot coagulating—a sound of hoofs and bugles. The gorgeous Vin d'Arbois at La Reine Pédauque. Champagne cocktails in the Ritz sweatshop in Paris. Poor wines from Nicolas. Kirsch in a Burgundy inn against the rain with E. Hemingway.

1926

Uninteresting St. Estèphe in a desolate hole called Salies-de-Béarn. Sherry on the beach at La Garoupe. Gerald M.'s grenadine cocktail, the one flaw to make everything perfect in the world's most perfect house. Beer and weenies with Grace, Charlie, Ruth, and Ben at Antibes before the deluge.

1927

Delicious California "Burgundy-type" wine in one of the Ambassador bungalows in Los Angeles. The beer I made in Delaware that had a dark inescapable sediment. Cases of dim, cut, unsatisfactory whiskey in Delaware.

1928

The Pouilly with Bouillabaisse at

"Fancy, Glendenning—gyved!"

Prunier's in a time of discouragement.

1929

A feeling that all liquor has been drunk and all it can do for one has been experienced, and yet—"*Garçon, un Chablis-Mouton 1902, et pour commencer, une petite carafe de vin rose. C'est ça—merci.*"

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

• •

OF ALL THINGS

WE cannot know how the President feels about the United States Senate but it is a comfort to reflect that whatever his sentiments he cannot be sent to jail for them.

•

Political doctors assure us that the condition of the Republican Party is not serious. It is merely suffering from an attack of bucolic.

•

The Democrats in Congress have arisen from their horizontal posture and are taking cracks at the Hawley bill. At any rate, they are not as tariffied as they were during the campaign.

•

The court has ordered Des Moines University to reopen upon the plea of six students demanding classes. We now give up trying to understand the younger generation.

•

A Newark yegg left a note praising the safe he was unable to open. The poor fish got no money for his work or his endorsement.

•

Fiscal reports on Mother's Day show that the telegram racket was good but the florist trade suffered a bad slump. People said it with wires; they reached for a pencil instead of a sweet pea.

•

The Soviet Government has invited a delegation of American businessmen to pay their country a visit. Could the Russians be laboring under the misapprehension that the Rotary is a revolutionary organization?

•

It is expected that at the British election on May 30 the women will turn out in large numbers and outvote the men. Decoration Day for the ladies but just Memorial Day for Englishmen.

•

John D. Rockefeller III was voted by Princeton students the one most likely to succeed. To a lucrative business, anyhow.

•

The Central Park Casino is having its face and prices lifted. After this our park is to be doggy as well as hot-doggy.

•

The Book-of-the-Month Club sues Dutton's for two hundred thousand dollars' libel. This will give a publisher a rough idea of how it feels to be a critic.

—Howard Brubaker

GENDARMES AND THE MAN

ROSY is a second-hand Renault of eleven horsepower, a nice friendly machine partly covered with second-hand paint, and with a raised tonneau or bustle, like the poop of a galleon. My first act after taking Rosy over from Wrightstoneham, her most recent "protector," was to drive her the two blocks from her little rez-de-chaussée, or garage, to my hotel, proudly squeaking the horn all the way. There I left her by the sidewalk, and went upstairs for as long as it takes a man to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

When I came down a sinister figure

"Say, that baby certainly can act!"

in red and blue was leaning over her. In his hand was a notebook, and he was moistening a pencil at his lips. Rosy looked furtive, as if this

sort of thing had happened to her before.

I murmured: "What is it that it has, Mr. the Agent? It is to me, the carriage."

He turned his attention from Rosy to me. "Ha!" he stated. "It is to you the carriage. Then!" His was an unpleasant face; further description is superfluous.

"One has, maybe, committed some fault of which one is ignorant?"

"Ha!" he stated again. "You have placed the carriage at the bad side of the street; see you, how can other carriages circulate in these old ways so contracted? Thus, if all the world pleases but himself without consideration of the disposition of no matter what other voyagers, what tohu-bohu does not then arrive, by example?"

I brightened. "But yesterday," I said, "I observed the carriage of the merchant of wine and carbon at the same side, here." A mistake.

"Yesterday! But today is not yesterday, figure to yourself!" He had me there. I bowed.

"Show me then the gray card," he demanded.

I unbuckled my portfolio of licenses and dealt him a hand from the top of the deck. He sorted them skillfully and discarded onto the front seat, keeping only the gray registration card and the pink driving license. He read them attentively, then looked at the metal plaque on Rosy's instrument-board, which the law requires to be inscribed with the owner's name and address (in this case, *my* name and address) and gave a sudden start.

"Then!" he thundered, pointing dramatically to the plaque. "The name on this card is not in rapport with the one on the dashboard, evidently! That is your name on the plaque there." (And so I was known throughout subsequent proceedings as Monsieur Vrrightstonhonh.)

I tried denying it: "But no, monsieur," I answered, and with some confidence at first. "That is the name of the old proprietor. I am the proprietor since fifteen days, and was even now on road to the graver for my proper plaque, already commanded."

"Make no stories," the gendarme ordered darkly. "I can read, I . . ."

AT this point the investigating committee was swelled by the arrival of a bicycle bearing another gendarme, apparently of greater potency, as my man saluted first; and on his heels a stubby patriarch with a long yellow beard, part of a bowler hat, and one half of one pair of suspenders; an old and respectable female in black with a Gay Nineties figure, who had been washing out a bit of flannel in the fresh current of the gutter; and a man-child with long bare legs, a downy beard, and pronounced tonsil trouble.

The court rose long enough for the ranking gendarme to suggest politely to this trio that possibly it had, then, other affairs to claim its attention than breathing on the foreign sir, an insinuation for which the prisoner was grateful. They drifted on a few metres, and court reconvened.

The circumstances were explained to the sergeant, a tall, lean man with an apoplectic face who, like all his rank, believed in action.

"Get the hell over there on the other side of the street where you belong, and then we'll take up the paper work"—as close a translation of his remarks as I can give. Glad of something to do besides being talked at, I sprang in, started the motor, and in order to turn round as quickly as possible, backed Rosy up.

I heard a gentle crashing, crumpling sound from behind, then two bellows, or screams, one hoarse and low, the other shrill and high, which it took me but a moment to trace to my two gendarmes. I stopped and looked over the side, more in curiosity than in apprehension. . . .

A bicycle had been left leaning against the curb behind Rosy. One had backed Rosy over the bicycle. To whom was the bicycle? The bicycle was to the tall gendarme with the hoarse voice. What says the tall gendarme? The words of the tall gendarme have no meaning except to another Frenchman. The tall gendarme angers himself of it, *hein?* Yes, he angers himself of it formidably. And the companion of the tall one, he, too, has choler not badly. For the bicycle of the tall gendarme lies by the ground, riven by the foreign sir!

EVENTUALLY the dual oration, with gestures, simmered down a little, and collaring all my documents, and telling me to follow in the car, the gendarmes walked away carrying the bicycle.

I followed them round the corner to the police station, left Rosy behind a taxi which Heaven had sent to be my guide in the still mysterious matter of parking, and entered the building. Closely attended by my guards, I approached the desk. A squat man with one evil eye and a face slashed with old scars examined my papers and listened to the sergeant's story of my crimes. When the commissioner asked me for my true name, then, I rashly reached across the desk to point it out on the gray card which he held in his hand. That was a mistake. The commissioner shouted "*Halte!*," snatched the card away, and glared at me; the gendarmes each seized one of my arms and glared at me, and a huge black cat which had been sleeping quietly on the desk sprang to its feet, humped its back, glared, *and* spat at me. I don't know why I wasn't immediately searched for weapons.

Finally, after a prolonged discussion in which I took no part, my identity was established with the help of my passport, it was decided that I had an honest face, that I very likely had not actually stolen the car, and that I might be treated with indulgence on account of my ignorance of the ways of a civilized country. The parking mystery was not explained. Nor was any word spoken of the smashed bicycle. I learned why in the corridor outside, when the owner whispered that

"We ought to teach those guys how to play ball."

he had not mentioned it to the commissioner because he counted on me to make private reparation, and that fifty francs would be just about the right amount.

I paid the fifty francs and after shaking hands all round we parted, they on their wheels to spend the fifty francs —the damage to the bicycle had apparently been exaggerated—I to return Rosy temporarily to her garage, draw a deep breath or two, and hasten for sum'mat to restore my injured nerve-centres at the nearest café—a rather pleasant feature of Paris life, which I won't go into just now because I think something has already been written on the subject.

—Donald Moffat

MIDNIGHT~
AFTER SAPPHO

Fainter and thin, the lapsing moon has paled
From the rough sky. The Pleiades have sailed,
  Star after star, bending a silver mast
  Into the darkness, and the hollow vast
Of heaven clangs where a trumpet-wind is blown
—The hour goes, and is gone—I sleep alone.

RED BERRIES

It was the autumn of a sunny year,
A golden glow lay on the field, a clear
Green radiance on the sky.

The dry leaves, rustling in and out the trees,
Had scarce a breeze
To stir their wrinkled tips,
And red, and burning red
The round hips
Shone from the Holly-Bush.

—James Stephens

"One Olde English Pineapple Sundae."

PROFILES

TROUBADOUR

WHEN I first knew George Gershwin he was living with his family in an apartment in 110th Street. To me, who am forced when I want to write so much as a postcard to shut all doors, cut off the telephone, and cere myself carefully in an immutable silence, it was a perpetual wonder that Gershwin could do his work in the living-room of this particular flat, the simultaneous stamping ground of the other members of the family and the numberless relatives and visitors who would lounge through, lean on the piano, chat, tell stories, and do their setting-up exercises. I have seen Gershwin working on the score of the Concerto in F in a room in which there must have been six other people talking among themselves, having tea, and playing checkers. In those days Gershwin used to mumble ineffectually that what he needed was privacy. This mild protest went on for several years and resulted finally in the purchase of a five-story house in West 103rd Street. The top floor was the composer's study; here his treasures were transplanted: the Steinway grand, the "Great Composers Series" drawn for him by Will Cotton, the photograph of Prince George of England informally inscribed "From George to George," the framed poster announcing the performance of the Concerto at the Paris Opera, the specially bound scores of Debussy and Wagner. At one time, during those 110th Street days, Gershwin was working simultaneously on the Concerto and the scores of "The Song of the Flame" and "Tip-Toes." During this triple creation he would occasionally emigrate to a suite of rooms in a hotel at Broadway and One Hundredth Street. But even here the "privacy" he achieved was only comparative; here, too, the rooms were generally full of admirers, voluntary secretaries who asked nothing further than to be allowed to copy out a score—and relatives.

THE electrical success of the Rhapsody in Blue (first played by Paul Whiteman in Aeolian Hall, February 12, 1924) made Gershwin an international figure and the house in 103rd Street, with its presumably sacrosanct top floor, was a symbol of the composer's new dignity.

My last visit to the house in 103rd Street demonstrated vividly the futility of symbols in the face of an overpowering reality. I hadn't seen the Gershwins in a long time and I telephoned to ask if it would be convenient for me to call. It was a sweltering night in September and I arrived at the house about nine o'clock. For a long time I rang the doorbell but got no answer. Through the screened, curtained door-window I could see figures moving inside, and I kept ringing impatiently. No answer. Finally I pushed the door open and walked in. Three or four young men I had never seen before were sitting around the hall smoking. Off the hall was a small reception-room which had been converted into a billiard-room. I peered in—there was a game in progress but I knew none of the players. I asked for George, or his brother Ira. No one bothered to reply, but one of the young men made a terse gesture in the direction of the upper stories. I went up one flight and there I found a new group. One of them I vaguely recognized from 110th Street and I asked him where George and Ira were. He said he thought they were upstairs. On the third floor I found Arthur, the youngest brother, who had just come in and didn't know who was in the house, but on the fourth I got an answer to my—by this time agonized—cry. I heard Ira's voice inviting me up to the fifth. I found him and his wife Leonore trying to keep cool in George's study. I told them of my adventures coming up the stairs. "Who under the sun," I asked, "are those fellows playing billiards on the first floor?"

Ira looked almost guilty. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't know!"

"But you must," I insisted. "They looked perfectly at home."

"I really don't," he said. "There's a bunch of fellows from down the street who've taken to dropping in here every night for a game. I think they're friends of Arthur's. But I don't know who they are."

"Where," I demanded sternly, "is George?"

"He's taken his old rooms in the hotel around the corner. He says he's got to have a little privacy."

And, lest I deduce from this that George had become unbearably temperamental, Ira—who is the fidus Achates of his younger brother as well as his lyricist—added apologetically, "You see, George had to do some work on 'Funny Face.'"

George Gershwin

AS a matter of fact I had long since come to the conclusion that George doesn't in the least need "privacy"—at any rate not for composition. His talent is so amazingly prodigal that he hasn't, like the less favored of us, to dig and prod for it. Possibly his training in Tin Pan Alley when he plugged songs for Remick accustomed him to working under conditions that the average creative artist would find impossible. The Rhapsody in Blue was written in a few weeks because he had promised Paul Whiteman a piece for his first concert. The Concerto in F was written and scored while he was at work on two musical shows; "An American in Paris," during a few hectic weeks on the Continent. Mr. Gershwin is thirty; his first show, "La La Lucille," was produced when he was twenty. Since then he has written thirty full musical scores; three important orchestral works ("'An American in Paris' is the most important American composition since the Concerto in F"—I quote from the review written on the morning after the first performance by the music critic of the *World*); a series of piano preludes which, I am told by the same authority, are first-rate; and besides that, literally

scores of songs which have never appeared in shows.

Among these last are some of his loveliest. "The Man I Love" was one until it was stuck into the ill-fated "Strike Up the Band." There was talk once of making up a score of Gershwin songs which, for one reason or another, had been thrown out of shows, and the list made one feel like going out at once to raise the money. At the mercy of banal librettists and the exigencies of "show business," Mr. Gershwin has to take out songs because the prima donnas can't sing them, or because it's time for the slapstick men, or because they're too intricate for the chorus to dance. Almost anyone who knows him well will tell you that much of his stuff which sounds magnificent when he plays it on the piano is dimmed and muffled by the time it reaches the theatre.

But Gershwin's active repertory at the piano is practically endless; besides the well-known ones, from "Swanee" to "My One and Only" and "Feeling I'm Falling" there is a succession not generally known—among which two prime favorites are the incomparable "Mischa, Jascha, Toscha, Sascha," written for a party at Jascha Heifetz's, and "My Little Duckie." It is a seemingly inexhaustible fecundity.

THE house in 103rd Street has only recently been abandoned, and Gershwin is installed now in a penthouse apartment in Riverside Drive. To complete the gesture of emancipation, the place is done in ultra-modern style—a rather swooning, Melisandish bedroom, terraced bookshelves and elongated wall-lights in the living-room, and over the dining-room table a weirdly crenellated electric lamp that reminds me somehow of the last act of "Dynamo." One room, though, is fitted as a gymnasium with old-fashioned punching-bags and fencing-foils.

"Boarda Ejicashun speakin' . . ."

Personally I regard the break-up of the Gershwin ménage with considerable regret, because it will probably minimize my contacts with Gershwin père. He is short, rotund, inclined to literalness, and he has that singular and unerring faculty which certain originals have for saying, in any situation, that final thing beyond which there is nothing left to be said. There has accumulated gradually a saga of anecdotes emanating from him; when I meet George or Ira I simply say, "What's the latest?" and I am generally told.

The latest happens to be this. The family was discussing the new Einstein paper and George commented on the astonishing compactness of scientific vocabulary:

"Imagine working for twenty years and putting your results into three pages!"

"Well," said Mr. Gershwin calmly, "it was probably very small print!"

The rest of the family consists of Mrs. Gershwin and a younger brother and sister, Frances and Arthur. Mrs. Gershwin is level-headed and practical; I imagine it was she who steered the family through the early years and who helped Gershwin père to the eminence of a restaurant proprietor. I gather that it was not her fault that prosperity dwindled in the era immediately before George became famous. When George was growing up the family was so poor it couldn't afford a piano, and it was at some sacrifice that one was secured for him when he was thirteen years old. The sister is sporadically on the stage and at Palm Beach, and Arthur does something in the commercial side of films and practices the piano. It is the family joke that one day Arthur will outdistance George, but so far this speculation remains in the region of humor.

THIS is the background of Gershwin's electrifying genius—a background which has this in common with the environment of most genius—that it remains inscrutable and explains nothing. I use the expression deliberately, for this good-humored, ingenuous young man is one of the most thrilling artists now alive. Because I have no authority to write about music, I have spoken with circumspection of Gershwin's achievements as a composer. I come now to a side of his talent of which I can speak because I have been under its spell—his immediate talent as a pianist, as an interpreter of his own songs. Josef Hofmann says of Gershwin that he has "a fine pianistic talent . . . firm, clear . . . good command over the keyboard." To the layman it seems a positive domination. You get the sense of a complete mastery, a complete authority—the most satisfactory feeling any artist can give you. When he sits at the piano and plays his own songs in a roomful of people, the effect that he evokes is extraordinary. I have seen Kreisler, Zimbalist, Auer, and Heifetz caught up in the heady surf that inundates a room the moment he strikes a chord. It is a feat not only of technique but of sheer virtuosity of personality. At the piano Gershwin takes on a new life and so do his auditors. He sings. He makes elaborate gestures. When he comes to a line in "My Little Ducky"—

> Gloria Swanson is hot for me,
> Look at the pin she got for me

his hand flies to his tie to convey the better Miss Swanson's magnanimity. Described, this sounds grotesque, but actually it is as beautifully integrated as a clever harmony. Gershwin becomes a sort of sublimated and transplanted troubadour, singing an elemental emotion, an unabashed humor . . .

> Do, do, do what you've done done done before . . .
> Sigh away, cry away, fly away to heaven . . .

Vicariously, you obey. (What a stunt it would be for someone to take a slow movie of a group of people crowded around a piano while Gershwin is playing and run it off without music!) Illuminated and vitalized by his own music, his own voice, his own

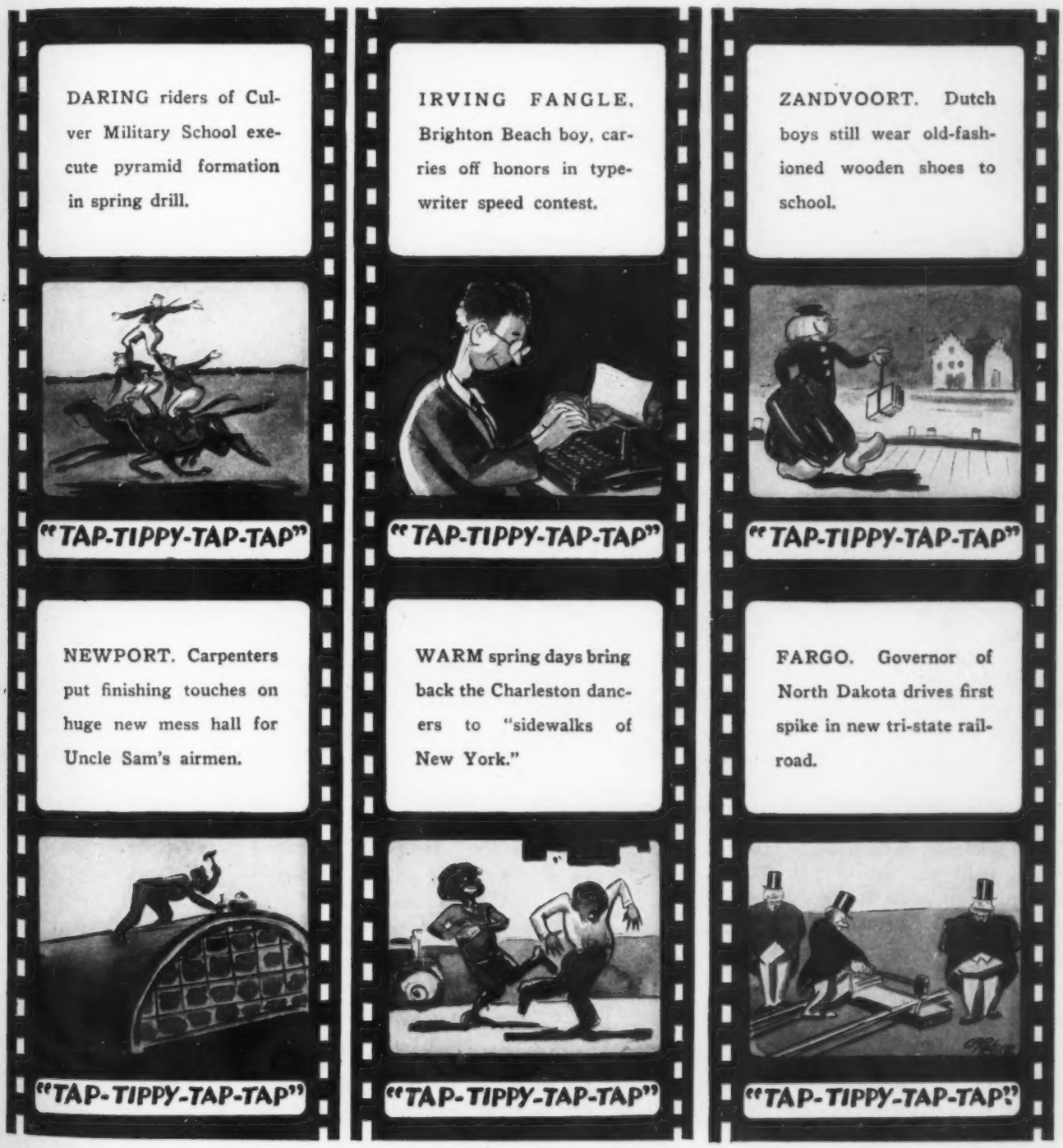
eager sense of the rhythm of life, Gershwin instantly conveys that illumination and that vitality to others, and that is why he can at once pick up the confused and disparate elements of the average New York party and precipitate them—willy-nilly—into a medium warm and homogeneous and ecstatic.

OF course, Gershwin enjoys his own playing and his own music and his own talent. It is part of the integrity of his effect. There are people who will tell you that Gershwin can't write a tune and there are people who will tell you that he plays too long at parties. There are, in fact, all sorts of people. As a matter of fact, Gershwin has been exploited mercilessly by hostesses—and hosts—whose parties he has saved from irredeemable dullness. I have referred to Gershwin as ingenuous. This is a condescension with which articulate people often indulge themselves when speaking of the less articulate. There are moments when I gather that Gershwin is not unable to evaluate nicely his own place in society. He told me once that his mother had cautioned him against playing too much at parties. With engaging candor Gershwin admitted that there might be some truth in this, but was it ingenuousness or sophistication which prompted him to add: "You see the trouble is, when I don't play, I don't have a good time!"?

—S. N. BEHRMAN

• •

NEWS REEL WITH SOUND


DARING riders of Culver Military School execute pyramid formation in spring drill.
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"
IRVING FANGLE, Brighton Beach boy, carries off honors in typewriter speed contest.
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"
ZANDVOORT. Dutch boys still wear old-fashioned wooden shoes to school.
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"
NEWPORT. Carpenters put finishing touches on huge new mess hall for Uncle Sam's airmen.
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"
WARM spring days bring back the Charleston dancers to "sidewalks of New York."
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"
FARGO. Governor of North Dakota drives first spike in new tri-state railroad.
"TAP-TIPPY-TAP-TAP"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEW POST ROAD

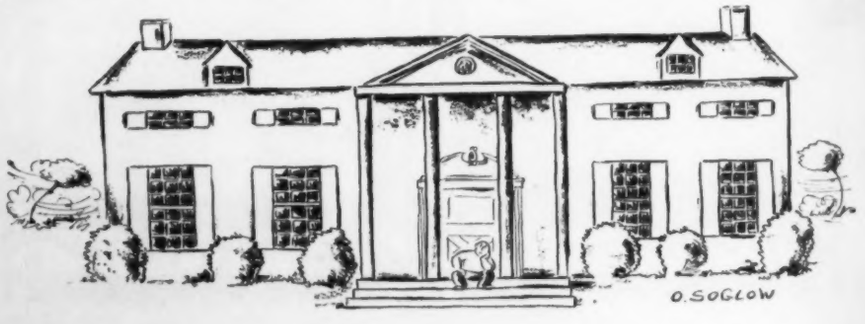
THE fellow in front of me was restless. He kept meddling with the window beside his seat —moving the pane of glass in its slide, and raising and lowering the little green blind. We other passengers watched him with a feeling of superiority. He was so obviously and naïvely impressed with everything, whereas the rest of us had adopted as though by agreement that air of boredom which is the usual manner of people travelling. Leaning back in our wicker arm-chairs, we indicated that travel by plane was for us a familiar and rather tedious experience.

We were going to Boston in one of the first trips of a new passenger air service. The fare, one way, was thirty-four dollars and eighty-five cents. We had been told that we would get to Boston in not less than an hour and a half and not more than an hour and three-quarters. Through a panel in the front of the cabin we could see the two pilots sitting side by side in the raised, glass-enclosed cockpit. Beside the pilots and the ten passengers there was also a thirteenth person in the plane —a young steward in a blue uniform, who had taken our tickets, handed us magazines and papers, and stowed our bags in a locker in the ceiling. It was a clear, windy morning, left chilly by a rain the night before; the shadows of clouds lay like big letters on the land, and to the left of us, three thousand feet down, the shadow of our own plane raced northward over Westchester.

AIR lines have been running for some time in Florida and California but most of them depend for their profits on carrying mail as well as passengers. The fact that this New York-Boston service was said to be the first line of its kind in America gave us, to some extent, the dignity of pioneers. . . . It was warm in the narrow, green cabin. A red-faced young man in a camel's-hair coat was explaining something to a woman across the aisle. His method was to sit on the arm of his chair and yell, leaning across the cabin so that his lips were pressed against the woman's ear. She smiled and shook her head; she could not hear him. A prosperous-looking elderly man in one of the rear seats put down his *Times* and closed his eyes. Another passenger might have been a hotel manager, another an executive of a country bank; another, in conservative collegiate clothes, a young lawyer or bond salesman. The company of ten (four seats in the plane were vacant) looked like a cross-section of any Pullman car except for one detail: they were all chewing gum.

Gum is more than good form in a passenger plane. It is hygiene. People who know about such things insist that there are no "pockets" in the air, but they admit that currents of wind move through it in irregular waves which are strong enough at times to give even big planes the motion of a roller-coaster. When there has been a storm there are more of these waves than on other days, but there are almost always quite a few of them, and that is why it is a good thing to chew gum. If the gum doesn't work, and you begin to feel sick, the steward will hand you a strong, square paper bag. Women are less susceptible to air-sickness than men; it is a malady that attacks you violently, but you get over it before the trip is over, and are usually immune afterward. When fully loaded a plane rides more smoothly than when empty and its motion, in spite of occasional dips, is steadier than a train's or a car's because there is no vibration. It is easy to write and your handwriting looks like your own. After a while you forget that you have been deprived of hearing by the three motors which fill the cabin with a roar that never stops and that nobody notices—a solid resonance that becomes one of the natural conditions of life. After landing you stay deaf until you blow your nose.

The run between Boston and New York is considered one of the safest in the East because there are so many auxiliary landing fields along the way—at least sixteen between White Plains and Needham. If the pilot, under extraordinary weather conditions, lost his course, he could radio the Boston field for directions. Passengers can also send messages by radio, but no one on our trip sent any; we hardly had time. Without warning



Two enhancements of gracious restraint. The hat ornament is of rubies and baguettes. Three thousand dollars . . . The bracelet is an exquisite design of diamonds and baguettes. Eleven thousand dollars.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

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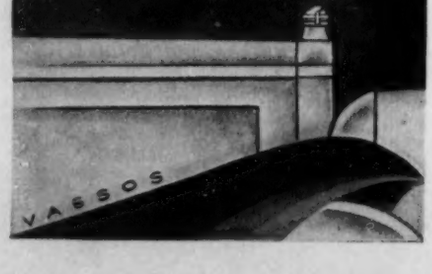
Ask the man who owns one



the plane tilted down; the dial in the speed gauge on the cabin wall rose from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty miles an hour, and the altitude dropped from three thousand feet to a thousand. Over an elbow of Massachusetts Bay we turned and glided down with idling motors to an airport on a mud-flat—Boston.

It was half past eleven. When we left Newark at ten o'clock there had been no one on the field but a few mechanics. Now a big crowd was waiting. Policemen kept them behind ropes at the edge of the field; they were staring at us. In the afternoon, as we started back, they were on hand again; an officer on a motorcycle made a path for us, sounding his siren. The steward explained later that the flight had been advertised more in Boston than in New York and that the field, close to city limits, was accessible to sightseers. Nevertheless, that crowd was a fine sight. We distinctly felt, getting into the plane, that only their northern diffidence kept them from cheering.

As the plane, after taxi-ing down the field, came back past the crowd, the pull and roar of the lifting motors made us feel happy and confident. A fellow-passenger was yelling something in our ear.

". . . See . . . One of the Lodges of Boston!"

"Where?"

"Tall building to the right. One of the Boston Lodges . . . the Elks Lodge."

Doubtless he knew other jokes, we reflected, examining his moist, cordial eye, and the crocodile sample-case the steward was just putting in the locker. In a Pullman he would have told them all, but now the strain upon his vocal cords discouraged him; he settled back in his chair, grinning. We saw the spire of the Customs Building—the only skyscraper in New England—throwing the light back from its panes; the dome of the State House was already covered up in shadow.

IT was all right to leave your seat and move around the aisle. For a minute we stood behind the glass door of the cockpit and watched the pilots run the plane. Each had his hands on a

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ON the roll of distinguished medical service these seven names stand high!

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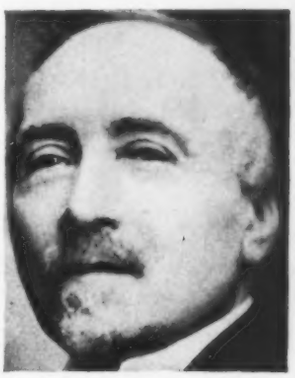
They realize that what they say may influence thousands of people. And unqualifiedly, without hesitation, they say, "For better health—eat yeast!"

Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to them. But read what they tell you about one important health measure. Benefit by it.

One hundred and forty billion living yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast help prevent the formation and spread of poisons from clogging food wastes.

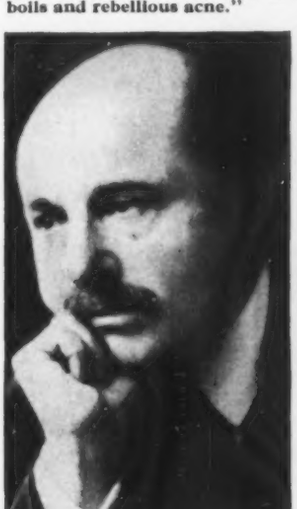
Better digestion is the quick result. Complexion troubles fade away. Rich new stores of energy are released! Millions already have turned to this modern, *natural* way to health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-98, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



The doctor of the schools of Paris, **Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. It reduces the poisons, purifies."**

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, **Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast in all cases of boils and rebellious acne."**



Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, **Dr. Viktor Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."**

The U. S. Government appointed him **its official expert on medicines. Dean Henry Hurd Rusby, M. D., of New York, is Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.**

Photograph from "La Clinique"

Americans eagerly await **the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."**

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IT IS SUGGESTED that arrangements be made for next season's suite at The Barclay before leaving the city for the Summer. Naturally a hotel characterized by such a superlative service cannot meet all last minute demands for its accommodations.

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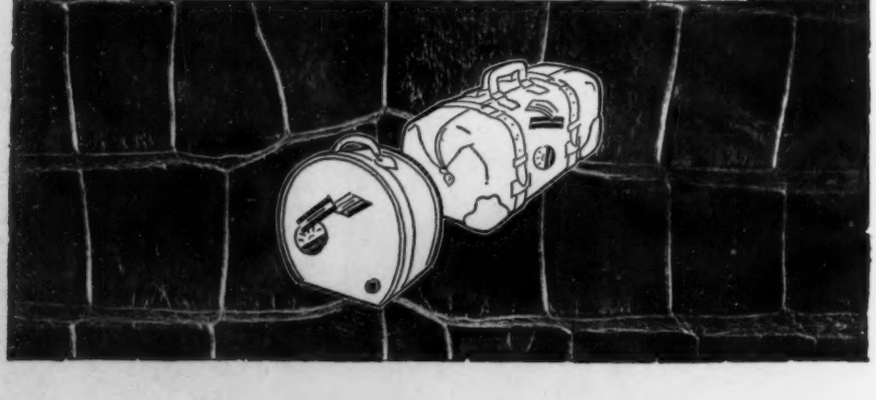

small steering-wheel which controls the rudder. Only one pilot at a time, of course, actually steers, but in practice the reserve pilot also keeps contact with the rudder. The plane can be managed from either control. On a dashboard between the pilots were the three throttles—short levers—one for each motor; a longer lever in the floor controls elevation; the brakes of the landing-wheels are worked from pedals. Without brakes the pilot would not be able to steer when on the ground; it is from them that comes the dismal, moaning noise you hear as you are getting ready to take off.

Later we found out other particulars about our plane. It was a Ford Tri-Motor Transport, Model 5 AT. The company owns three of them and keeps two flying all the time, and one in the shop. They cost sixty-five thousand dollars and have a wing-span of seventy-eight feet—ten feet more than the new plane Charles Levine has built to fly the Atlantic. Each plane carries enough gas to fly four hours at top speed. Regulation cruising speed is a hundred and ten miles an hour, but we were doing a hundred and seventeen as we left behind the dingy roofs of South Boston and headed toward the corner of Rhode Island.

I HAD always thought of New England as a network of roads joining important cities—roads made of concrete, lined with filling stations, and crowded with cars. From the air you can see that the roads and cities are, geographically, an unimportant part of New England. What is important is the land—green country, secure and lovely. You see how far apart the farms are, and how the dirt roads have been laid—where no freshets can wash them out—along the ridges of the hills. Sparse upland acres, barely emerging from the tangled scrub covering the hills, blend in gradations of deepening color into the warm fields of the valleys. Many fruit trees had budded the week we passed over them, and

• •

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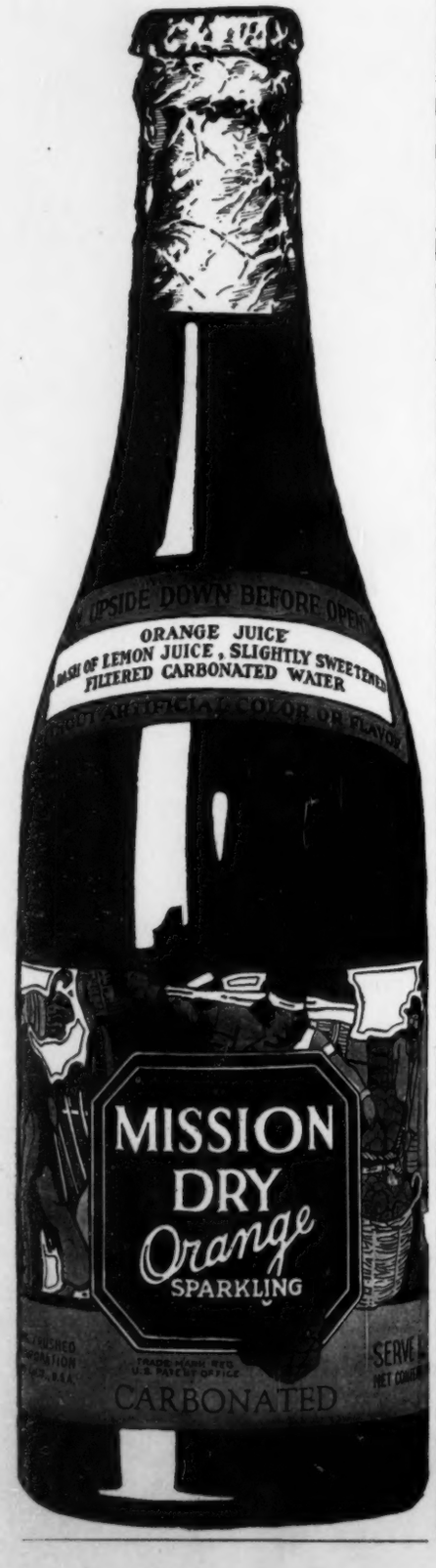

their pallor made squares and isolated sprays of brightness in the sallow orchards.

BEFORE New Haven, the plane crossed the Connecticut mountains. The sun was setting, and the east slope of every hill was purple and mysterious. We picked out a green square with three churches and a flagpole and, behind the churches, the square blocks of the Yale campus. Beyond the town the fields were smaller; sometimes the vivid, dark brown of new ploughing, the lifeless color of an old field, and the pale green coming up lay in strips so close together that they looked like paints in a box of water colors. Water, too, varied in color, depending on its depth; of three connecting lakes one was black, one amethyst, one almost yellow. A train on the New York, New Haven & Hartford tracks fell behind, puffing white smoke; nothing could keep up with us except a round reflection of the red sun which moved at our own speed below us in lakes and rivers.

At Rye a great village began which stretched south until it turned into the suburbs of the city. Open spaces were cemeteries or golf courses. On the left the Sound grew narrower; in the middle of it lay a black, tiny oblong—the ferry between Greenwich and Oyster Bay. Into the sunset, the Hudson swung back toward Ossining and Peekskill. Five minutes later we passed over upper Broadway and saw Grant's Tomb under our right wing; bonfires blazed in the dusk in the vast dump behind Newark. The plane came down over a network of wires, chimneys, and factory roofs, to where the bus waited that would take us back to town.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

•

Dear Miss Dix—I have an aunt out in California who wants me to visit her, but my mother absolutely refuses to let me go alone, saying that it would be a stigma on my reputation for all time. Would it? RUTH.

Answer: Certainly not. In this country no more is thought of a woman traveling alone than a man. . . . Your mother should withdraw her objection. There is no more delightful trip than to go to California, and it will be both a pleasure and an education to you. I wish you a pleasant journey. DOROTHY DIX.—*The Evening Post.*

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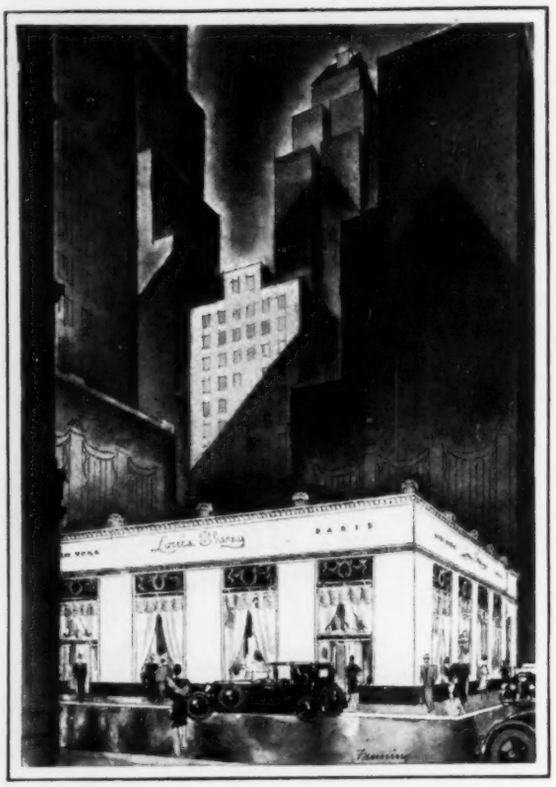

There is fresh rebellion in New York, at Madison Avenue and 62nd Street. Sherry sponsors it . . . a little one-story brilliant stubbornly refusing to agree with New York's skyline. It is the newest gesture of Sherry cuisine for breakfast, luncheon and tea . . . delightfully informal. It embraces, too, the welcome new Sherry service . . . table delicacies for counter purchase . . . Sherry-approved importations and Sherry kitchen products. Also, Sherry confections, bon voyage baskets and Sherry's usual collection of whimsical gifts. A unique New York experience, this . . . this embryonic edifice for epicures!

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ENCOUNTER

Not exactly pinwheels,
  Not exactly asters,
Are the crystal flowers
  Of Mrs. A. D. Masters.

Lovely lacy changelings!
  Near them on the table
Stand some apple blossoms
  Marked with Spring's bright label.

Each group eyes the other
  From its vase's tether,
Terribly embarrassed
  Left alone together.

Crystal flowers ponder:
  "Porcelain they must be—
Still, it must be sweet to
  Blush and think demurely.

"Love's a book of poems.
  Life's a starving poet.
Art is very lonely—
  Will they ever know it?"

Apple blossoms wonder:
  "My! What poise! What gleaming!
Wise—and bored with wisdom,
  What can they be dreaming?

"Do they know of orchards?
  Grass the sunlight dapples?
Stars? Bees? Rainbows? Have they
  Yearned to be red apples?

"No. They're ghosts of daisies—
  Stems just sapless splinters!
Oh, poor dears! They must grow
  Only in the winters."

Each, in pride and shyness,
  Longs to be a mile hence.
Neither speaks. The salon
  Aches with awkward silence.

—CATHARINE CONNELL

•

A YOUNG woman of 19-20 with pep, personality, and the kind of education that is of no particular business value, for a permanent position requiring no experience but plenty of grit.—*Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.*

Now let's get this straight . . .

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

RETROSPECT

GUEDALLA says of the third Napoleon that, having once stopped at the Washington Hotel on our own Broadway, he suffered for thirty years from the hallucination that he understood America. Some there be who might regard as equally lacking in authority any comment I might make on the current plays and players, inasmuch as I have, during the past year, expended no little time and strength on *not* going to the theatre—yes, time and strength and sometimes a form of low cunning, even resorting on occasions at the very threshold of the playhouse to ingenious, impromptu attacks of the family vertigo. But for my own part I see no reason why I should not be regarded as admirably equipped to write a retrospect on the now waning theatrical season, my vision of it not being befuddled by the depleting experience of attending all the—one gropes for the *mot juste*. Is it tripe? Yes—all the tripe the managers have set before their clients since the first curtains rose in August last.

FOR instance, I know from sundry trustworthy sources of information, including these old senses, that the once high-stepping Theatre Guild has staggered a thought groggily through a really pitiable season, leaving to Eva Le Gallienne and others the brave business of producing the great plays of the world, and themselves relying feebly on a program ranging from so shallow and empty a pretension as "Wings Over Europe" to so mild and pleasant a piece of nothing at all as "Man's Estate," the while their somewhat mystically defined Acting Company was spread far and thin over so many productions that each cast was almost feloniously watered milk. Now they are actually having the mixture of effrontery and pusillanimity to march upon London, where once we sent the Daly company and a good Hamlet, there to represent the art of the American theatre by so stale and soggy a macaroon as the excruciatingly unimportant Viennese "Caprice." One is driven to the troubled conclusion that the Guild directorate is tired out, and that their once sinewy creative impulse has succumbed to the same kind of fatigue which impairs a garter when it has passed its prime.

These gentle observations are set down here without first-hand knowledge of their prize cropper, "Dynamo," which the bemused Guild Sanhedrin appear to have produced for no other reason than that it was written by Eugene O'Neill, a richly endowed dramatist whose works they timorously avoided in the days when he was writing good plays. From all accounts, "Dynamo" was a welter of weak violence. After the tumult and shouting had died, the incurably ingenuous George Jean Nathan lifted his still, small voice to observe plaintively in *Judge:*

> The stranger from Mars, perusing the New York newspaper reviews of "Dynamo," would, estimating them from their ferocity, doubtless assume that Eugene O'Neill had not merely written a bad play but had also been guilty of stealing the reviewers' wives, murdering their children and setting fire to their houses. Just why O'Neill himself, apart from his play, has come in for the slaughter-house treatment puzzles me a little.

Yet it is all too obvious—and could, indeed, have been forecast—that this frenzy of denunciation revealed the gentlemen of the press in the characteristic pose of falling over backward, was, indeed, merely a reaction to the equally disproportionate praise lavished by these same gentry the year before on that profoundly ignorant opus, that "Abie's Irish Rose" of the pseudo-intelligentsia, called "Strange Interlude," which these very reviewers had rated as quite the best thing to pass this way since "Oedipus Rex."

I have not been able to verify these dark suspicions by reading "Dynamo," for it has not yet appeared in book form, and, indeed, its publication date is still unannounced. One hears with respect that just as it was about to issue triumphantly from the presses, O'Neill himself was smitten with misgivings about it and recalled it for revision, ordering the type distributed. They tell me that this abortive first edition of "Dynamo" is therefore limited to three sets of galley proofs, at the mere thought of which the avid collector of rare books is already watering at the mouth. It needs real gumption to undertake such belated revision. O'Neill did it once before with an unsatisfactory piece of his called "Chris," which Lynn Fontanne and Emmett Corrigan played in Atlantic City shortly after the war. "Chris" became "Anna Christie." And decidedly became Pauline Lord.

ODDLY enough, it has never been the occasional impulse to hurl similar brickbats which has made me yearn at times to be back at my old post. To be sure, when such samples of feeble fiddle-faddle as "Wings Over Europe" and "Machinal" were greeted with reverence in the press, and when Herr Arnold Korff's complacent and offensively protuberant performance in "The Age of Innocence" was hailed next day as a masterpiece of histrionism, I did feel a faint itch to be out on the barricades once more. But mostly I have missed the fun of hurling my hat high in the air for the few good things of the season. Tossing it high, for instance, in honor of Mrs. Fiske's dazzling performance as my old girl-friend, Della Sales of Missionary Loop and Trumpington-on-Swell. Or high in honor of the great last act of "The Kingdom of God." High, too, in honor of the exquisite, the breath-taking, the enchanting dance of Marjorie Moss in "This Year of Grace." Higher still in honor of Miss Le Gallienne's production of "The Cherry Orchard," easily the most notable achievement by any American impresario in the season now coming to an end.

I would also like to have done a little sidewalk fandango in behalf of the three best plays of the year—"The Front Page," "Street Scene," and "Journey's End." But in their behalf my erstwhile colleagues executed a veritable ballet of their own, so there was no need of me. And in a season when even the Pulitzer Prize is awarded with discrimination, what is there left for a dramatic critic to talk about? —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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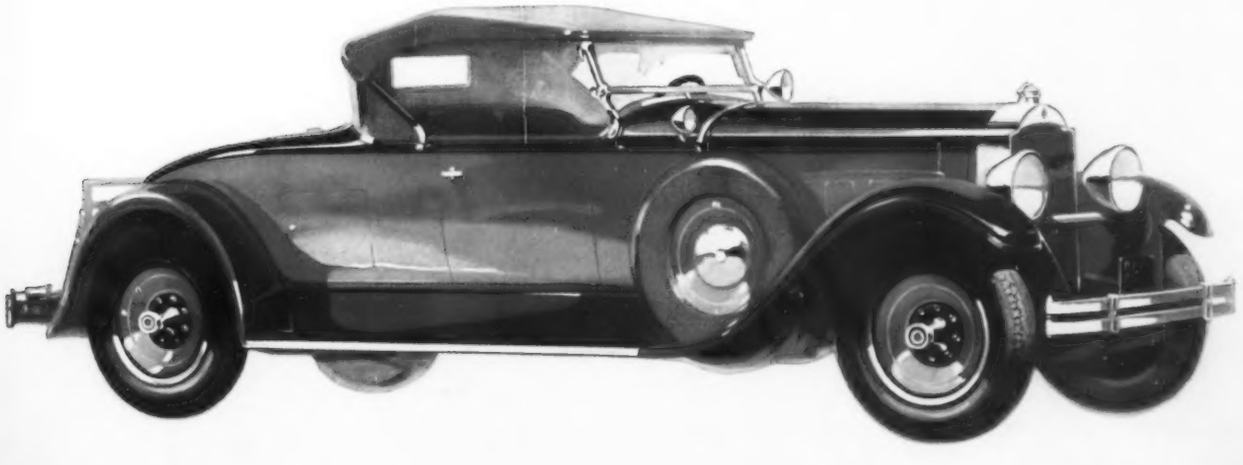

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FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE

THE advantage of staying on in Bermuda after Easter is that by that time the despairing hunt for an elusive "season" has to be abandoned. The idea of a season is as appropriate to these islands as it is to a Fragonard; they have a specific quality for which our word is deplorably not specific: charm. It is quite true that they have also a group of very big hotels, as big, but not as ugly, as those in Atlantic City; they have also the Mid-Ocean Club; and several steamship lines want passengers, so it is unlikely that a pedantic protest will avail. They will talk about the beginning, the height, and the end of the season; and no two of them will agree on a single date.

In my own experience, the Bermudans have been as vague about their archipelago as the poets. Shakespeare alluded to the "still-vex'd Bermoothes" and Marvell to "the remote Bermudas"—they are the most unvexed of human habitations and only two days from New York. The natives are inaccurate about their weather, which is on the whole more pleasant than they say, about the amount of water a growing family requires, and about the season. Concerning the last they give you every date of significance between Christmas Eve and Easter: Boxing Day, the opening of the races, Derby Day at this same mild sport, Washington's Birthday, and probably the anniversary of the day of the big wind. The only certainty in a world of uncertainties is that after Easter the season is at an end. The hotels still have balloon dances and dinner dances, but the shops declare a twenty-five-per-cent discount on Shetland woollens and doeskins and French lingerie, and the day a boat arrives no longer finds the halfwits who failed to make reservations driving wildly to obscure hotels or making shift in the basement of the big ones. The people at the shops calm down from the turmoil of the past few weeks and recognize you as old customers, and the roads are not so congested with carriages and bicycles (the simultaneous appearance of more than two of either of these vehicles constitutes a traffic problem of the first order here).

The special kind of charm Bermuda has is due to the combination of utter unreality and unrelieved commonplace. Like Venice (and like all islands in distant seas) the Bermudas give you no sense of solidity; you confess their existence while you are on them and expect them to rise again from the sea when you return; but at the moment of leaving you assume that they are going to sink from sight, returning to those faultless blue waters which cast them up. But the firm hand of the Briton has managed to set alongside this fancy (which it could not destroy) everything that is most matter-of-fact; the wild Italian imagination which created Venice, and the bizarre Afro-Iberian temper which came to Cuba from Spain, are lacking. If the Bermudas were Latin, they might be exotic, tropical. They are neither, and perhaps that is why the American tourist, seen here, is infinitely at home and nowhere offensive. The place is orderly, decent, the unanticipated does not occur—once you get over the initial surprise of its existing so unexpectedly. It is all coral and lava—yet trees and flowers grow on it with the propriety of an English garden. The word for it—which you would never dream of applying to Venice or Havana—is attractive.

The Americans come down, go through the only entirely courteous and non-grasping customs examination in the world, and if they are wise, repair instantly to the New Windsor's garden where they can get a good start while their baggage goes on to their hotels. Many of them never lose the *couleur de rose* which a few good bacardis set in front of their eyes, and to them Bermuda is

ANTON BRUEHL

A dark blue suit is correct for business conferences, for blindfold tests, for talkie first-nights and for sitting up with a sick friend. • But when it comes to really important events, such as inspecting apple blossoms in Westchester with a delightful companion, the elusive shade we call Town Series Blue is more fitting. • It is darker than Michael Arlen's "spoonful of the Mediterranean" and lighter than the sinister blue which runs beneath the keels of Winslow Homer's wind-tossed craft. Shot through and through with misty grey, it blends with Maytime Manhattan and is worthy of the most joyous day on which you wear it. $55, $65, $75.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

O. K., World—*Let's Go!*

HERE THEY COME . . . gay, young, irrepressible—crashing out of college with a diploma miraculously tucked under one arm. No stopping them. The road to fame and fortune may be Eighth Avenue to some of us—but to these brand new offspring of Mrs. Alma Mater it's just Park Avenue in a Rolls . . . a set up.

Give the lads a hand . . . and better still, celebrate their forthcoming with a genuinely swell gift—a couple of the new swagger travel kits . . . *not* made especially for the occasion by Hartmann.

One's the Tourobe—holds three to four suits—on hangers, mind you . . . and all the shirts and haberdashery a senior ever salvaged from a college career. Light, easily handled—slips in under a Pullman berth—and is marvelously good looking.

The other's a Pullman Case—equally good looking with a 4-inch tray—and room to spare. Both are finished in smart tan canvas grain Ducord, with Regimental Striping. You'll find them both at the better shops and department stores.

Price for the Tourobe, $55—and for the Pullman Case, $35.

Hartmann Trunks

The following stores carry a representative line of Hartmann Trunks

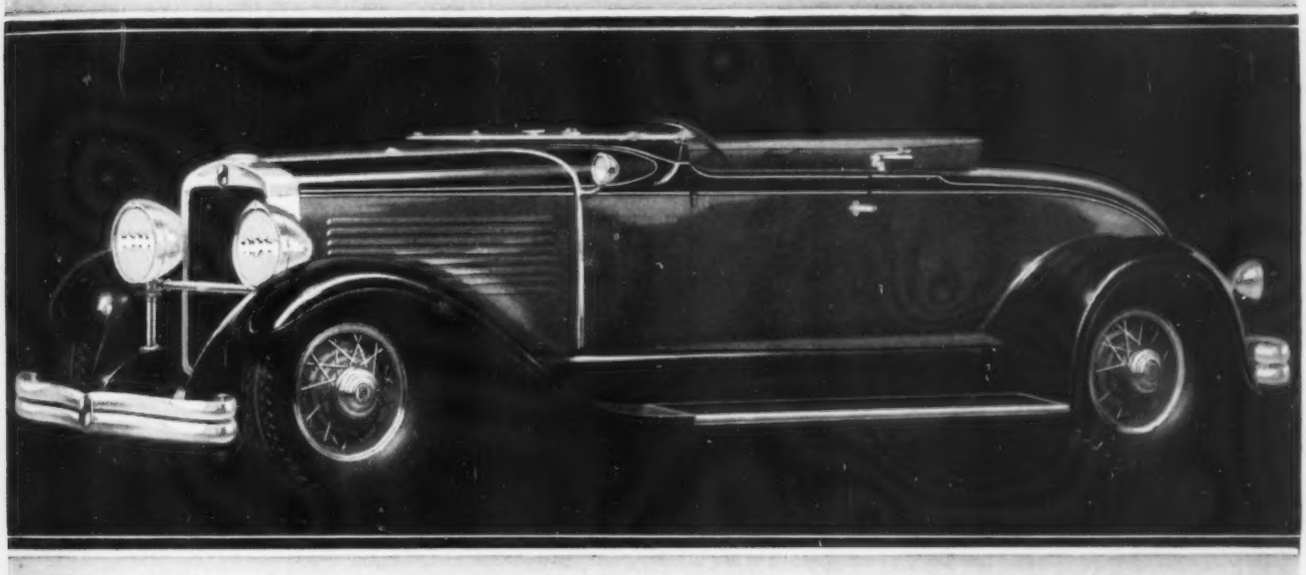
Abercrombie & Fitch
B. Altman & Co.
Mark Cross Company
Gimbel Brothers
W. W. Harrison & Co.
Lord & Taylor
John Wanamaker
Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—34th Street
Stern Brothers
Traveller's Luggage

one revel, only half-checked by the legal prohibition on selling liquor after midnight. It is a lovely place to drink in, wandering through quiet streets between hotels, into local bars adorned with vast faded pictures of Her Majesty's commanding officers in regimentals, when Kitchener was a major, or sitting on a hillside with all the Atlantic for a view and a coral reef breaking the waves half a mile out, to give the Atlantic a boundary of sorts. Like all British liquor, the whiskey here is diluted, but it is pure and one soon gets used to the absence of the slight choking sensation and the rasp in the throat of the New York commodity. The good drinkers who do not golf ride a bicycle in the afternoons, to prepare for the evening; or swim if they have good heads. At moments they catch a glimpse of the scenery and think it is quaint; generally they are unconscious of it.

At nightfall the bars are crowded, but a view of the hotel dining-rooms while the drinkers are still at work makes it clear that the majority of the visitors do not come to drink. I have often wondered why they do come. They are middle-aged or old and when I see them I think of the aspiration of a woman who told me, just before I came here, that she would like to go to Bermuda to die. I think also—in spite of the obvious health of the place—of a tragic tombstone in the Paget parish church which is sacred to the memory of a young woman who, in the eighteen-fifties, "from her home in Nova Scotia came to these islands in search of health and found a tomb."

ALMOST all the hotels are on the American plan, and as a patriot one begins to wish that another name might be found for this combination of second-best bedrooms and dull food, all over the world. Unless you have a few hours to spend waiting for your dinner, and a good deal of money to spend for your dinner when it comes, you eat these tables d'hôte even if you are not living at the hotels, and without exception they are awful. Nothing worse can be said of the degeneration of American cooking than this: that Americans by thousands eat these meals and apparently make no protest, although the food is below the level of meals on a second-class British ocean liner. The raw material is almost all imported, and when it arrives the chefs treat it as an undesirable alien. Specially

PRESENTING THE NEW "400" ROADSTER



THRILLING THOROUGHBRED OF TRAVEL

AS NEW and sparkling as this morning's dawn—a new "400" Roadster by Nash now greets the public eye. It is altogether different, this thrilling new "400" version of open-car style, powered by the famous Twin-Ignition motor, finished in cedar and beige, upholstered in pigskin, admired by everyone who loves a thoroughbred.

The wheels are wire, with big, heavy-duty spokes, oversized hubs, and chrome-nickeled rims—motor car fashion's latest decree. It seats its passengers low, with only head and shoulders visible. There's a big disappearing arm rest in the center of the front seat and arm rests on either door.

And the "400" Roadster is fully equipped, at no extra cost, with every fine-car accessory, including hydraulic shock absorbers, Nash-Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication and chrome-nickeled bumpers, front and rear.

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE·

WARREN-NASH MOTOR CORP.
New York, N. Y.
(AND ASSOCIATED DEALERS)
(526)

There is a Nash Dealer in Your Immediate Neighborhood

Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR GOLF AND COUNTRY WEAR

Comfortably responsive to activity in sport, distinctive and correct in style, our golf and country clothes are approved by sportsmen and University men who give careful consideration to dress

Skilfully tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in fabrics created by the finest makers of Great Britain and America for wear on the green and in the field

Linen Suits, Knickerbockers, Flannel Trousers and Sports accessories styled to our order by specialists of established reputation

1929 GOLF BOOKLET ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR ON REQUEST

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

ordered food is good in an unexceptional way.

ONCE you cross any part of the Atlantic, you feel, subconsciously, that you ought to be in France where you can be homesick only for New York; here you can enjoy a poignant nostalgia for New York and Paris both. For Bermuda, spectacularly an island in its appearance, is in its daily life a detached bit of mainland, and you have to dig yourself in before you can enjoy anything more than the scenery, which is, to be sure, exciting when you get a ruddy sunset and dusk over a hundred little islands, or full of the peace of unbroken waters, on the other side, in the midday sun. You enjoy, essentially, the escape from the machine age. I do not say from America, because the motor car and the factory and the railroad train are well-nigh universal, and so far Bermuda has none of these. There must be isolated spots in New England which remain as rural as all of Bermuda, but they exist in the consciousness of traffic and business nearby. Here the half-dozen motor trucks owned by the government and the single ambulance are a vast impropriety, because they indicate not use and comfort, but urgency, and the life of the entire island is based on slowing up the clock. The ferries run on a fairly definite schedule, the boats for New York sail at a specific time, and lectures and movies begin approximately at the appointed hour; apart from these, time hardly exists, and the slavery to time which is the mark of modern life, is broken. And there is no noise.

OBVIOUSLY the most furious efforts are being made to change all this. A sort of a railroad is going to run around the islands and each session of the Assembly (reported like the House of Commons in the most involved indirect discourse by the local paper) meets with bills for the repeal of the ancient act forbidding motorized vehicles. The railroad is being carefully laid so that great portions of the islands will remain undisturbed; the twenty-odd miles which separate St. George from Somerset are the equivalent of a hundred in other countries, and one meets people at one end who have never seen the other, just as one meets businessmen in the metropolis, Hamilton, who go out to St. George, an hour's drive away, for a change to purer air.

The gratifying thing is that within these twenty miles there is actual variety in the form of the land, in water-

...still the orders come from European Nobility!

Château de Josselin, referred to in Princess Murat's letter. For many centuries this famous castle has been the ancestral home of the Rohan family. The present Duchess of Rohan serves Clicquot Club SEC to her guests when she entertains at the Château.

Princess Lucian Murat, daughter of the Duc de Rohan, author of "La vie amoureuse de la Grande Catherine de Russia," in her Palace in Paris. In this same room hangs a large and interesting oil painting of her distinguished ancestor, the King of Naples.

The Clicquot Club Company,
Millis, Mass.

Gentlemen:

The sun was burning in Brittany. I was staying with my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Rohan, in the castle of Josselin. Hello, what is that bottle that sparkles like champagne and brings coolness to my lips. Don't you know the Clicquot SEC Ginger Ale?

Since then my thirst is quenched. Alas! I can't find any in France, so please send me five cases to my Paris address.

Yours truly,

Princesse Lucien Murat

THE Duchess of Rohan served Clicquot Club SEC at a fête in the castle of Josselin. Now Princess Murat must have five cases at once!

So it goes in Europe. We have been amazed at the letters and orders which continue to reach us from nobility and royalty in every capital of Europe.

Likewise, in America, those who appreciate the finer things of life, are charmed not only by the beauty of the package, but also by the rich, ripe flavor of this amazing beverage.

The master chemistry of Nature ripens the blend—it takes 6 months to develop the supreme flavor of Clicquot Club SEC. *AGED 6 MONTHS*—mellowed like rare old wine.

Clicquot Club SEC

GINGER ALE SUPREME

Aged 6 months

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office: Two Park Avenue • *Phone Lexington 4053*

Now sold at grocery stores, delicatessens, drug stores, hotels and clubs.

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DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

Correct for every smart occasion

IT IS TO that certain group of men and women who have a knack of sensing just the right thing in style, that the Dodge Brothers Senior carries its keenest appeal. They seem to know by instinct what is voguish in design, what is good taste in color harmony, what is correct in fine interior decoration. And they show their deepest appreciation for what Dodge Brothers and Chrysler Motors have given them in the Dodge Brothers Senior, by singling it out from the entire fine-car market, as the car they, themselves, may drive with quiet pride on every smart occasion.

NEW LOWER PRICES. CONVENIENT TERMS IF DESIRED.

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

DODGE SENIOR SEDAN *(wire wheels extra)*

Bishop, McCormick & Bishop 1221 Bedford Ave. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK	Bishop, McCormick & Bishop 1763 Broadway NEW YORK, NEW YORK	Hillas Motor Car Co. 29-47 Sussex Ave. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY	Everett W. Cox Co. 8-9 Foye Place JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

ways, in vegetation, in habits of living. The uniformity which comes over the world as traffic enters, has not touched Bermuda. In certain sections the negroes predominate, in small, neat huts; in others Portuguese (who are the foreign element here and who intermarry to an extent with the negroes) have their farms; there is a residential district; and the old town of St. George, and the more remote St. David's Island, might as well be Andorra or Guam, for their distance and difference. When you have travelled all day by train or motor in the Middle West and, with your Eastern eye, been unable to distinguish one town from another, one prairie from the next, you appreciate the changes half an hour in a carriage or on a bicycle can bring you.

I SPOKE once with a government official about the desirability of having a casino here—thinking of the one at Juan-les-Pins with its small play at boule and baccarat, its excellent lunches, its silly cabaret, and the general air of being a small-scale, homey sort of a gambling hell. After half an hour in which we agreed perfectly, I discovered that he was thinking of a sort of open-air beer-garden, and the thought of a roulette wheel horrified him. Apparently it isn't British, and British the Bermudas remain. The amenity of life, the lack of excitement, which seem so out of place and are actually so pleasant, on an island, are tribute to the great Empire. The Rotary Club and the big hotels are tribute to America. Between them the struggle for an independent character goes on, and it must be rather hard, for Bermuda is not quaint enough to be allowed to remain unique. So the shopkeepers mark their goods in dollars and in pounds sterling—and this is perhaps another point of attraction, they are scrupulously exact in making the exchange.

There are, by the way, stalactite caves, devil fish, glass-bottomed boats for the observation of coral reefs and marine monsters, and the usual paraphernalia for amusement. One stops knowing about them after the first week. —GILBERT SELDES

•

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Rittenbender, Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Shell, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Fronheimer became parents of a daughter.—*Pennsylvania paper.*

Gradually?

Don't blame your favorite smokes if they suddenly lose their taste. Probably you picked some dry ones. Don't start switching around. Give your smokes a fair chance.

Buy a Rumidor and enjoy each puff more than ever, for this new type of humidor enriches that flavor you're so fond of. Dry taste, harshness in your throat, is all done away with by the mellowing influence of genuine 12 year old rum, the ideal tobacco conditioner. Your favorite smokes stay full-flavored and smooth.

A good looking copper Rumidor costs only $3.50. Small hammered copper, pictured above, for cigarettes, $4.50. The larger one for cigars or pipe tobacco, $6.00. Other metals and handsome leathers up to $115. At all the better shops.

Illustrated booklet on request.

If you can not buy Rumidors or Refills locally

Rumidor Corp., 501 5th Ave., N.Y. NY-5-25
☐ $1.00 enclosed for 4 refills
☐ $3.50 enclosed for copper cigarette Rumidor
☐ Rumidor booklet Free

Name_____

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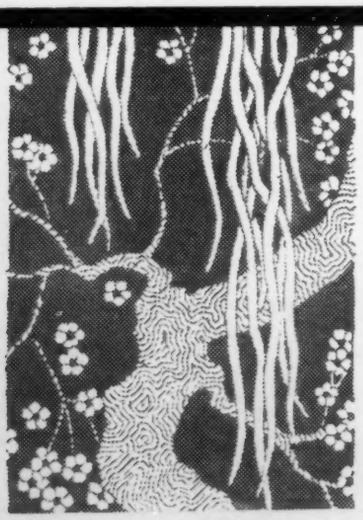
THE SUMMER-EVENING GAIETY of smarter New York again establishes itself on the St. Regis Roof... now in the full swing of its second brilliant season! Lopez and his rhythmic clan were never so delightful in dance melodies . . . Urban's garden-and-sky setting never so lovely in its fantasies of light and color . . . and the St. Regis graciousness never so harmoniously in attendance.

ST. REGIS ROOF

EAST 55TH STREET, CORNER FIFTH AVENUE



EXPRESS TO 17 LOCAL TO 30

"FLOORS, please!" shouted the operator, clanging shut the big steel doors.

"Where will I find the law firm of Smith, Baker, Jennings & Eastman?" asked the woman with the large, floppy hat.

"I dunno, lady."

"Well, they are a very well-known firm. You *should* know."

"I don't own this building, ma'am. I only run the elevator here."

"I guess you haven't been doing that very long, or you would certainly know where Smith, Baker, Jennings & Eastman are located."

"I been runnin' this elevator ever since they opened this building."

"And you haven't even *heard* of Smith, Baker, Jennings & Eastman?"

"No'm, I ain't. I ain't supposed to. There's an index on the ground floor, just as you come in."

"Well, stop at the next floor and let me off."

"I can't stop until I get to seventeen."

"Do you mean to tell me that I've got to ride all the way up to the seventeenth floor and back down again before I can even find out *where* Smith, Baker, Jennings & Eastman are located? I never heard of such service in my life. Maybe they're *on* the seventeenth floor."

"The Ryan Realty Company got that whole floor, ma'am."

"Well, if you know that, I don't see why you don't know where Smith, Baker, Jennings & Eastman are located. I think that's very funny indeed."

"Seventeen," said the operator.

"I think that's very funny indeed," said the woman with the large, floppy hat as she stepped out of the elevator.

The operator looked as if he thought it would be funny to catch her departing heels in the big steel door.

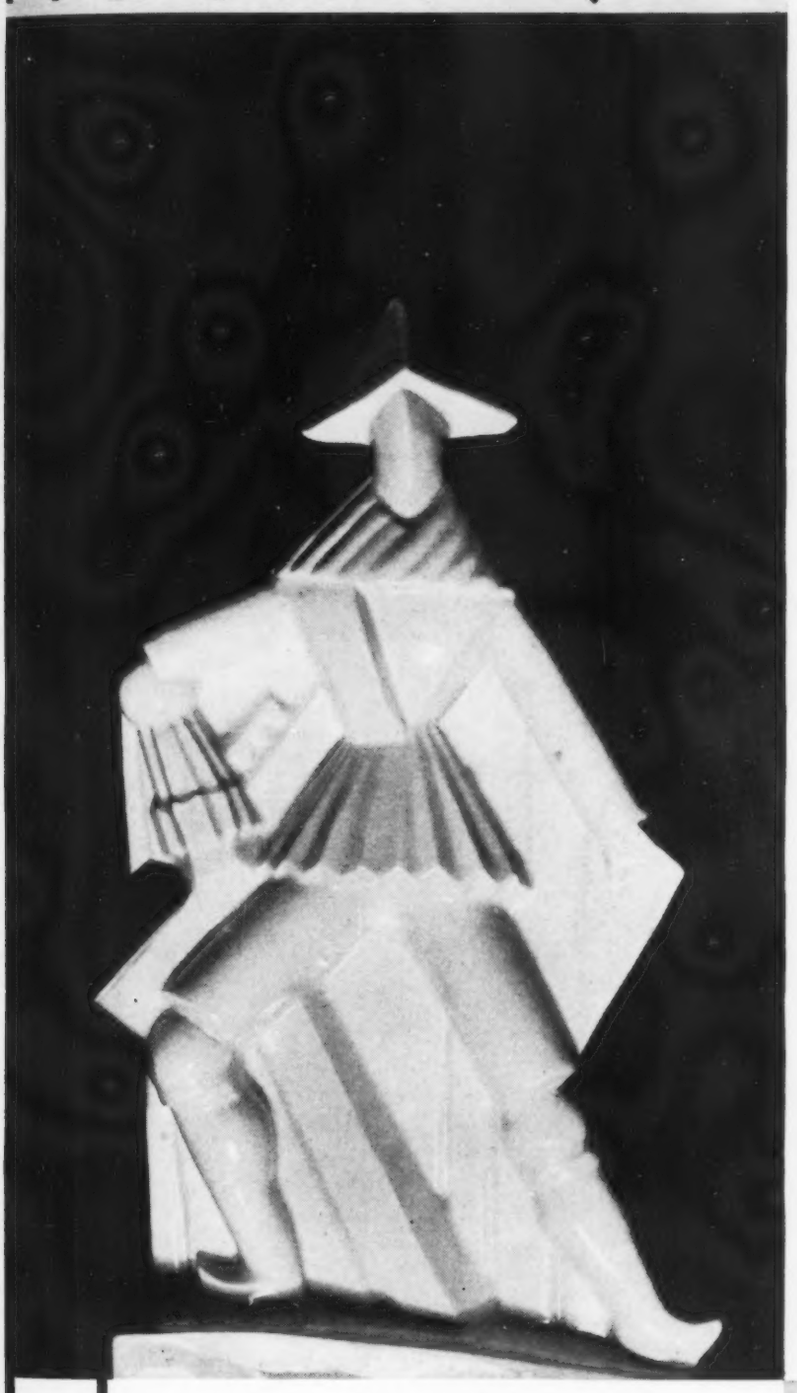
—ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

•

The Furness Withy Line is constructing four steamships. They will be called Northern Prince, the Southern Prince, the Eastern Prince, and the Western Prince.—*The Sun.*

And may Furness Withy soon lay the keel of the Southwest-by-Western Prince!

MÉCANIQUE



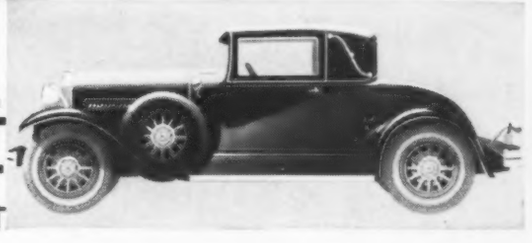
When you realize that the HUPMOBILE is one of the smartest cars in the world, you know but one of the many reasons for its extraordinary success. An engineer will tell you, with a gleam of admiration in his eyes, that . . .

Drilling an oil duct throughout the length of a connecting rod was expensive, but it gives you positive lubrication . . . Perfecting the noiseless and non-dragging brakes was costly, but you get that rare steel-hand-in-the-velvet-glove feeling when you touch the pedal . . . Designing the new domed cylinder heads called for endless expenditures, but they will sing you their saga of better compression and more power on the first hill . . . Putting the Lanchester vibration dampener on the crankshaft was a radical step ahead, but it makes the HUPMOBILE ride you as smoothly as a Zeppelin.

For instance: "As a builder of aeroplanes I naturally have a keen interest in mechanics, so when I got ready to buy a car I not only took a HUPMOBILE but five other makes of cars . . . three more expensive than the Hupp . . . out to my plant and compared them part for part. Not until then did I decide to buy a Hupp. It is the last word in engineering precision." Signed, Henry A. Berliner, President Berliner Aircraft Co.

HUPMOBILE'S new program of expansion has reduced all prices. In this new schedule of prices HUPMOBILE excels even itself in value-giving.

The special commercial model of the Cabriolet is supplied without the rumble seat, thus giving additional storage room.



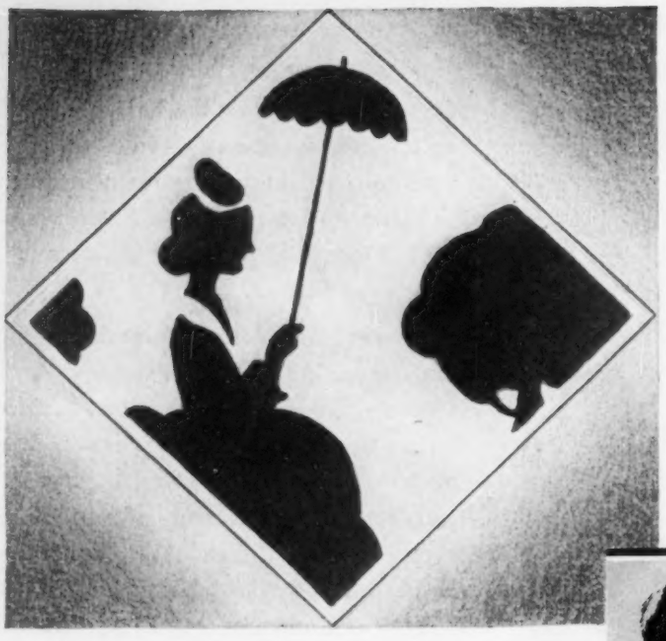
THE NEW HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, *at 62nd St.*, New York City, Phone COLumbus 7660 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., *near Atlantic Ave.*, Brooklyn, Phone PROspect 9941

1231 St. Nicholas Avenue, *at 172nd St.*, New York City, Phone BILlings 5240



TODAY—

she plays the game with never a complexion worry

NO strenuous games, deuce sets, or burning clay courts raised complexion problems for the girl of fifty years ago. But, today's outdoor activities don't permit demure sunbonnets or parasols.

Now a new toilet soap replaces the oldtime protection. Match this exquisite new American Glyco-Thymoline Soap against Europe's best.

Try its soft, creamy lather. Revel in the lovely, velvety feeling with which it leaves your skin—its delicate lingering fragrance. It will be your choice for life. Your druggist has Glyco Thymoline Soap. Twenty-five cents a cake, or a smart three cake container package for seventy-five cents.

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361-363 Pearl Street New York, N. Y.

SEND FOR TRIAL CAKE

You can but appreciate the quality of Glyco-Thymoline Soap by trying it. Send 4¢ to cover mailing and we will supply a liberal sample.

GLYCO
THYMOLINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOILET SOAP

THE CURRENT CINEMA

With No Little Help from Hollywood

THERE was an appreciation of the temper of the Church of Rome in Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" that in the movie of the book has given way to the more explicit philosophy of Hollywood. In honor of the high concept of last year's Pulitzer Prize novel, the picture opens and closes with a sermon, a sermon using the story to prove that it was not only God's will that the five should perish as they were crossing the famous bridge but it was also another instance of divine grace. Certainly the story of the film would make it clear that of the five, four were happier dead than alive.

THE separate narratives of the novel are followed closely on the screen, though this interweaving of various destinies makes for a rather complicated and quite tedious picture. The photographic possibilities of old Peru now and again are used to fine effect. It is not, however, primarily a picture of scenic power. It is rather a story of frustrated people, of the old Marquesa obsessed with her indifferent daughter (a part beautifully played, incidentally), of the dancer Camile, and of the twin brothers who write the letters for the little community. Ernest Torrence plays the dancer's Uncle Pio, who has fostered her career and who must leave her and all his joy in life when she is taken with smallpox; though according to the doctrine of the picture it would be more logical for the dancer to meet her end drastically and immediately on the bridge, now that her beauty has gone forever. These fine points have not been entirely followed out on the screen. However, the tenets of the movies are substituted for the novel's thesis in the instance of the girl destined to the convent, who finds herself, as she falls into the chasm, in the arms of the man she secretly loves, and whom she had compelled herself to abandon. All in all this film would seem to indicate that not every successful novel is food for the cinema, and

An incurable wanderlust has made them seafaring . . . these famous Steamer Baskets of Park & Tilford. They are at home on any smart liner . . . are part of every successful crossing. For theirs is the rare, happy faculty of transforming your "Bon Voyage" wish . . . into an all-through-the-voyage reality!

From five to fifty dollars—order by 'phone, mail or in person at any Park & Tilford Store . . . or from the Special Service Department—Plaza 2720

PARK & TILFORD

Fifth Ave. *at* 57th St. **Fifth Ave. *at* 37th St.**
Madison Ave. *at* 44th St. **Grand Central Terminal**

"look before you leap"

said the clever cinema customer, "a swallow never made a spring, without consulting its mother—so cherche your amusements carefully and buy only that brand purveyed by

the paramount

where

oh spreading shades of helen morgan, is "the man i love"—but this time it's mary brian that has the yen, supplied by paramount, and given over to richard arlen, conversational!

on the stage

are "the wall street blues"—heavy buying in rudy vallee preferred and conn. yankee common predicted—jack osterman participating.

and the jaunty jesse crawfords are at the organ—satisfying all customers—soothing the weary.

at the rivoli—united artists

samuel goldwyn proclaims "this is heaven" . . . with that gorgeously angelic vilma banky . . . she speaks with the tongue of men and of angels . . . and that's paradise enow, particularly for united artists.

at the rialto

believe it or not here are all the marx—groucho, harpo, zeppo and chico—four for one, one for four in "the cocoanuts"—paramount's gay galaxy in which joy is entirely unrefined.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

certainly that the presentation of abstract problems is not as yet the field for Hollywood.

THERE is also a suggestion of some deeper meaning in "The Village of Sin," a Russian picture at the Little Carnegie. This is indicated by the need the makers apparently felt for what is described as an "ethnological expert." The higher significance of this movie is not entirely clear, but it may have to do with the rise of the new woman in the Russia of today.

Aside from this momentous issue, there is certainly a good deal of interest in it. The "village of sin" lies in the wheatfields of Russia, and the picture is a study of peasant life, tracing somewhat vaguely the transition of customs from prewar days to the present era. The ethnological expert has done the work well, and the daily routine of the peasants' lives, the giving in marriage, the fêtes, the family life, are undoubtedly a conscientious presentation of what does exist. The wind on the wheat, the workers reaping, the soft skyline of the Russian plains make a definitely beautiful picture.

It is for this beauty of landscape and for the peasant customs that the film is worth seeing, rather than for any characterization or story. Being expanded over so many years, the tale loses its force, the persons in it are not very clearly delineated, even the "new" woman, the woman who has shaken off the age-old shackles of her sex, and who is contrasted with the unhappy victim of the old order, does not stand out as clearly as a director from the Lucy Stone League would have her. She does, of course, manage to establish an orphan asylum in one of the abandoned great villas of the district.

IN "The Dangerous Woman," Baclanova enacts the part of a Russian of the old school, but of a caste higher than that of the women in "The Village of Sin." She is one of those whose homesteads are doubtless serving as community nurseries.

This is an extremely foolish picture of life in the heart of blackest Africa, in which a voice on a victrola record is used to recall a young man to a sense of his duty. It is an all-talking movie with occasional sequences in the dialect of African tribes, which, you will be pleased and doubtless relieved to hear, the talking mechanism handles with success. —J. C. M.

-when said with a

Bon Voyage

BOOK BOX

is more than a sentiment—it's a form of insurance!

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of the vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent.

Bon Voyage Book Boxes *are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20*

BRENTANO'S

Booksellers to the World

No. 1, West 47th Street

Branch 5th Ave. at 27th

SKETCHED BACKSTAGE

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

SHE caught her first whiff of the theatre back in the days of "Miss Innocence." She thinks Miss Marilyn Miller the sweetest of them all. She has worried about holes in the stockings of thousands of "glorified girls." She is Kate to everybody from Bernard Sobel to the call boy . . .

Presenting—the gentle, gray-haired woman who is chief wardrobe mistress for all the Ziegfeld productions—Katherine Reddy.

Back in 1907 when the very first of the triumphant procession of "Follies" was in preparation, Kate Reddy came in as a by-the-day sewing woman.

For nearly a quarter century she has sewed and laundered laces and chiffons and spangled nets—dressed and mended and tended countless beautiful creatures—seen generations of show girls comet into glory and retire into obscurity. She is one of the few permanent fixtures in the merry-go-round world of the theatre.

As chief wardrobe mistress, she now supervises the entire Ziegfeld wardrobe department, which means that she is responsible for costumes worth literally a fortune, for it costs $150,000 and up to costume a Ziegfeld show.

MISS REDDY'S sunny little offices are backstage in the New Amsterdam Theatre, where "Whoopee" is playing. She is on the job from ten in the morning until the last curtain at night. In spite of long hours, there is a fascination about it—the feeling that every day has its climax in the opening curtain at night.

That sense of excitement, and the feeling of being "behind the scenes" probably compensate for a lifetime of caring for the beautiful clothes other women wear.

At any rate, Kate Reddy loves the profession she adopted so casually. She takes pride in keeping her hundreds of gorgeous costumes looking new through the months, sometimes years, a Ziegfeld show runs.

Talking about her job, Kate Reddy gives various interesting facts about the costuming of a big show.

Take the fragile stocking, for example. Musical shows invest real Capital (enough to set you and me right on the way to a Wall Street career) on hosiery. Mr. Ziegfeld, who disapproves of the bare leg on the stage (unless you're a beautiful Indian lady or something like that), buys stockings in Paris for his loveliest show girls. This costs a pretty penny. For "Whoopee" it is said to cost $1500 a month to keep the girls in stockings. Every costume has its stockings to match, which means that "Show Boat," for example, in which each of the 118 players has at least five changes (Norma Terris has nine), uses fifty dozen pairs at a time.

Miss Reddy has a carefully worked out system for laundering stockings.

"We wash all our stockings right here at the theatre," she says, "and they are washed the way we have found safest and best, by dipping in cool Lux suds."

Not only stockings, but most of the musical show costumes, Miss Reddy adds, are kept new looking with Lux. "Show Boat" has been running seventeen months and nearly every one of its 600 costumes has been washed many times. They still look as grand (viewed right up close on their hangers) as they did the first night. Mrs. Reilly, who takes care of them, brings out her account book and points to its daily entries of "Lux—$1.75—$1.25," etc., to show how it is done.

KATE REDDY'S methods have proved so successful that every other wardrobe mistress on Broadway gives costumes and stockings the same exquisite care.

Broadway may look spendthrifty from the front row, but it is just as businesslike in the care of filmy stockings and fragile frocks as a banker is in care of his bonds. Clothes in a musical show are an investment!

That is why, as the billboards all say, "every musical show in New York uses Lux—to double the life of stockings."

BROADWAY FOOTNOTES

MUSICAL SHOWS

FOLLOW THRU—This "sprightly limbed cast"—"fast-stepping dance marathon"—*is* hard on the stockings. But Messrs. Schwab and Mandel know their business! They specify Lux!

HELLO DADDY—Makes a hit "In a Great Big Way"—and uses Lux, too, "In a Great Big Way"—to give you that truly dazzling effect of dewy freshness in costumes and stockings!

HOLD EVERYTHING—"Positively, I think Lux is perfectly wonderful!" says that adorable young star, Betty Compton . . . All the stockings in this handsome show are Luxed!

MUSIC IN MAY—Mix a prince of the blood, a blonde little commoner, add Vienna in May, season with clothes of the filmiest—result, a smash! (P. S. from the wardrobe mistress—then treat with Lux to keep that band-box *new* look!)

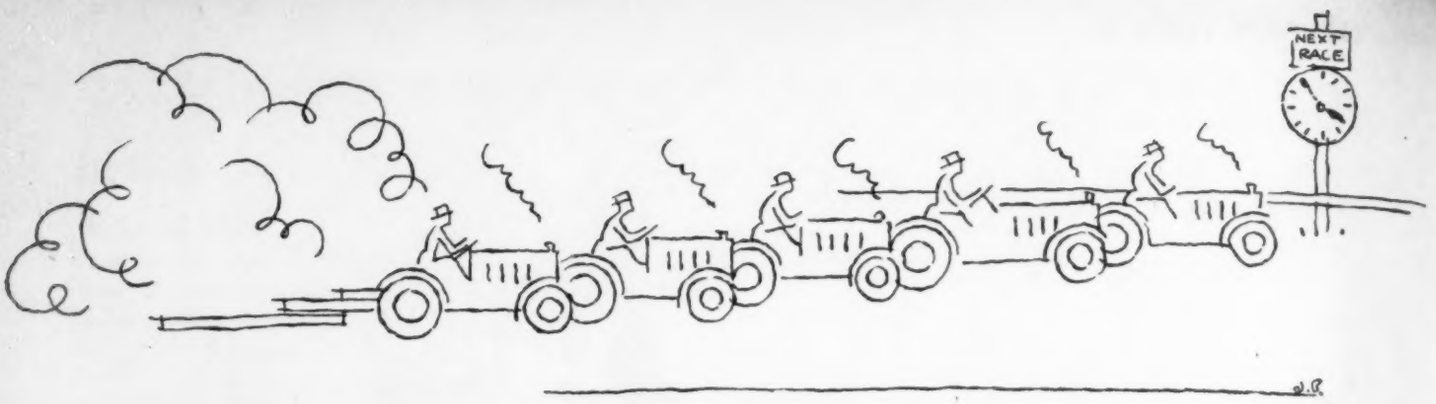
THE LITTLE SHOW—Never mind, children—dance in your own sweet way. Rebel against standardized dance routine if you must. But you won't rebel at the Lux routine for your stockings!

THE NEW MOON—Evelyn Herbert, gorgeous in feathers and furbelows, leads the t.b.m. to sigh for new moons to conquer. She agrees with her wardrobe mistress that "Lux keeps frilly things divinely new looking."

PLEASURE BOUND—It's an amusing retort . . . "I'm leg weary" is the complaint. "Walking too much?" asks Phil Baker . . . "No—*looking* too much." But what audience gets tired of looking at the rainbow frilleries of this fetching show—kept new looking (of course) with Lux.

SPRING IS HERE—"Impudent and endlessly amusing," say the critics—"and such superior legs!" Lux keeps the stockings and fresh springtime costumes just as superior! (Critics, please copy!)

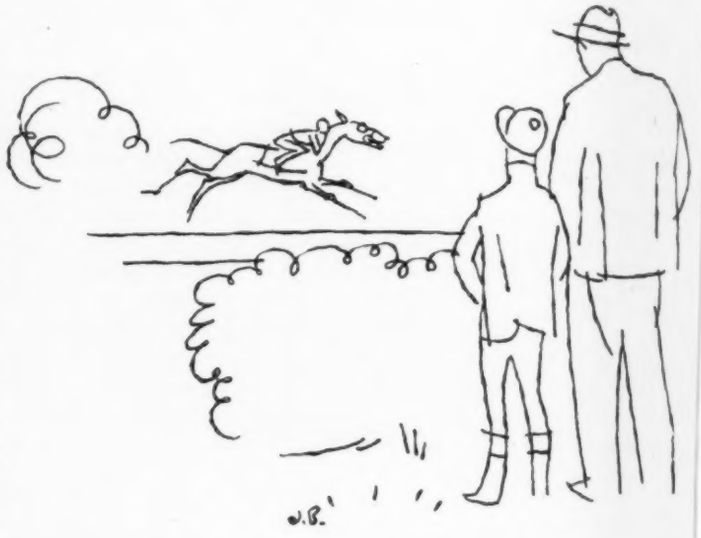
Advertisement



THE RACE TRACK

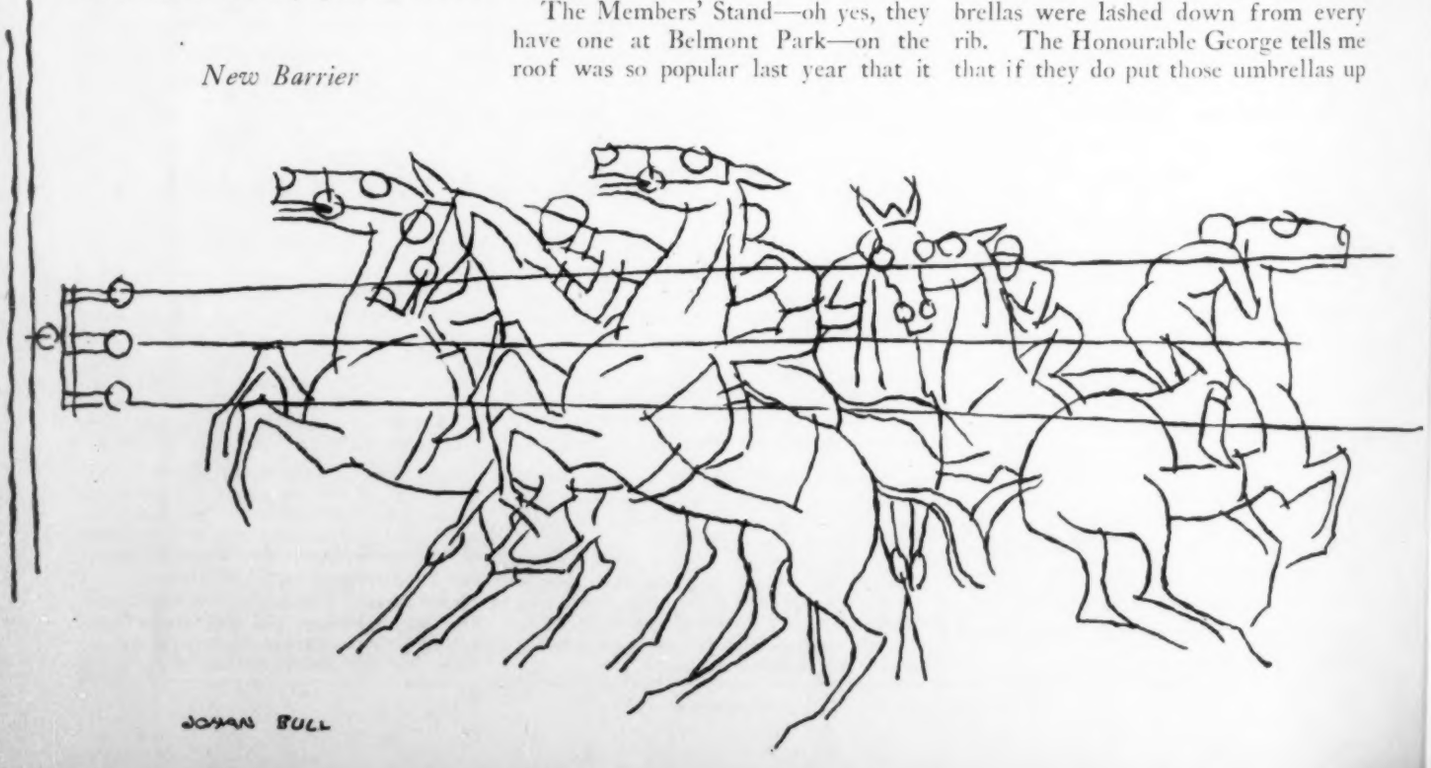
Sunshine at Belmont Park
—Osmand's Toboggan

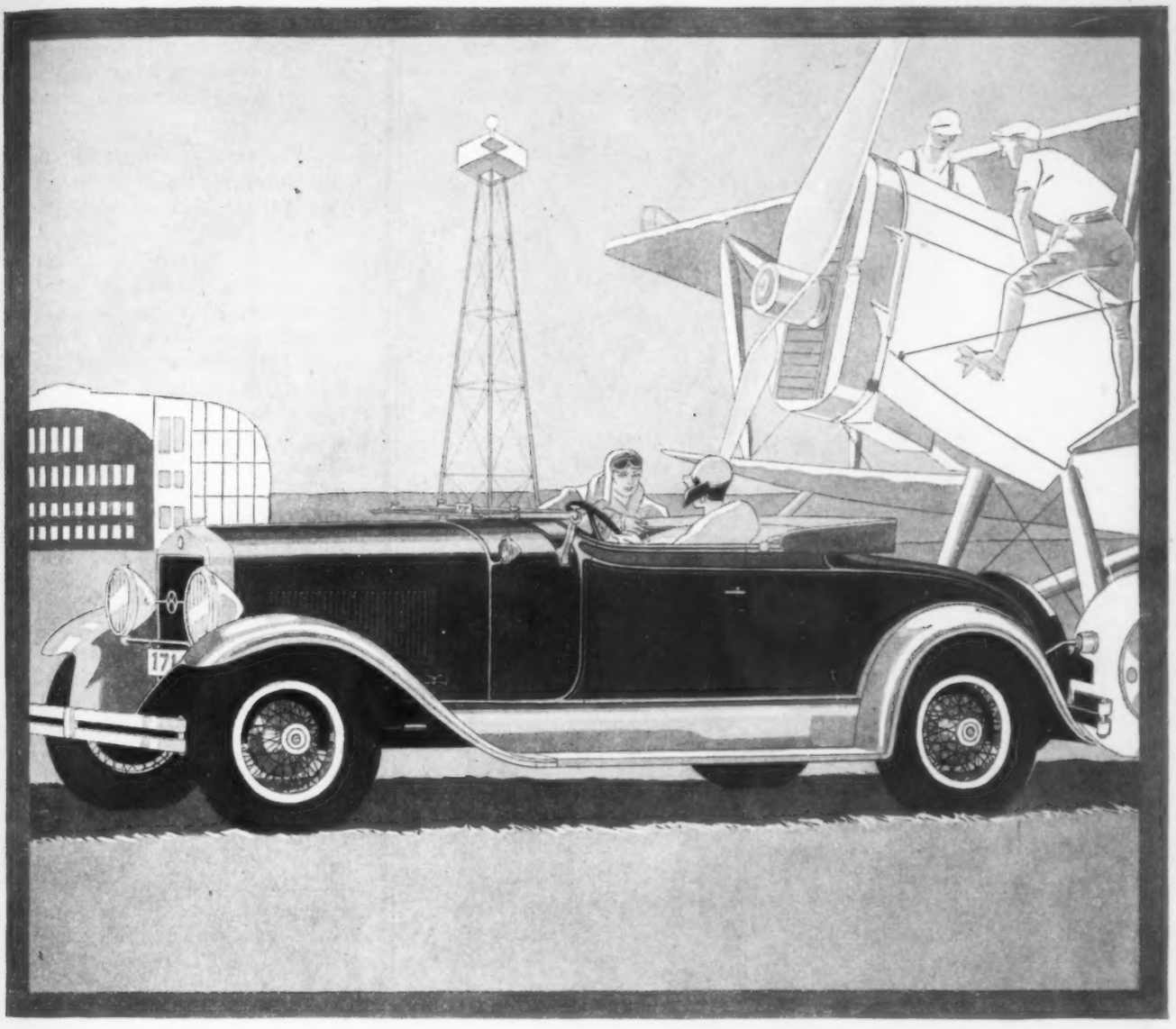
I WISH Joe Widener had not made Belmont Park quite so pleasant a place to go racing or else that the all-powerful State Racing Commission would insist that the other tracks be improved under penalty of curtailing their meetings. The sun shone on Belmont Park's opening, and the crowd in the Turf and Field Club enclosure was as large as any on Futurity Day. Skipping nimbly to our coign of vantage we saw: Guests of members picking lilies-of-the-valley in the Manice gardens. . . . Henry Higginson being photographed. . . . Gifford Cochran, ditto. . . . R. T. Wilson's 1896-model paddock coat. . . . Bob Gerry wiring High Strung's regrets to Churchill Downs. . . . Ambrose Clark wearing his gray bowler while saddling a horse. . . . Sam Hildreth moved from his lucky spot and not liking it. . . . William Ziegler, Jr., trying to borrow a collar. . . . Al Davis and his son looking like twins. . . . Thomas Hitchcock's brown suede shoes. . . . Victor Emanuel arm in arm with George Duller. . . . Charlie Amory's new coat. . . . W. R. Coe counting up the races he won at Jamaica. . . . Foxhall Keene defying spring colds. . . . A. H. Morris without his umbrella. . . . Father Bill Daly's straw hat. . . . Seven young brokers with bright, new green-and-gold badges looking for 3–2 against an 8–5 shot, and getting it. . . . Ned Potter leading a personally conducted tour of the paddock. . . . The popular rails of the Turf and Field Club enclosure. . . . Seat-sticks—the badge of mannequins and movie actors.



The Members' Stand—oh yes, they have one at Belmont Park—on the roof was so popular last year that it became much too small for the Jockey Club members and their guests. This year Joe Widener has provided a roof-garden annex for the overflow; many chairs and some of those little French iron tables were set out on a platform to the left of the stand. It had been planned to set up some of those gaily painted beach umbrellas, but the wind was a trifle too strong, even if the umbrellas were lashed down from every rib. The Honourable George tells me that if they do put those umbrellas up

New Barrier





Studebaker President Eight Roadster, $1785. Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. On each, 5 wire wheels standard; roomy rumble seat. Commander Six Roadster, wood wheels, $1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.

STUDEBAKER'S artisans, with world-champion motor cars to inspire them, have created something utterly new in body styling. They have superbly interpreted the fleetness and staying power which enable these great straight eights and sixes by Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance. You sense, too, the docile obedience, the velvet travel-ease, which Studebaker introduced and alone can offer. And since all this power, beauty and comfort are offered at One-Profit prices it is not surprising that Studebaker is selling more eight-cylinder cars than any other manufacturer.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

FIN-DUDDY FOUR-PIECE SPORTS OUTFIT.

PRICES MOVE FORWARD FROM
SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS
READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishment

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

the chances are that after he has backed some 2–5 favorite with the usual result, he'll cut loose the lashings, take a firm hold on the stick, and sail away.

JOE WIDENER's Osmand reintroduced himself to racing as winner of the Toboggan Handicap, after one of his best efforts. Carrying 129 pounds, and running over a track that was not to his liking, he beat William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Polydor. George Widener's Finite was third. Osmand, the ideal sprinter, stripped well in the paddock, but because of his smart race ten days before, and his pull of six pounds in the weights, Polydor was the better backed. They ran head-and-head from the rise of the barrier to the winning post, but Osmand's head was the one in front.

THE Toboggan was rather a family affair, with the owners' silks of the Wideners, uncle and nephew, finishing first and third, and the Garners, Willie and Mack, nephew and uncle, riding the winner and the second horse. The Garners are a riding family; Dode and his six sons, Wayne, Charlie, Guy, Harry, Mack, and Lambert, have been or are jockeys. Papa Dode is sixty-five but it is not so long since he was riding plenty of winners at the county fairs in Iowa and Missouri —he rode four one afternoon two years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if Guy, now in his forties, were not still riding in France when he is as old as his father. Willie Garner was christened Reinhart. When he took up race-riding he adopted his mother's maiden name for business reasons. "Nobody'll ever pay any attention to a jockey named Reinhart," he said, "but everybody knows the Garners. I'm a Garner." So it was W. Garner on the jockey board. He has kept up the traditions of the family. Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt offered him a contract two years ago, but he refused to leave the Kentucky tracks, or the stable of Senator J. N. Camden. However, when Earl Sande decided to retire, Pete Coyne, trainer of the J. E. Widener horses, who gave Willie his first mounts, persuaded him to come to the big city. Osmand is the first horse Willie has ridden for his contract employer.

EARLIER in the afternoon we saw A. C. Bostwick ride Thomas Hitchcock's Bangle to victory in the International Steeplechase Handicap, while his younger brother, Pete Bost-

wick, failed to finish on Hoe Cake, belonging to his sister, Mrs. R. V. McKim. The elder Bostwick hunts with the Quorn hounds all winter, but when it comes to riding, Pete can hang it on him, as they say around the race track. In my book, Pete is the best amateur rider we have. He scored quite easily, Saturday, on his sister's Beauparc, which incidentally is trained by their uncle, F. Ambrose Clark.

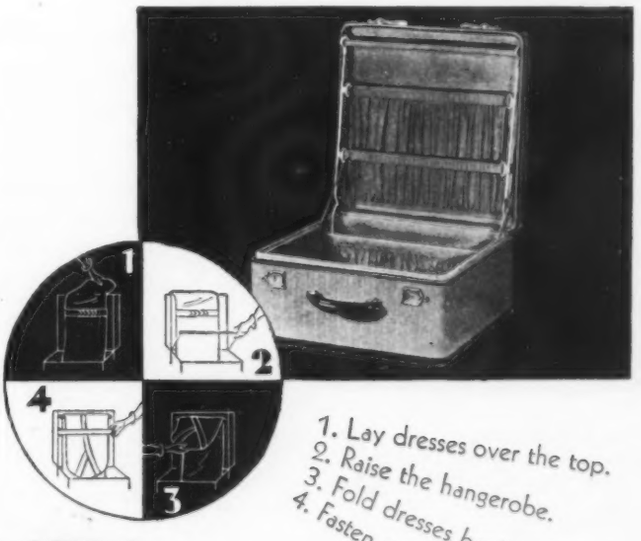
SO the Kentucky Derby is Clyde Van Dusen's—and I've picked another loser in Blue Larkspur. Thanks to the form charts rather than the radio we know quite as much of what happened at Churchill Downs as most of those who were on the spot, and it was a lot pleasanter at Belmont Park. I shall not condemn Blue Larkspur utterly for his defeat nor say it is lucky for our eastern horses that Clyde—named by H. P. Gardner, the upstate whiskbroom king, after his trainer—is ineligible for the Belmont Stakes. The son of Man o' War raced bravely through the rain and mud, and the trip was a profitable one for Pony McAtee, who rode him. McAtee's contract for the race called for a retainer of $2,000, expenses, and ten per cent of the purse—this is a matter of $5,395. Well, it should buy plenty of golf balls in Florida next winter. Last March Mac received an offer to come out to Tia Juana and ride Golden Prince in the Coffroth Handicap, but he preferred La Gorse links at Miami to a three days' ride in a transcontinental Pullman, and it cost him about $22,000.

JACK HIGH, whose next start will be in the Withers Mile on Memorial Day, impressed me more than any three-year-old I have seen under colors this spring. He has grown all the right way and his speed and action remind me not a little of St. James.

IT would be premature to pass on the merits or demerits of the Australian barrier. From the stand the fields seem to break together, and in one race a field of twenty-two two-year-olds ran a furlong before stringing out. I subscribe to the view that delays at the post mar racing and the first chance of getting horses off is often the best. The longer you keep horses at the post the worse they become once they do get upset. Of course, you can overdo the quick start, but I don't think the Australian barrier will.

—AUDAX MINOR

Just landed at the better shops and department stores . . . the AVIATRIX! It is only eighteen inches long—light—easy to pack and carry -- yet accommodates all the wardrobe requirements of a limited journey. An exclusive feature, the hangerobe, eliminates wrinkling of dresses. The AVIATRIX, equipped with the new propeller lock, comes in a wide choice of coverings and linings. See it, by all means. Priced from $10 upward.



Patents Pending

1. Lay dresses over the top.
2. Raise the hangerobe.
3. Fold dresses back.
4. Fasten retainers.

THE AVIATRIX BY WHEARY

Manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine Wis. New York Branch: 295 Fifth Ave., Textile Bldg. Being shown by the better shops and department stores.

THE KNAVE OF
WOULD DROP A
INTO THE MID
A DINNER PAR

"Let's decide who's the most beautiful actress on the stage today," suggested the Knave of Hearts.

"As though there weren't any other indoor sports for intellectuals," snooted the Hatter—who is very, very young.

"You can play Paris and present the golden fruit dish to the one we decide is the fairest," replied the Knave of Hearts tactfully.

Then the argument began!

Finally Alice said thoughtfully: "Any actress who has lovely skin is beautiful. And since practically all the famous actresses* keep their skin velvet-smooth with Lux Toilet Soap, they are *all* beautiful!"

"I present the prize to Alice herself," announced the Hatter. "Because she uses Lux Toilet Soap, too, and has a marvelous complexion. And she has just proved her histrionic ability by disguising herself as a real thinker."...

*The stars of the Broadway successes, like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, are using Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin at its very loveliest—petal-smooth. Leading theaters throughout the country have placed this daintily fragrant white soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters use it, and in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

Marilyn Miller, who has been starring this season in *Rosalie*, says: "Keeping the texture of the skin lovely is a problem which confronts every actress. Lux Toilet Soap is simply a delight—so satin-smooth does it keep my skin."

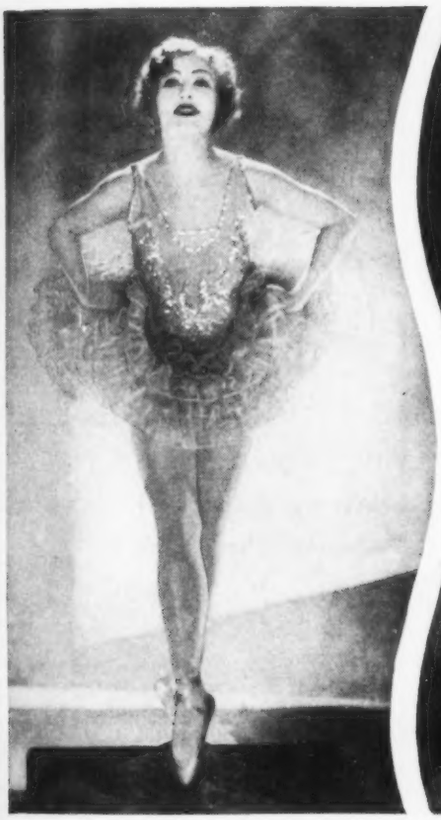
Evelyn Herbert, lovely prima donna of *New Moon*, says: "That lovely well-cared-for look—how we do prize it on the stage! And I find Lux Toilet Soap delightful for keeping my skin immaculately cared for, and softly smooth and radiant."

HEARTS BOMBDLE OF TY . . . .

Ann Andrews, starring in *The Royal Family*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin lovely."

Violet Heming, star of *This Thing Called Love*, says: "I'm simply delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

Adele Astaire, of *Funny Face* fame, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like satin!"



Mary Eaton, who starred in *Five O'Clock Girl*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine. It is certainly a wonderfully satisfactory soap."

Betty Compton, starring in *Hold Everything*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in fine condition."

Nydia D'Arnell, star of *My Maryland*, says: "It's wonderful for keeping my skin smooth."

Sylvia Field, playing in *The Royal Family*, says: "It makes my skin feel so soft and smooth."

Julia Hoyt, appearing in *Serena Blandish*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so very smooth."

Madge Kennedy, so charming in *Paris Bound*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin like velvet."

Mitzi, who is now starring in *Lovely Lady*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin baby-smooth."

Barbara Stanwyck, who starred in *Burlesque*, says: "I care for my skin faithfully with Lux Toilet Soap."

Odette Myrtil, starred in *White Lilacs*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so freshly smooth!"

Carlotta Miles, of *The Desert Song*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth."

Mary Boland, who starred in *Heavy Traffic*, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin radiant and firm."

The POOLE CLOCK serves on . .

WHEN Orange Blossoms are a MEMORY

A magnificent gift — this Poole Clock — that outlives yet keeps alive the memory of orange blossoms. Here is a true friend — a third member of the new family who serves with fidelity right through to golden wedding days.

The Poole Clock never needs winding nor oiling. By a modern scientific mechanical development, ordinary clock operation is reversed. The pendulum runs the works instead of the clock running the pendulum. Because of the unchangeable law of the pendulum, it always tells correct time. You simply change a small, standard flashlight battery once a year.

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PLANS FOR A HORRID OLD AGE

When I am old and vastly rich
I'll join a Club. I don't know which,
But it must be
The very *ne*
Plus ultra of society.
It ought to have a holy hush
And chairs upholstered in red plush.

I'll breakfast at precisely ten-
Fourteen each day. And always when
The waiter brings my steak
I'll make
A hue and cry and have him take
It back and notify the cook
'Twas too well done, or raw. I'll look
For dirt upon the silverware
And find it, whether it is there
Or not.
I'll always order what
The menu shows they haven't got;
I'll rant because the tea's too hot;
I'll charge the steward with a plot
To poison me. And when I'm stuffed
And gorged and puffed,
Like some old toad too full of flies
To blink his bulging, glassy eyes,
I'll totter to the window where
They've placed my chair—
My private chair—
And there
I'll sit and glare
At passersby in the thoroughfare.

When I am bored with that, I'll call
A bell-boy—no, I'll get them all,
The whole damn crew,
To page me for an hour or two.

All day I'll growl and grouch and
grouse
And mutter curses on the House
Committee, for no other reason
Than that it is the grousing season
(Which lasts from early in December
Till late the following November).

And all I'll think about will be
Me. —JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

• •

HIGHEST ROOF IN ALL NEW YORK

"A Castle in the Air"

COME to The Park Central Roof . . . up in the clouds, where cool breezes blow——

DINE
LUNCHEON . .
DINNER . . . .
SUPPER . . . . .
UNSURPASSED CUISINE

. . DANCE

BEN POLLACK and his uncomparable Orchestra have been re-engaged for the ROOF GARDEN for the summer season.

and ENJOY

AN UNUSUALLY HIGH ORDER OF ENTERTAINMENT

Leases now being made for Fall occupancy for Apartments of 2 to 6 rooms, Furnished or Unfurnished.

The Park Central
56th Street at 7th Ave.

A Select Residential Hotel With Transient Accommodations

TEE AND GREEN

Bold Conservatives—Always Longer and Harder—Mr. Joseph Kirkwood the Actor

ALTHOUGH Joyce Wethered is still able to beat her, Glenna Collett is getting to have the same attitude toward English tournaments that Hagen has. She used to show her lack of confidence by the bold chances she took. If her ball was in trouble she would try to make up for a mistake by playing for the green. Sometimes her recovery would be as spectacular as she planned, but more often it would fail and she would be left two shots to the bad instead of one. Now she has changed her method. In most of her matches at St. Andrews last week she took her penalty for going in the rough by playing the extra shot she needed to get her out safely.

IN the excitement of a big tournament, particularly one decided by match play, only a nervy player has courage enough to be careful. Most tyros try shots in competition that they never would expect to make in ordinary play. You can theorize to the extent of saying that low scores are composed of shots that have been played safely. Of course, galleries never recognize the brilliance of a sure but apparently stupid shot lifted to the fairway when there was a chance of making the green. Such shots are not remembered. It is more exciting to talk about the time that Bobby Jones, in an apparently unplayable lie in the British Open several years ago, drove a short approach with a wooden club directly away from the hole, playing it so that it hit a wooden fence and bounced back dead to the pin. Everyone knows how Farrell played a daring mashie from behind a cottage to a green at Muirfield, and how Hagen, a hundred and fifty yards from home and needing to hole out to tie the leader in the last round of the Open, motioned his caddy to take the flag out of the hole. The times when these players refused to gamble are forgotten.

Even when her putting was uncertain, Miss Collett played her irons with

NOW IT'S THE LIDO PRINT CRAVAT

Palm Beach made it the favorite for sportswear

A BOLD patterned cravat that is entirely modern; refreshing in color treatment. The smartest sportswear turn-out at Palm Beach this past winter was set off with a Lido Print cravat.

They're crepe silks of luxurious texture — silk lined — hand tailored the shape-holding Resilio way — in more than a score of Lido Print designs.

Two-fifty each

[MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED]

WALLACH BROTHERS

NEW YORK BROOKLYN
NEWARK JAMAICA, L. I.

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Go on~*and give 'em something!*

IT may come upon you suddenly, or it may just keep creeping up—that unaccountable desire to give something away. Nor does it have to collide with wedding dates, Christmas, or birthdays. It may come along any old time.

It has been known to happen after house-parties, when some not-so-bright but awfully nice hostess has admitted that she doesn't read THE NEW YORKER. Its occurrences have been noted at such varied times and places as a yachting trip to Nantucket, Mass., when the girl friend said she didn't read "On and Off the Avenue"; and in the throne-room of the palace at Jahore, India, what time Uncle Ned made the unexpected remark that he would swap all the wealth of the Indies for half an hour at Pierre's.

Our research department, after a thorough-going investigation of more than 6,956 possible gifts for such occasions, reports that a subscription to THE NEW YORKER most strictly conforms to the regulations and standards of the Bureau of Incidental Presentations, and in conformance with its recommendation, we have devised the following compact method for instant response to such altruistic urgings as may come upon you.

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crisp accuracy. Within a hundred yards of the green she is as effective as any other woman in the game except Miss Wethered. She doesn't hit the ball particularly far from the tee. Neither does Hagen. English galleries were disappointed, for they expected these two people to entertain them with wild drives and startling recoveries. Both have done well enough to have acquired the caution of the recklessly assured.

PLAYERS who are short with their drivers and brassies have a worse time here than abroad. The greens committees of American clubs seem to get up contests in making their courses longer. If one club, having attracted a national tournament, redesigns a few holes so as to seem formidable, the other clubs in the district do the same. At Pebble Beach, where the Amateur will be played in September, a fellow named Ryerson made the twelfth hole in one. As the twelfth hole is a hundred and eighty yards long this was something of a feat, but it frightened the men of Pebble Beach. Foreseeing in their anxiety a succession of well-known golfers doing the twelfth in a single shot, they got their golf architect to make the hole harder. You may remember how entrants in the Open played at Oakmont two years ago found that the sand in the bunkers had been furrowed into deep grooves because some club members had the idea at the last minute that their course was too easy.

HAGEN will be at a disadvantage on the Winged Foot course at Mamaroneck, where this year's Open starts next month. You have to hit the ball a long way there. Sarazen ought to like it; so should Diegel.

Nobody but Jones, and occasionally Archie Compston, gets more distance than Diegel, and nobody swings a wooden club as clumsily. Try teeing your ball up four inches and dipping your body away from it as you swing back; the best time to do it is on a Sunday afternoon when people who have been lunching at the club come down to the first tee to watch you drive off. Perhaps before a public test of this kind, you should get Diegel to give you a lesson; he teaches, but accepts only special pupils. For a while Adolph Zukor, who was practicing to beat the Schenck brothers, paid him some prodigious salary to instruct him privately on his course up the Hudson. I always wondered whether Diegel

Is your skin NORMAL?

Pour liquid Ambrosia on cotton and wipe thoroughly over the face and neck, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Stroke upward with the fingertips until dry. In less than a minute your face is cleansed, exhilarated, young, as only a liquid can make it.

Is your skin OILY?

Use a generous supply of Ambrosia on cotton so that the skin is thoroughly moist. Begin at the throat and wipe Ambrosia firmly up into the hair. Stroke dry with the fingertips. Finish with ice, or by dashing cold water repeatedly on the face.

Is your skin DRY?

At night cleanse face and neck with cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Stroke dry with the fingers. Smooth on your favorite cream, noticing how quickly cream is absorbed into a skin that is perfectly clean. In the morning cleanse again with Ambrosia to remove all lingering dirt-catching particles of wax.

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING FOR THE INDIVIDUAL SKIN

Only a liquid can do this

Penetrating instantly into the pores, liquid Ambrosia floats out the deep-lying dirt, the dirt that coarsens and ages the skin.

Cream really softens a dry skin that is cleansed pore-deep by Ambrosia. Ice and cold water not only reduce the pores, but actually clarify and refine the texture of an oily skin when buried dirt has been removed by liquid Ambrosia.

There is no wax in Ambrosia to clog up the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. You feel Ambrosia cleansing as nothing has done before. Even the odor of Ambrosia is bracingly tonic and clean.

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taught him to tee up his drives as high as he does himself.

JOE KIRKWOOD has also been known to use a four or five-inch tee. Kirkwood is at his best only when he is doing something that he feels is unique. He now earns a good income doing trick shots in vaudeville and has risen from the status of a rather mediocre tournament performer to being a headliner at the Palace. As a golfer he was never very happy, but as an actor he is fine. Debonair and good-looking, billed as "the genius of the links," he plays a cut shot that jumps back over his shoulder, another he catches in his hand. He has a fellow put his foot on a ball, tees up another on the raised toe, then neatly pitches out the ball his assistant is stepping on. There is only one shot, in fact, that Kirkwood is not good at—a shot that Sarazen often failed to bring off in the days when he was touring the country with Hutchison giving exhibitions. Hutchison would call the shots and then Sarazen would play them—a low ball and a high one, a slice, a hook, a slice with a fade on it. At the end of the show Hutchison would say, "Mr. Sarazen will now play the hardest shot in golf—a straight ball."

Kirkwood has been too interested perfecting his tricks to work hard at his regular game. In winning tournaments a player's main concern is keeping his swing "grooved"—automatically and subconsciously right. Some can do this if they play three times a week; others practice much oftener. Bobby Jones, whose swing is generally accepted as a standard of style, works harder keeping right than most people do to learn, but in spite of all his efforts his easy rhythm falters at times. During the National Amateur last year he practiced every day after lunch, driving twelve balls from the practice tee. Sometimes, before he got through, his opponent would be waiting for him to start the afternoon match. Jones never hurried. One day I saw him put a dozen drives so close together that the caddy standing three hundred yards away hardly had to move to pick them up. Then he walked over to the first tee and sliced his ball into the woods. —N. B., JR.

•

Mabel Eastwood was presented several pants by her Sunday School class. She is reported as being much more comfortable at this time.—*Medina (O.) Sentinel.*

She would be.

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I Get the Blues When It Rains

—it would take some rain to put out the fire in Slatz's harmony. The title of this number doesn't even dampen it. Vocal chorus by Oscar Gross. *4331.*

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Stravinsky's Own—Two Fourth Symphonies—Album Anthologies

COMPOSER-CONDUCTORS are beginning to appear on records, and although many a concertgoer can testify that a composer is not necessarily a good director of his own music, the records prepared by the gentlemen responsible for the music on them have a definite value in the establishment of a tradition. The latest composer-conductor album is Columbia's "Petrouchka," played by an anonymous orchestra under the leadership of Igor Stravinsky, and from this set of discs I gather that Mr. Stravinsky either has become a much more adroit conductor than he seemed to be on his American visit or was not at his best in these parts.

The Columbia "Petrouchka" is more complete than the Victor recording which was made by Mr. Koussevitzky, and it is a better-balanced assortment of music. Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of "Petrouchka" is more brilliant, and the solo instruments in the Boston Symphony have a bravura quality that their counterparts in the Stravinsky band cannot boast. Nevertheless, the Columbia album gives a more accurate notion of what the composer intended (which is not owing merely to the fact that he is the conductor in this instance), and I recommend it to all collectors. Students who can afford to invest in both "Petrouchkas" will find a comparative study of the Stravinsky and Koussevitzky recordings of unusual interest.

ANOTHER addition to the long list of Stokowski recordings is Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, which is complete in ten parts in a Victor album. This is one of the most individual of Mr. Stokowski's offerings, for he treats the Symphony to some unexpected innovations in tempi. These innovations, by the way, are entirely consistent, and help to make up an unusually absorbing presentation. Another Fourth Symphony now available is Schumann's, recorded on eight sides for Columbia by Bruno Walter

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and an orchestra designated as the Mozart Festival Orchestra of Paris. This is one of the finest things that Mr. Walter has done, and if he does not brighten some of the routine passages in the music, he at least touches them with a certain dignity that helps matters considerably.

FROM the Gramophone Shop comes an album containing Respighi's "Pines of Rome," one of the most ingenious of this composer's anthology of Roman sketches. It is a recording by Fonitipia of La Scala Orchestra, conducted by Ettore Panizza, who had a brief but noteworthy career with the Chicago Opera Company some years ago. The Maestro Panizza does as well by the "Pines" as any conductor I have heard except, of course, Mr. Toscanini, and there is some dazzling playing by the ensemble.

IT was my impression that the late Schubert celebration was pretty much the property of the Columbia people, but suddenly there comes a concentrated memorial from Victor in the form of "An Hour with Schubert," directed by Nathaniel Shilkret, with the assistance of John McCormack. Mr. Shilkret, one of our cleverest orchestrators, has handled Schubert in what is known as the "salon" style. Everything is smooth and graceful, and there are touches of instrumental color which may horrify the purists but will con-

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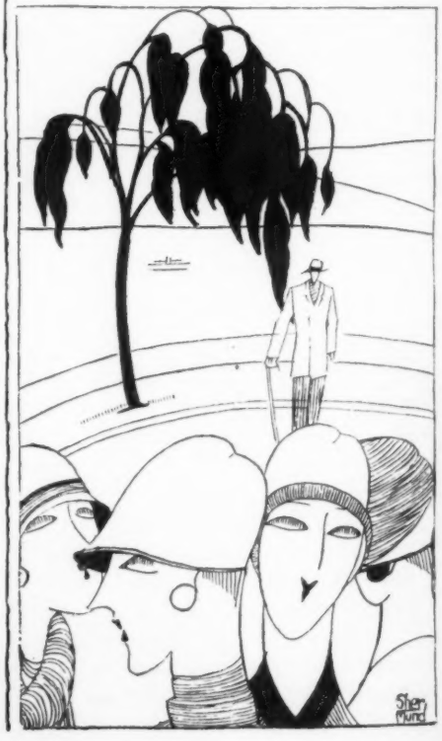

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BILLIE BURKE at a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country house, is just the golden-haired merry young wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. "I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love gardens, woods, tramps — dogs! What they do to one's hands!

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LADY HEATH, famous flyer shown at the left, asked if caring for her own plane wasn't hard on her hands, said—"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and I'm quite devoted to the new Liquid Polish."

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HELEN DRYDEN, smart and successful New York illustrator, whose interesting photograph appears at the right, works day in and day out with pencils, oils, and crayons. "Before I used the new Cutex Liquid Polish," explained Miss Dryden, "my nails were always in need of a manicure. Now just a thorough washing and they come out smart and shining. The Polish protects against stains and it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands."

CLARE SHERIDAN—sculptor, diarist, and society woman—shown in the photograph at the right in the native costume of Algiers.

"My nails become fearfully stained and grubby," says Miss Sheridan, "but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stain and dirt and the smart brilliance lasts miraculously. It certainly is a boon to busy hands."

ANITA LOOS, delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says: "The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery. A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips."

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vince many laymen that Schubert was a highly talented fellow. The Viennese and German waltzes come off well in the Shilkret arrangements, and the rescorings of such fragments as the "Rosamunde" ballet music are done brightly. Mr. McCormack's contributions to the album consist of the Serenade and the Ave Maria, along with "Der Leiermann" and "Abschied," both sung in English. Between "Der Leiermann" and "Abschied" there is an intermezzo consisting of a curious orchestral version of "Ungeduld"—an eccentricity which really requires the services of a radio announcer to justify it. There also is a curious departure from the original music in the Ave Maria. However, the album is an attractive miscellany, and it has an especial value in that it translates Schubert into terms which make him readily comprehensible to the non-professional listener.

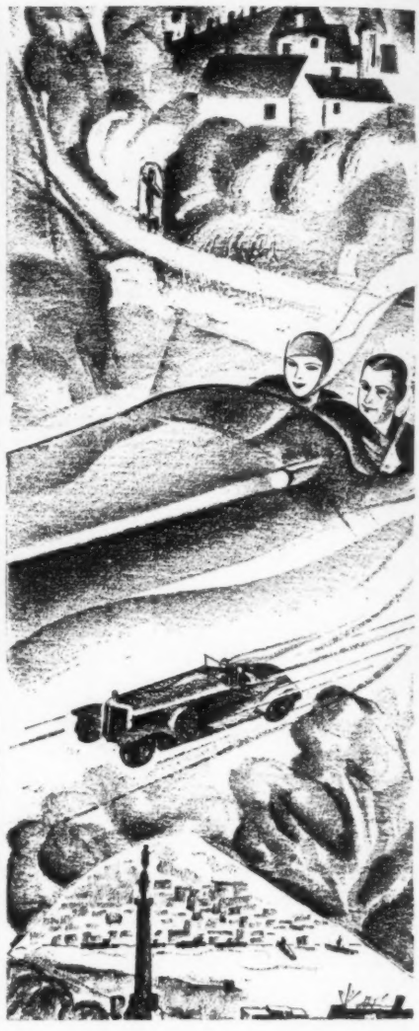
ONE of the best of recent piano recordings is the Columbia album of the Chopin Preludes, Op. 28, by Robert Lortat, who plays them in the original order, which is unusual. I am not familiar with the history of M. Lortat, but he knows his Chopin and he is content to play the music without wishing all sorts of esoteric meanings into it. Brunswick brings forward two compositions of Chasins, a prelude and "Rush Hour in Hong Kong," both performed with great agility and clarity by Ignace Hilsberg. On the other side is a Scriabine étude, excellently played.

MOZART collectors will be delighted with a charming record of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" by Dr. Weissmann and the Grand Symphony Orchestra of Berlin for Odeon. The Herr Doktor catches the musical-comedy atmosphere of the piece perfectly, and, as usual, his recording is distinguished by great lucidity. —R. A. S.

•

Francis Devine, younger brother of Louis Devine, footballplayer for whom a big benefit performance is being planned, fell last Friday evening from the balcony in Abbot Hall, where he was watching the dancers. Fortunately for him he fell upon some dancers, and when examined by Dr. Samuel Eveleth in the anteroom of the hall, the boy was found to be uninjured.—*Marblehead (Mass.) Messenger.*

Fortunately, as the writer so aptly puts it, for him.



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MR. BONNER

MR. BONNER gave three precious seconds of a long-distance call to ask me to be seated. What I heard of the call was "Yes. Yes. Mm. Yes. Good-good-good. *Good*, Mac." At this point another of the three phones on Mr. Bonner's desk rang insistently. Mr. Bonner asked Mac to wait just a sec, lowered the phone in his right hand, and held the mouth part against his chest. At the same time he picked up the insistent phone with his left hand. He said into it: "This Edmunston? Edmunston, Bonner talking. How ya? Say Edmunston, you arrange to contact with General Outdoor on the key-city schedule? 'M contacting with Murphy here at three zafternoon. Howabout G. O? Can you do it? Good-good-good. Waitill I memo that G. O. Edmunston. Mm. Now, say Edmunston, got MacDougall, Detroit office, on wire here. He says no on the direct mail. Eh? MacDougall says no on the direct mail. Wud you think? Inclined to agree muself. Wait I'll ask MacDougall."

Mr. Bonner lowered his left phone and muffled the mouth part with his chest, at the same time raising Mac's phone to his mouth and ear. "Ma-a-ac? Still there Macoldfella? Mac, I have Edmunston on the wire here. Thinks you're right about the direct mail. I said Edmunston thinks you're right about the direct mail. Doesn't agree on G. O. Edmunston says you can't do a thing with ten thousand. Fifteen minimum. How about it? Twelve anna half? Wait I'll ask Edmunston."

As Mr. Bonner once more was effecting the transfer of phones to his mouth a little old Italian came in, carrying a box with a foot-pedal on the top. Mr. Bonner glanced hastily at his shoes, and with both phones in mid-air said, "Cooma sta, Tony. Shinem right now." He placed his foot on the pedal at the exact moment of placing the right phone to his chest and the left to his mouth.

"Emston? MacDougall says fifteen minimum too high. I said MacDougall says that the fifteen thousand minimum is entirely too high. He said that's final. Can't go a cent above twelve anna half. Nope, not a

cent. Said he'll have one hell of a time paring off to get twelve anna half for you but he'll do his damnedest he said. Think praps he's right. Wud *you* think? Eh? Twelve anna half. At's it.

"Eh? Hmm? Good Emston. Good-good-good. Fine. *All* right. Righto. How's Edna? Gier my love. Righto. Spect to be out your way next week Emston. Righ-to!" Mr. Bonner then placed the phone on the stretching horns and, at the same time of course, clapped the MacDougall phone to his mouth and ear.

Then it happened. He was making some notes with his left hand and wetting his lips preparatory to a good chat with MacDougall just as Tony ("cooma sta") got off his knees, the shine completed. At this point Mr. Bonner caught the phone with his shoulder, held it in place, crossed a "t" on the notes he had made, and, his right hand free, reached in his trousers pocket and fished out a dime and a nickel for Tony.

That's when I had to leave the room. —JOHN O'HARA

•

AMERICAN PLAN

Put the baby's bottle on,
Two o'clock is here and gone!
Two and six and ten and two!
How so small a boy can do
Such a lot of eating, and
Live, I cannot understand.

Hurry, put the bottle on,
Six o'clock is here and gone!
Six and ten and two and six!
All that atom does is mix
Hours of milk with hours of deep,
Unimaginative sleep.

Time to put the bottle on,
Ten o'clock is here and gone!
Ten and two and six and ten!
Put the bottle on again.
Let another table d'hôte
Trickle down his eager throat.

Why a greedy brat should be
So disarming puzzles me.
—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

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IF you are going to South America this summer, remember before you put away your sables, velvet evening gown, and grandest jewels, that down there the season which corresponds to winter here begins just when you might ordinarily be departing for the Hamptons. A summer in South America is a delightful experience, especially if you have good letters of introduction and enjoy making new acquaintances. Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires are, of course, the gayest places to visit, and after a few weeks of urban pleasures, you can easily take a trip over the Andes, or to Lima, the ancient city of the Incas. At both Rio and Buenos Aires you will have not only the highly formal functions of governmental and diplomatic circles, but also the opera, theatres, concerts—all the forms of entertainment to be found in a brilliant national capital.

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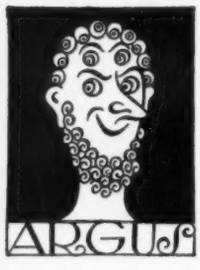
***ARGUS WAS A MUG**



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From New York, Dec. 2, 137 days. As low as $2000.

If you have a good travel-agent, see him. Booklets, ship-plans and information also from . . .

Canadian Pacific

District Office, E. T. Stebbing
344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York

years, both in comfort and frequency of sailings.

THERE are a number of places within reasonable distance of New York where you can play golf for a day over the weekend. One is the semi-public links of the former Belleclaire Country Club at Bayside, Long Island, which have been bought by the Queensboro Golf and Country Club. The North Hempstead Club, at Port Washington, is not ultra-exclusive but has a membership restricted enough to create an easy-going, informal atmosphere. The course is a good one, and the club doings not too vociferously suburban. Quite recently I mentioned the Springdale course at Princeton, practically on the grounds of the Princeton Inn. This isn't as accessible for overnighters as the Long Island clubs, but is a good weekend resource; the links are well-kept and the course is fairly sporty.

Further down in Jersey, at Absecon, near Atlantic City, is one of those two static challenges to all golfers—Seaview. Pine Valley, at Clementon, near Camden, is the other. To play on these, one must, of course, be introduced by a member; and at Pine Valley, women players are not over-welcome. Incidentally, the latter has been described as one of the most difficult courses in the country.

There is also the Hudson River Country Club at Yonkers; accessible and attractive—but introductions from members are required.

THIS department's acquaintance with dude ranches is based entirely on reports of their former guests. However, we cannot imagine better places to spend the summer, if you like horses and wide-open spaces, and dislike chiffon and cottage porches. One of the dude ranches best known among Easterners is Eaton's, at Wolf, near Sheridan, Wyoming. Many of its guests return year after year. It is a sensible, competently run establishment and you can send your young sons and daughters there without fear

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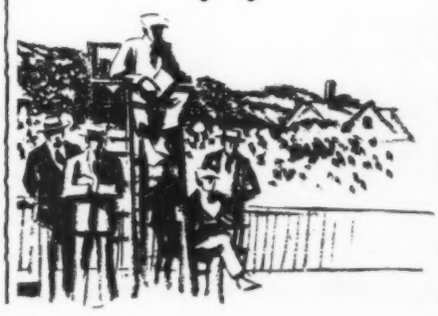

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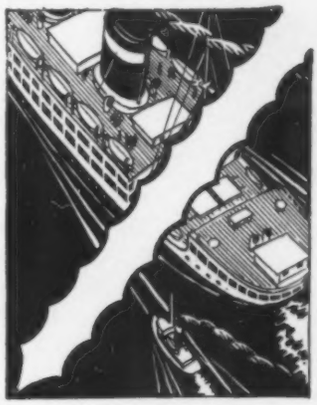

Let America's oldest fire and marine insurance company protect you against financial loss should your baggage become lost, damaged or stolen. Ask your agent or broker to get you a North America Personal Effects policy.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of Bell classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

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Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon

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wants information on Personal Effects Insurance.

THE PERSIAN GARDEN

THE·RITZ·CARLTON

A Persian Garden . . . seen through the eyes of J. Monroe Hewlett of Beaux Arts Ball fame . . . Trees, flowers, a huge white tent . . . green-blue cool as ice water, flashes of red like flame . . . the gorgeous East run through the subtle brain of a modern . . . Just enough of the exotic, more than sufficient chic . . . New York's most distinguished Roof; reincarnating the Arabian Nights by way of Paris . . . the dinner rendezvous of those agile sophisticates whose notion of a chorus of nightingales under the moon is the Ritz-Carlton Dance Orchestra. Table Reservations made by telephone. Murray Hill 7600. THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, Madison Avenue and 46th Street.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

Name .....

Address .....

Beginning with the issue of .....

☐ FOR.....WEEKS
☐ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
} PLEASE SEND THE MAGAZINE TO

New Address.....

.....

of disaster. The Eaton brothers—remarkable horsemen and cow-hustlers both—are in constant supervision. Wolf is in the Big Horn country, on the Sheridan branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the road which connects Chicago with the ranch country.

Some other well-known dude ranches: HF Bar and Paradise Ranches, at Buffalo, Wyoming (both under the same management); Bones Brothers, at Birney, Montana; and Triangle A, at Sheridan. The health resorts of Big Horn and Thermopolis Hot Springs, Wyoming, are near—considering western distances—to these ranches. The surrounding country is wild, and the air healthful.

Further west, on the Shoshone branch of the Burlington, there is another well-known group of ranches, circled about Cody, Wyoming. Several of them are of the camp-school variety—the institutions which have proved a boon to despairing parents. One of these is Blackwater Camp, at Cody; another (which has a New York office at Room 2044, Grand Central Terminal, where inquiries and reservations can be made by calling Vanderbilt 2335) is the Valley Ranch, at Valley, Wyoming. Pupils are taken in winter as well as summer.

In Southern Arizona, accessible by the Southern Pacific, there are several popular dude ranches, which differ from those in the North largely in that sand and sagebrush replace mountainous and well-watered country. Habitués insist, however, that Arizona has more charm than any place on earth.

Riding and cowpunching are by no means all that is offered in the way of excitement at dude ranches; there are pack-trips, polo, big-game hunting, canoeing, and superb trout fishing. Take lots of old clothes, but as little baggage as possible.

FOR VOYAGERS TO EUROPE: The Holland-America Line now runs buses between Pier 1, at Fifth Street, Hoboken, and the Hotels Commodore and McAlpin, whenever one of their steamers is docking or sailing—a great saving of temper and energy.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

His physicians issued this bulletin: "At 11 o'clock indications were that the patient was slowly thinking."—*Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.*

That's always bad.

LOVELY LADY

"YOU know," I suddenly said, much to my own horror, "you're a funny person to be married to him."

I couldn't help it; I needed sleep and the Old Fashioned had been rather strong. But she didn't bristle, or ask me why. Not that she could have bristled; I doubt that she could even sit up straight. She slouched at just the right angle and stared across the table at the wall opposite.

"Well . . ." she answered. The waiter brought the food—lamb chop and green salad.

"Well," she began again, "I have a very interesting time. I think that next year when we get the place redecorated and I'm not quite so confused, we ought to have a very interesting time. He says just as soon as he gets this merger business over with."

"Oh, yes. It ought to be fun."

"He's quite wonderful, really," she went on. Her voice was always curiously flat; always her speech sounded as if she had said it over to herself first. "He's ageless, really. And we have such interesting people. He knows just everybody interesting. Next year I ought to have a real salon."

It had been a very strong cocktail.

"How old are you?" I asked. She looked at me suddenly and smiled vaguely, a new smile that hadn't been thought of before. "Twenty-three. But twenty-five, officially. Though I don't see why; it can't make much difference. He's ageless . . ."

Her voice trailed off again. Then she said, carefully: "You earn your own living, don't you? Do you have to? I think that's wonderful. I really do. Once I worked for a while, but I always had the family to go back

• •

CANADA ~

an Old World Near at Hand

HOW could you guess that a short train journey would take you to a land where the horse is still king, and the big family dog lends a paw to the family work?

It is there to the north, where the great St. Lawrence sweeps beyond the rampart City of Quebec, to meet the Laurentian Mountains at the mouth of the mysterious Saguenay. Land of vivid, warm sunshine; of quaint, gabled cottages, pink, blue and yellow; of homespun-clad habitants, living their quiet, happy lives as they did centuries gone by.

You will enjoy visiting this vacation paradise, especially so when you travel upon the fast, luxurious vessels of the largest and oldest fresh water transportation company in the world. You will have an opportunity to stop over in Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, and at Quebec, the only walled city north of Mexico.

IMPORTANT: *Our ships sail from the head of the Great Lakes down the St. Lawrence River, through the Saguenay Canyon, nearly 2000 miles of beauty and grandeur. The river varies from roaring rapids to a vast expanse of blue water 18 miles wide. Steamers may be boarded at Lewiston, Rochester, Duluth or Detroit in the U.S.A., or at Queenston, Toronto, Montreal or Quebec in Canada.*

Send for illustrated Booklet, Map and Guide.
For full information, rates and reservations, apply

J. C. RANDALL, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

715 VICTORIA SQUARE - - MONTREAL

S6M

Agents in the Principal Cities of the United States and Canada, or your own Tourist Agent

OVER *the* HOLIDAY

•

rest

action

and

magic healing waters

START Thursday morning. A gorgeous 7-hour drive—Lackawanna Trail or Liberty Highway—and you're here in time for tea . . . After breakfast Friday (and what a breakfast!) the links are waiting—one of the sportiest 9-hole courses in the state. So is your deck chair on the roof—if you want rest instead. So are miles of a scenic grandeur unmatched this side of the Rockies. So are the Baths, the radio-active mineral waters, that are famous on two continents today.

You can compress the restfulness of an ocean voyage, the congenial companionship of a summer at the shore, the tonic stimulus of a month in the mountains into one long memorable week-end here at The Glen Springs.

Illustrated literature and rates from William M. Leffingwell, President, Watkins Glen, N. Y.

GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

to. But I wouldn't give it up for anything. And now that I have so much time, I try to do things. I go down to his office and get ideas: they don't always use them, but really I work quite hard at it. I can do things. Don't you think so?"

She stopped and looked at me anxiously. It was almost as though I could do something for her—aside from eating that lamb chop, I mean. I tried to say what she wanted me to say.

"You have wonderful opportunities," I assured her. It was right; she brightened up.

"Yes, I think so. I can do things. Do you know, there was a woman at the office who had been working for eight years and had never had a raise."

I made a noise.

"Yes, really. Just overlooked, you know. I told Mrs. White about it and they gave her a raise right away. Mrs. White thanked me for calling it to her attention. I can do things like that, you see. That cake looks good. Don't you want some? I do. I think it's so good."

WE walked slowly down Park Avenue. "I want to stop and get some flowers," she said. "There's a nice place just ahead. Do you know, yesterday Mr. Cheslin was talking about skyscrapers, and it seems that every time a skyscraper is built two men are killed."

"Really?"

She nodded. As she turned in at the flower shop she looked at me. Sad lovely eyes that had just looked on life and found it wanting. She nodded deeply; a child's nod, intent and worried.

"They fall off." —EMILY HAHN

•

PARTY

At midnight Martin, bored with thinking,
Settles down to steady drinking;

Hides in a corner, briefly free
From all the deadly repartee.

Around him now the evening reels,
The music ripples and congeals,

Couples pass—their boorish chatter
Fades away and doesn't matter.

And when at length he passes out,
He's even bored with that, no doubt.

—OLIVER JENKINS

NEW YORK—

CALIFORNIA

VIA HAVANA AND THE PANAMA CANAL

NEW *S. S. Virginia* and *S. S. California* (largest steamers ever built under the American flag), or the popular *S. S. Mongolia.* 13 days Coast-to-Coast—5,000 miles over breeze-fanned seas. Fortnightly via Havana and Panama Canal to San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Water-and-Rail Round Trips

From your home town back to your home town. Steamer either way. Choice of rail routes across the continent, with stopovers.

Reduced Summer Rates Now

A third, luxurious new Panama Pacific liner, *S. S. Pennsylvania,* now building. Maiden voyage from New York October 19.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere, or authorized steamship or railroad agents.

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at NEWARK AIR SCHOOL

. . . under personal supervision of Capt. John O. Donaldson

Ten new ships. Students trained by expert instructors having at least 10 years' active flying experience. Rates moderate, no bond for solo. Most conveniently located air port in metropolitan area. 30 minutes from N. Y. C. Take tube to Newark and No. 4 bus.

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Travel by Air: Our comfortable, latest type airplanes are ready to take you anywhere—anytime.

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New Ocean House

DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

Swampscott, Massachusetts

On the historic North Shore
Every recreational feature
Booklet ** *Now Open*

E. R. GRABOW, *Chairman of Board and Treasurer*
CLEMENT E. KENNEDY, *President*

DINNERS by RECTOR

Ne'er will Broadway and its happy throngs forget their rendezvous of old. In their memories, Rector's will live forevermore.

Nowadays, Rector's epicurean delights are realities elsewhere. As director of cuisine on The Milwaukee Road his delectable dishes and charming hospitality are winning new fame daily.

When next you travel to the Northwest, enjoy Rector meals on the ***new Olympian*** (Chicago-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma) and the ***new Pioneer Limited*** (Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis).

Come to our ground floor office and let us tell you more about Rector and these famous roller-bearing trains.

NEW YORK OFFICE
547 Fifth Ave., at 45th St.
Phone Vanderbilt 3721
C. L. Cobb, General Agent

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

450-62

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

AN OLD SCHOOLMATE

"MOTHER," said Mr. Cavendish, using a honeymoon pet name he'd given his wife which after twenty-five years remained merely a pet name, "old Al Ganzer I used to go to school with—you know, he's Ganzer & Ganzer now—is opening a new Fifth Avenue-London Shop, Men's Haberdashery of Superiority. 'Another Shop on the Avenue by Popular Demand,' it says here in the paper. Wouldn't it be sort of nice to send a wreath to an old school friend?"

"Why yes. Very nice," said Mrs. Cavendish, "if you think he'll remember you."

"Forget old Inky Cavendish! Why, Mother! We were just like that! 'Member when we met him at the theatre three years ago? Too bad we never did get together again as he suggested."

Sending the flowers, it occurred to Mr. Cavendish that simply "Success from Mr. & Mrs. Inky Cavendish" might sound a little formal to an old school chum. He deliberated on this, destroyed many cards, and finally despatched the flowers with: "May enduring prosperity and success outlive the fragrance of these blooms . . . Inky Cavendish and 'Mother.'"

Two weeks later Mrs. Cavendish was surprised to find a letter from Ganzer & Ganzer in her morning mail.

DEAR MRS. CAVENDISH:

We wish to express our very real appreciation of your thoughtful wishes for the success of our new Fifth Avenue-London Shop, Men's Haberdashery of Superiority.

We take this opportunity to advise you that our patrons' insistent demand for the finest of men's haberdashery for boys has already made necessary an expansion policy.

We cordially invite you to the opening of Ganzer & Ganzer's new Fifth

Plan your trip so you will always stop at a recognized hotel—where high standards are maintained, where the food is appetizing, the rooms clean and comfortable—where risks are avoided and respectability is assured.

Where—
"Your hotel manager is never a stranger"

Hotels in the United System

The ROOSEVELT, New York City
The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Philadelphia
The OLYMPIC, Seattle, Wash.
The HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, San Francisco, Cal.
The BANCROFT, Worcester, Mass.
The ROBERT TREAT, Newark, N. J.
The ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Paterson, N. J.
The STACY-TRENT, Trenton, N. J.
The PENN-HARRIS, Harrisburg, Pa.
The TEN EYCK, Albany, N. Y.
The ONONDAGA, Syracuse, N. Y.
The ROCHESTER, Rochester, N. Y.
The SENECA, Rochester, N. Y.
The NIAGARA, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
The LAWRENCE, Erie, Pa.
The PORTAGE, Akron, Ohio
The DURANT, Flint, Michigan
The PRESIDENT, Kansas City, Mo.
EL CONQUISTADOR, Tucson, Ariz. (*Dec. to April, inclusive*)
The WASHINGTON - YOUREE, Shreveport, La.

IN CANADA

The MOUNT ROYAL, Montreal
KING EDWARD HOTEL, Toronto
ROYAL CONNAUGHT, Hamilton
The CLIFTON, Niagara Falls (*May to Sept. inclusive*)
The PRINCE EDWARD, Windsor
The ADMIRAL BEATTY, Saint John, N. B.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

The CONSTANT SPRING, Kingston, Jamaica (*Opening season 1929-30*)

Affiliated: American Hotels Corporation . . . United Hotels of the South and West, Inc. . . . Canada-West Indies Hotel Co., Ltd. . . . *Abroad:* U. N. I. T. I. . . . *Foreign Representative:* C. C. Drake & Co.

Stop at UNITED HOTELS *the Sign of a Good Hotel*

UNITED HOTELS COMPANY OF AMERICA

Executive Offices: 25 W. 45th St., New York City
FRANK A. DUDLEY, *President*

These booklets Free on request

A main route map in each

Seen at Reuben's

THAT grand old young MANN of the American Theatre (known to a host of friends as LOUIS)—a masterful character actor who will live forever in memory as creator of distinguished rôles and co-star of "Friendly Enemies"—finds at Reuben's a dish destined to live forever in *his* memory. Finan Haddie Epicure—a creation of sweetest fresh finan haddie, diced green and red peppers, and a delightful cream sauce—*au gratin*. Devastatingly de-e-licious! And Mr. Mann decides that food like this is almost as pleasant to ponder upon as his favorite part, Jean Napoleon Sebastian Poujol in "Julie Bon Bon".

* * *

DAINTY ingenue—LOUISE BROWN—whose beauty, grace and divine dancing paved the way to her stardom in that current success "Lady Fingers"—finds that there certainly is happiness at the end of the "Rainbow". Chicken Livers *Saute* on Toast, with Fresh Mushrooms is the dish that gladdened Louise's heart! The tenderest of chicken livers—the sweetest of fresh mushrooms—prepared in the inimitable manner of Our Chef. When there is *such* food in the world—then truly one has "Something to Live For", eh, Louise?

* * *

AND now, Ladies and Gentlemen—LOU HOLTZ, a pre-eminent laugh producer of today's stage! If you haven't seen his new act in R-K-O Vaudeville—you've something to anticipate! This star of many "Scandals" and generator of countless abdominal laughs in "Manhattan Mary"—played a secondary rôle when Our Chef's version of Spaghetti Caruso appeared on the scene. Chicken Livers and Fresh Mushrooms in a spicy sauce plus the intriguing flavor of perfectly cooked spaghetti form a combination worthy of, anyhow, two verses on Lou's banjo.

REUBEN'S

***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

Avenue-London Shop, Men's Haberdashery of Superiority for Boys department on the third floor.

A visit, at your convenience, will reward you with an attractive display of everything for the "li'l fella," just like dad's.

Sincerely,
GANZER & GANZER

"Some stupid stenographer made a mistake in addressing the letter to you," said Mr. Cavendish. "Do you suppose I should send him a wire about this new department? Sort of show him how pleased his old school pal is?"

"Suit yourself," said Mrs. Cavendish, noncommittally.

Later Mr. Cavendish, after much artistic waste of blanks, produced the following:

HAPPY TO HEAR OF YOUR NEW DEPARTMENT FOR BOYS JUST KNOW IT WILL COME UP TO EVERY EXPECTATION MOTHER JOINS ME IN WISHING YOU THE SUCCESS YOU DESERVE
INKY CAVENDISH

Four days later a special-delivery letter from Ganzer & Ganzer, Office of the President, arrived for Mrs. Cavendish. "They made the same mistake again," she said, giving it to Mr. Cavendish, who read:

MY DEAR MRS. CAVENDISH:

My advertising department has made a deplorable blunder. I hope you will be lenient with us and know no offence was intended.

When I received your son's thoughtful telegram—he must be a manly little fellow—on the opening of our new department for boys, it was my idea immediately to ask your permission to run an advertisement using the message as an appeal from one boy to another. On communicating this tie-up to my advertising manager, he deemed it a good one and went ahead with plans to run the ad.

In the excitement of getting things going, my secretary slipped up on reminding me to write for your permission, and the advertising department, acting prematurely, inserted the advertisement in the *Times* for tomorrow. I sincerely hope—

Mr. Cavendish read no further. He ruffled through his paper, stopped, folded and handed it to Mrs. Cavendish. In large type she saw:

"Look, Fellas! Inky Cavendish is glad we've opened a Men's Haberdashery of Superiority for Boys department. You should be, too. Read what Inky says—

" 'Mothers! Buy your li'l fella's things, just like dad's, at the new Ganzer & Ganzer Fifth Avenue-London Shop, Men's Haberdashery of Superiority for Boys department. Mrs. Cavendish does!' "

"Maybe I'd better stop in and see old Al about this and tell him we don't mind," said Mr. Cavendish.

"Elmer Cavendish! You'll do nothing of the kind! I never did like that Al Ganzer and I wish you'd have no more to do with him."

"Well, Mother, you oughtn't to talk like that but if that's the way you feel . . . you come first. But I certainly do hate to give up an old schoolmate."

—CARROLL CARROLL

• •

INGENUITY

Recent Examples from the Daily Press of this Useful Talent in Action, and the Consequent Recompense

THE LOCALE	THE GENIUS	THE INGENUITY	THE RECOMPENSE
Augusta, Me.	Melford man	Forged porcupine noses out of leather, to collect state bounty	$30,000 in bounty fees.
Scranton, Pa.	Dan Collins	Claimed the hard jail floors made his feet swell	Set free.
Lancaster, Pa.	John McQuinn	Drank the alcohol given him to massage patients, substituting cold water	15 days in jail.
Cambridge, Eng.	Manager of the Festival Theatre	Served draught beer at première to mellow the critics	Favorable notices.
Greenfield, Mass.	Wellesley Eno	Picked jail lock with safety match and escaped	Re-jailed.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

B.V.D. —the Underwear of Quality

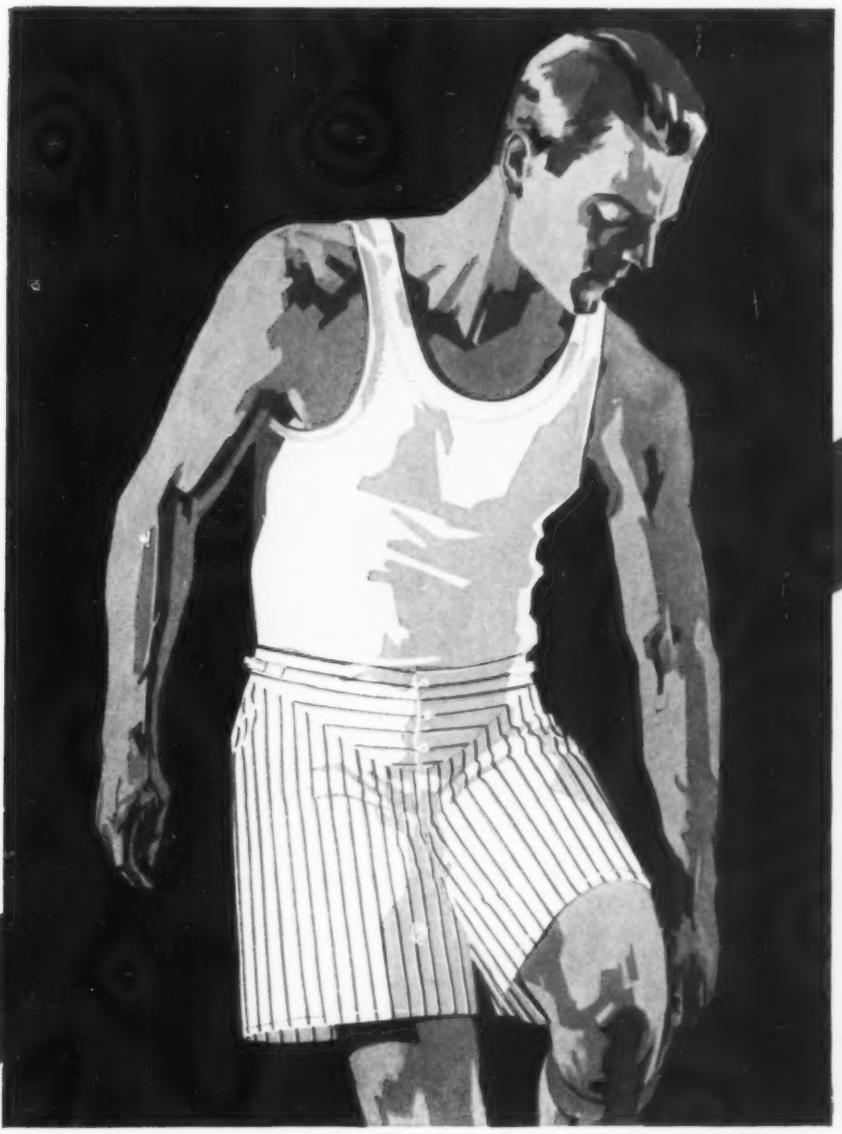
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To provide for different tastes, B. V. D. is made in various models. The most famous and the most popular is the B. V. D. Union Suit with its exclusive features, including the waist-encircling knit band, the knitted shoulder straps, patented closed crotch, etc. ÷ ÷ There are two types of B. V. D. Shirts—the Coat Shirt and Pull-Over Knit Shirt. ÷ ÷ B. V. D. Drawers, fashioned of cool, long-wearing nainsook are enjoying great popularity. ÷ ÷ The Shorts include colorful patterns, solid colors, and whites. The colors are fast. ÷ ÷ Whatever your taste in underwear, you will find it in B. V. D.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS

UNION SUITS — COAT SHIRTS — PULL-OVER SHIRTS — KNEE DRAWERS

SHORTS — YOUTHS' UNION SUITS — CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS

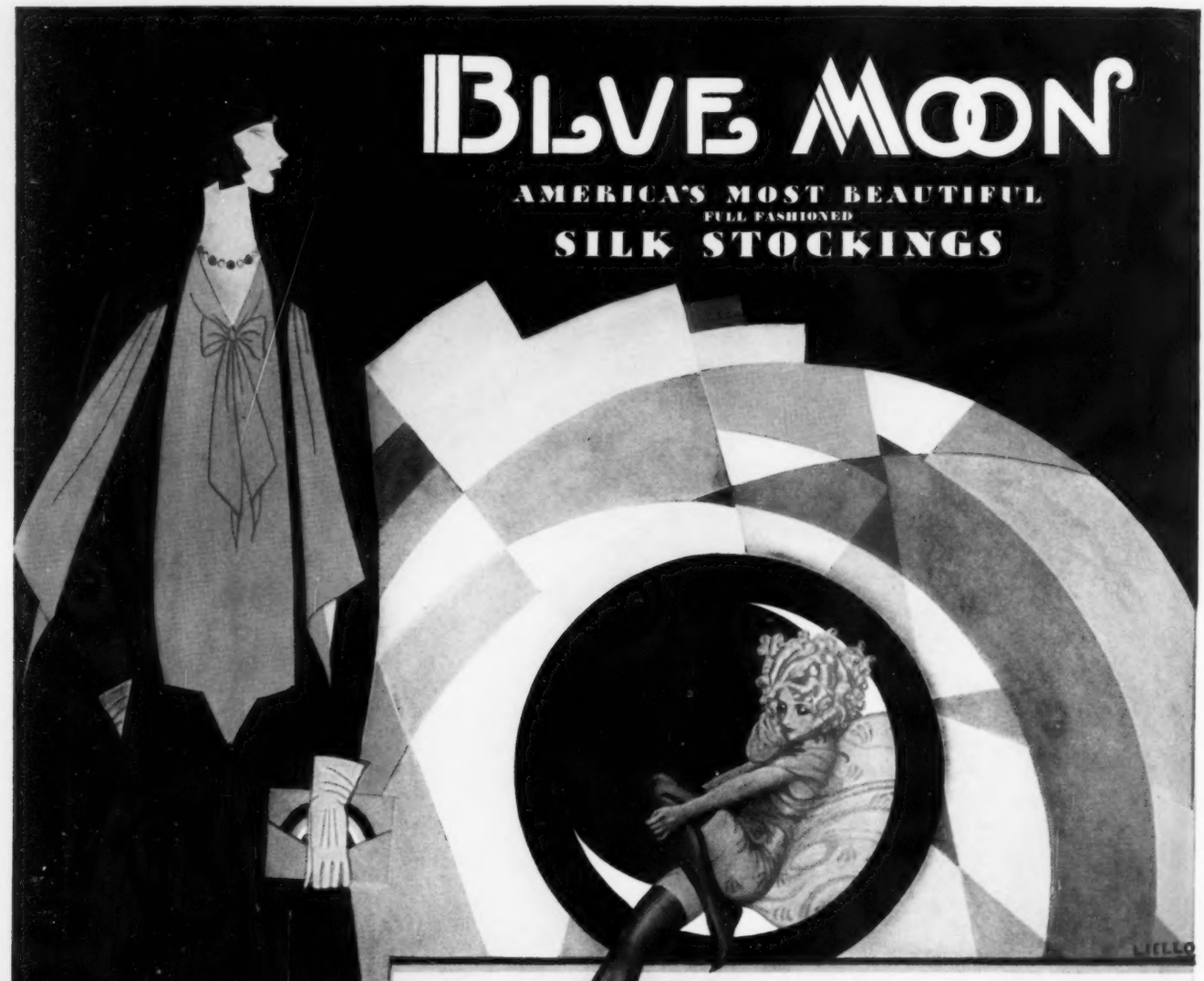


MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B.V.D.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

© 1929 THE B. V. D. CO., INC. NEW YORK



COLOR-Individual

THE fashion-wise woman attunes her hosiery to the most significant note of the entire ensemble—her own complexion. Among the thirty-two new Blue Moon shades you will find the ones most distinctively *yours*—in hosiery as beautiful as it is surprisingly economical.

Blue Moon dealers are featuring these numbers:

No. 77—Light service weight. Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . . **$1.35**

No. 55—Fine gauge Chiffon. All Silk except Lisle heel and toe . . . **$1.50**

No. 100—Pointed heel, light service weight. Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . . **$1.50**

No. 800—Medium-weight service, fine Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . **$1.65**

No. 300—Heavy-weight Silk, very short Lisle top and sole . . . **$1.85**

No. 501—Fine gauge, all Silk with Picot top . . **$1.95**

No. 200—Pointed heel, fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . . **$1.95**

No. 600—Medium-weight service, all Silk, top to toe, super grade . . **$1.95**

No. 400—Extra fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . **$2.25**

No. 700—Super-fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top, **$2.50**

LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY • 389 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, MAY 15

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER is alarmed. Despite his careful assumption of somewhat sinister nonchalance on the boards Sir Gerald, on the wrong side of the footlights, is a man of mercurial temperament. In this case, however, his worries would appear to have some foundation.

Something is seriously amiss with the theatre. The managers bewail the dearth of new plays; the public, the lack of anything fit to be seen. New productions show their heads spasmodically here and there, are enthusiastically reviewed in the press, bloom for a day or two, and slip off into the common beyond. A perfect blight seems to have descended on the West End.

THE reason of all this? No less than the talkies. In the five big movie theatres in London £150,000 was taken over the weekend. The Carlton Theatre, that very comfortable new house next door to the hotel all good Americans know, has gone talkie, incontinently. Sir Gerald has withdrawn all his touring companies and will send out no more. Mr. Tom Walls has done the same.

Now, the plays which Sir Gerald fathers are no more than superior shockers. They add a touch of respectability to the familiar grim-and-clandestine-butchery recipe. Tom Walls fosters lowbrow farces built round an ingenue in pajamas and a hero in the wrong bedroom. The wonder is that any honest citizen was ever induced to part with good money for this form of entertainment when for three and sixpence he could sit three long hours in Roman luxury, breathing washed air, listening to two pipe organs, and seeing the same thing infinitely better done. Sir Gerald and Mr. Walls have for years been poaching on exclusively movie preserves at very much higher prices.

SOME time or other it was bound to come. Imitation is always tempting and the only wonder is that the gap has been left so long. Hugh Walpole has started a book-of-the-month club. The literary gentlemen have been shaking their heads so vio-

White teeth may hide this bitter truth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*Thinking all is well when teeth are white 4 out of 5 surrender to the disease-of-neglect

IF you would enjoy health and preserve your teeth don't let appearances deceive you. See your dentist at least once every six months. Have him examine teeth and gums and correct any faults. And start brushing gums vigorously when you brush your teeth, using the dentifrice that helps to firm gums and keep them sound, thus safeguarding them against disease.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice.

Such a simple regime will bring you peace-of-mind. It will protect you. For such diseases as Pyorrhea ignore teeth and launch an attack on neglected gums. If contracted, only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance. They ravage health and often cause loss of teeth. And Pyorrhea alone takes 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger as its victims.

You will like Forhan's. Its taste is refreshing, cleansing. After using it morning and night for a few weeks you will see an improvement in the appearance of your gums. For this dentifrice helps to firm them and keep them sound. In addition, without the use of harsh abrasives, Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

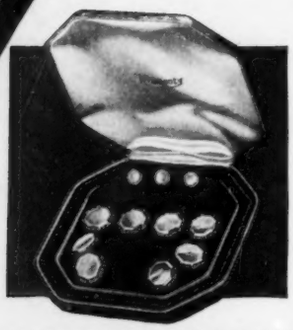
Start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's today. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in the years to come. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

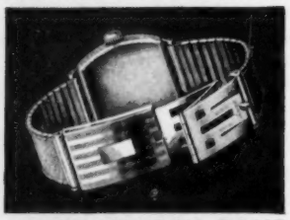
Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Krementz CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY



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KREMENTZ jewelry is liked by the well dressed man. Stylish, unusual designs make it distinctive. Variety of designs offers opportunity for selection that reflects one's individuality. High quality is apparent. Displayed and sold by the better shops all over the world. May we tell you the name of a dealer near you? Krementz & Co., Newark, New Jersey.

Krementz

JEWELRY FOR MEN

lently and holding up their hands in such holy horror at the suggestion of an Englishman's having his literature chosen for him that the thing may even yet be a success. We have an affectation of pious superiority in these matters that is not altogether justified. At all events, Hugh Walpole is a braver man than any of the American Book-of-the-Month Club folk, who arrived over here some time ago and, making the fatal mistake of accepting the Englishman at his own valuation, were frightened away by the aforesaid superiority.

The first choice of Hugh Walpole and his alarmingly distinguished fellow judges falls on "The Love of The Foolish Angel," by Helen Beauclerc. If this is anything like the "Green Lacquer Pavilion" by that same slightly too careful young lady, it looks as though the scheme were being tackled on too lofty a plane altogether. With Edgar Wallace achieving an output of sixteen thousand words a day down a dictaphone, he forms a book-of-the-month club all his own, and it seems scarcely necessary to look further.

THE Prince of Wales is another man these days. When he arrived so spectacularly from South Africa Mr. Baldwin met him at Folkstone for two hours' private conversation in the train, and they have scarcely been out of one another's company since. The gossips can draw what conclusions they like. Still, it really does look as though the Prime Minister was passing a few tips on how to be in the public eye without loss of dignity, by one who knows. Even the *Times*, most restrained of all rags, permitted itself a didactic, pedagogic, and—I for one thought—thoroughly impudent leading article, suggesting (in plain English) that it was time His Royal Highness pulled himself together and looked with rather less concentration on the bright side.

The result, or the coincidence, has been that at the all-night cabaret organized by the American journalists in town, the Prince and Mr. Baldwin sampled the delights together. Whether the Prince influences Mr. Baldwin rather more than Mr. Baldwin influences the Prince remains to be seen.

BOTH these gentlemen are patrons of Sovrani's, which has just and justly celebrated its first birthday. Sovrani's is our smallest, brightest, and newest restaurant. The great Sovrani himself was headwaiter at the Savoy

Eleanor Beard Inc

KENTUCKY QUILTED THINGS

The June bride will certainly wish to include in her smart trousseau this 3-Piece Pajama Ensemble, of Satin-back Crepe, with Satin flowers hand appliqued. She may have it in any one pastel shade,—or with flowers in contrasting colors, if desired.

The Pajamas $27.50
The Coat $22.50

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. . . . . we carry a complete line of Oshkosh lightweight compact Baggage of the finest quality obtainable —at most reasonable prices.

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before he was the great Sovrani. The band plays with handkerchiefs stuffed up its instruments and achieves a very fashionable inaudibility, and the dance floor has accommodation for six dancers, or anything up to two hundred couples on the angels-on-the-point-of-a-pin principle. At the anniversary party Sovrani imported a couple of baby bears from the Balkans, which were steeped in Burgundy, cooked, eaten, and—I understand—digested. A hardy lot, the rich.

THERE is a perfectly good Mohammedan mosque at Woking, twenty miles out of London, and the feast of Ramadan has long been a notable annual occurrence at the Holborn Restaurant. I also know a place called the Agapemone in North London, and they do say a little genteel devil-worship goes on somewhere in South Kensington. Now we have a Temple of the Winds. It has a faintly Mormon sound but is, in fact, the headquarters of London's Underground and our first skyscraper; only a hundred and seventy feet high, but our ideas of the sky are modest. It is certainly handsome, a bold arrangement of standing oblongs chiefly notable for some Epstein panels of plumpish and surely not altogether anatomically correct women in the attitude of swimming, or exercising, or what not. These are sixty feet above the street, and well out of reach of those abandoned purists who slapped green paint all over poor Rima in Hyde Park, the "female," as Bernard Shaw said, "with the bashed occiput." The only other examples of Epstein's work in London (besides a statue in a Duke Street shop) are the male figures on the British Medical Association's building in the Strand.

There was trouble over these when they first appeared, it being considered not altogether proper that a naked man should stand facing quite so many people in the Strand. —A. G.

•

MEMORIE. A haunting fragrance like that of flowers after rain—as elusive as a half forgotten melody—speeds you on the wings of thought through a lane at twilight after a June shower. Exquisite and wistful, it expresses the finer and nobler instincts—the tender memories of the past.—*From menu of Madame Helene's restaurant, Hollywood, Cal.*

We'll have a broiled baby lobster, please, with drawn butter and Julienne potatoes.

147 Varieties!

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We particularly want you to see a 3-room apartment in the Manor. It has a living room, bedroom, kitchen and 3 big closets. Rentals from $121 to $154. Also a 4-room apartment in the same building, with two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and five closets. Rentals from $146 to $175.

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AND WALK TO BUSINESS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

AT the risk of seeming modest, I must confess that it is not extraordinary insight that has brought about the discoveries made in this column. The fact is that its editor has a bit of good luck every once in a while. For, in one week, three small dress shops, each with a distinct character to set it apart from the ordinary run of shops filled with nice wearable commonplace dresses, have been chanced upon and found worthy. If there is anything I like, it is a small shop that separates the sheep from the goats of fashion for you.

The first little jewel to be discussed here is a newish shop called Natica, Ltd., at 11 West Fiftieth Street. This is a tiny and cluttered place, filled with clothes and lingerie and various small trifles in a festive mood, all of them imported from that so dear Paree. It is particularly a haven for the rather dressy and thoroughly exquisite woman who likes simple effects and elaborate rich detail. For instance, they do a great deal here with crêpe de Chine, stencilled in splashy patterns in one or two soft harmonizing colors. The effect is that of applied fabric, lovingly outlined in metal thread, and none of it suggests the art-Russian type. This appears in negligees, in two-piece dresses for summer, in short jackets that are ideal for bridge on the terrace, and so on. You must also look at a divine coat that starts out to be a faintly speckled crêpe de Chine with an occasional brilliant bit of design, then has beige-twine embroidery upon it here and there outlined in metal thread. Can be worn anywhere in summer, and its pleasantly antique look defies description. There are quantities of those one or two-piece dresses of crêpe de Chine, embroidered by hand with hemstitching, eyelets, net embroidery, and other intricate lingerie detail for summer afternoons. And there are lacy negligees and evening clothes that take into consideration the undeniable fact that, whatever the

• •

"You know, I like things simple and tailored—just a little lace and a few rosebuds."

A PAGEANT OF FASHION FULFILLMENT

Our Spring Collection is a pageant of forecast, inasmuch as Paris works with us and accepts our psychology of the smart American. The season's hats were designed in Paris salons under the direction of our own expert. We have elevated the evening gown to a newer simplicity . . . we have sensed the day dress as the ideal vehicle for trim demureness . . . we have prophesied the return to the higher waistline and the becoming Rembrandtesque ruchings at the neck and wrist, as being the logical nineteen-twenty-nine reaction of the Younger Set . . . In the choice of printed chiffons . . . in the emphasis of mousseline softness on plain black satin . . . and in the hint of graceful pannier effects for the dignified woman's dinner dress, we are proving our knowledge of what Paris means, and of our own influence on the American vogue.

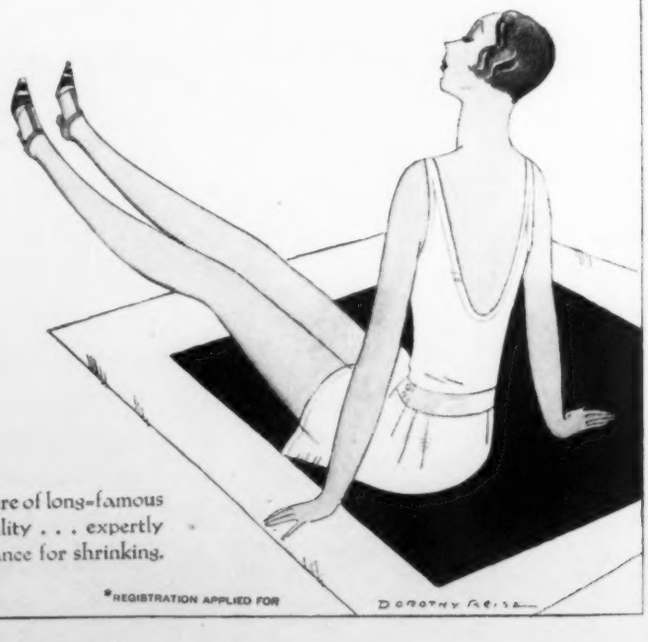
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

Somersets*
by Forest Mills

are *the idol of the sun worshippers* . . . for they are the perfect underwear for this gloriously active outdoor life we are living nowadays.

Sun back or round neck vests—shorts as brief and comfortable as a man's . . . of a new *sheer* balbriggan in white and the pastels that match summer frock colors. And wonderfully absorbent . . . a real boon to the hard players.

Introduced to New York by Best & Co. and found in the best known shops of Metropolitan suburbs.



With every feature of long-famous Forest Mills quality . . . expertly fitted . . . allowance for shrinking.

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fashion, men become google-eyed at black lace over pink, particularly if the wearer makes the effect fatal to their bachelorhood with long, sheer, black silk stockings. The whole shop is very gay and very feminine in the most deadly way; for lingerie that is almost entirely lace, flippant mules, and trailing pink-georgette-and-pink-lace tea gowns abound. If you are blonde and helpless before a golf club, this is a good place to augment your wardrobe. There is never more than one of a kind of anything.

THE next entry lands us, with a ho, ho, ho, at the shop of Alita Hamilton, 754 Madison Avenue. This shop is particularly busy with black linen for both town and country summer wear, a new note that has been developed very well here. A sleeveless black dress in the tennis style, with a black and white block-printed coat over it, is worthy of your attention. So is a little suit of black piqué with white coin dots.

Special pleasant surprises: A sleeveless dress of white piqué in waffle weave, buttoning together on the shoulders with tortoise-shell buttons, the skirt literally buttoned on at the hips. When the skirt is removed you discover to your relief that piqué shorts, beautifully cut, also button on the frock below the skirt. Grand for very informal summer life where boating and fishing and suchlike are in order. Second, a crêpe dress having a petticoat-length tunic, laced down below the neckline, and a pleated skirt worn outside it on a crushed yoke. Lacings down the sides of this skirt complete the costume. Then, a summer afternoon or evening cape, bloused to the hips and having a becoming crushed collar, and made of that new cotton lace in beige that is so terribly chic. A sports skirt with two straps across the front and one across the back, mannish fashion, comes in any fabric you desire.

I was led here first because it was reported that swell clothes that were not ornery could be secured here for around $39.50, and this is so, though most of the models described cost more. My excitement was due to the fact that there were so many things I had not seen elsewhere. If you are a standard size, many of the frocks here can be worn right out; a great deal of work, however, is done to order.

NAN RIVERS, who makes hats on the head in a truly masterly fashion,

is to be found in this shop now. She is doing grand things with, for instance, a cloche of her own in felt or baku or what have you that has a casually tied scarf slipping under straps at the sides of the crown so that it may be changed at will. In black felt with white piqué for the black-linen fad, it is simply elegant. She makes a beautiful hat in rough dull straw, wide at the sides, narrow front and back, and cut to reveal the face—for low-backed summer clothes. Since the way she makes them is the great thing, I can only advise going in and trying some on.

AT 3 West Fiftieth Street there is an engaging shop called Youthful Fashions, and, despite the number of dear old ladies who insist on going in and buying things, it merits the name, for charming clothes at quite low prices glorify it.

At present, they are making a great feature of bridesmaids' dresses of organdie over satin, done in some version of the irregular circular-tiered type of thing. Their passion in these is to dye the organdie so that each bridesmaid may wear a different shade of the same color. These are made to individual measurement for $75—something that every girl should know. You will also find here a nice graduation dress in off-white crêpe de Chine, the skirt pleated from just above the knee, the wide collar edged with pleated fabric. Sleeves will be basted in for the benefit of visiting alumnae and the faculty wives.

There are loads of summer three-piece things, of course; in shantung or rajah with applications in color on the white ground as trimming; in drawn linen with silk piqué blouses; in white-coin-dotted handkerchief linen, the colors reversed on the jumper, which has a deep sailor collar. This last costs $35 and is simply grand. There is a golf dress that meets professional approval, in heavy dull silk that resembles broadcloth but ain't, with the correct inverted pleats at the elbows and at each side of the front and back.

PRINTED chiffon dresses are done well and inexpensively here, and the patterns are not banal. Look at one with a deep cape collar in back below bands of shirring, the shirring repeated above the full gathered skirt in front. There is another with a deep cape that has sleeves concealed in it. For dinner, insist on seeing Patou's black crêpe dress with stiffly pleated taffeta

There is, it seems, one quite perfect costume for country days . . . the hand-knitted suit, with or without a matching jacket . . . the type of suit that is the particular forte of the Franklin Shops. This two-piece model may be chosen in ivory and fuchsia, or in other light summer combinations.

Mrs. Franklin inc.

NEW YORK
16 East 53rd Street

PHILADELPHIA
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Just west of 900 North Michigan Boulevard

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PALM BEACH

making the flaring cap sleeve and the inserts of sunburst pleating at the bottom of the skirt—very French and piquant. And there is a divine evening dress from Paquin in black crêpe with vivid flowers in one color hand-blocked upon it. This is oval-necked, has three bands around the hips that tie casually in front, and is very long at each side and short front and back. Immensely flattering. Come-hither girls with small incomes also should investigate a Patou taffeta wrap with a huge butterfly bow behind one ear; this costs $29.50. Some of the dresses are made to order in the workroom; some may be ordered for you in the color and fabric desired in a few days; others are waiting wistfully to be taken away to a good home.

IN the French millinery department of Saks-Fifth Avenue, they are taking the Barcelona Exposition so seriously that many, many hats are influenced by it, notably four models from Agnès that have a definite departure in chic. One is of black felt, with a tiny rippling brim, and orange and red pompoms hugging the brim behind each ear; another, of sheer black straw with knotted red and black velvet ribbon below the brim beside the cheek; a wide black felt sailor hat has pompoms on the brim behind one shoulder and is very dashing for the right person. The brim is almost straight and tilts to give a faint side-of-the-head look that is very smart in effect. (Most fashion editors use the loathsome and unavoidable word "smart" lots more than I do, really.) And there is a wide and undulating black straw hat with—you'll never guess—a pink rose under the brim right above your eye—enough to drive a girl crazy. All of them amusing, and with definite fashion-trend possibilities.

UPSTAIRS, the bathing suits make one realize that life is not so bleak and vacation time is drawing nigh. In the first place, lots of things are being done about alpaca. Marcel Rochas, for instance, inspires one with a diagonally striped tuck-in top and shorts and jacket in solid color. There are new suits, also, of printed Rodier cotton scarves, very gay and quaint in yellow and orange and red colorings—used for bathing tunics, for the jumpers on pajamas and, among the sports dresses, for informal summer frocks. There are two very, very low-backed jersey suits in bright colors; one by Patou,

Smart Summer Complexions

—must have the aloof loveliness of a new flower, that look of perfect grooming which is the priceless reaction of any face to a Helena Rubinstein treatment.

—it must be in harmony with the summer scene, its coloring rich, warm "tropic". A "scheme" most effectively achieved through artful use of Helena Rubinstein make-up.

A course of special summer treatments at Helena Rubinstein's Salons is the wisest sort of preparation for a successful summer sojourn.

For your self-treatments you will choose the youth-renewing Valaze Water Lily Cleansing Cream (2.50), Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) (1.75) to prevent and correct squint lines, and Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25) to refresh and revivify.

Then for your finishing touches—alluring Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation (both sunproof and waterproof) (2.50), Gypsy Tan Powder (3.00) and Cubist Lipstick (1.00) in ravishing Red Geranium.

Helena Rubinstein

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Robert Temper, world-known Maestro of hair bobbing, gives the individual bob and permanent wave to suit your personality. We use exclusively the cool "Ra-Vita" method of permanent waving (with Baird's "safety—no burn—heaters"). Phone for appointment.

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BRANCH—PHILADELPHIA

with jersey straps meeting a point of the suit as low as possible in back. One version of this has striped shorts over it; another terminates, in a simple, direct way, in short pants that are attached to the top. The other suit, which is totally backless, is held up in front by a jersey strap going around and buttoning at the back of the neck. This is also in one piece. There will be lots of suits of celanese heavy rayon jersey, the imported-from-France version. And don't forget the good old standby for women with good figures —low-backed jersey one-piece suits in wool or silk. The colors this year, particularly the pastel tones, are simply gorgeous.

Among the pajamas, the wow of last Palm Beach season still holds sway. This has a sleeveless, low-backed top, tied in back about at the waistline, floppy trousers of brilliant hue, and a longish checked coat. You wear the coat as a beach coat and lunch in the pajamas without it if you are a seasoned Bath-and-Tenniser. You should also look at polka-dotted two-piece pajamas.

OVER in the tennis-dress and golf-dress section nearby, there is an epidemic of "golf" costumes with short sleeves in madras, flannel, crêpe de Chine, and grand shirting fabrics, the last having bandannas to match. Most of them have box-pleated skirts and tuck-in blouses, very businesslike if you don't swing your club so strenuously as to pull them out. There are tennis visors of white straw with colored ribbons drawn through them, after Patou. If you don't like these, there has been a great effort in the tennis-dress field to doll them up with gay striped belts and headbands to match. The headbands are shaped to the head in front, wrap around the head twice, and terminate through a double ring over one ear, where the ends hang down gypsy fashion. And look at some new sweaters there in a zigzag pebbly knit that seems hand-done. Soft and warm and delicious. Not as heavy as the Schiaparelli type, nor as clinging as the angoras. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Gay Gifts—To Be Continued—A Bit Scotch

THE pet weakness of this department, as all constant readers must have discovered by now, is knickknacks and gadgets. I am now delighted to re-

DOBBS

NEW FASHIONS

For Town and Country

Sports frocks with the cut, lines and finish for which Dobbs sports clothes are famous . . . tailored silk models that are indispensable for immediate wear . . .silk jacket frocks that have such a satisfying completeness about them . . . charming washable silk frocks . . . . a varied collection . . . new . . . gracious . . . . exclusive.

Dobbs smart jacket frock of the finest quality washable silk crepe is typical of Dobbs entire collection. In beautiful new shades. $55. *Completed by Dobbs becoming Blazer Venezia hat.* $19.50.

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

Sports Shoes

...with all the smartness expected from Cammeyer and all the practicality required by sportswomen. Of white buckskin with trimming of tan Russia calf.

$14.50

Cammeyer

FIFTH AVENUE

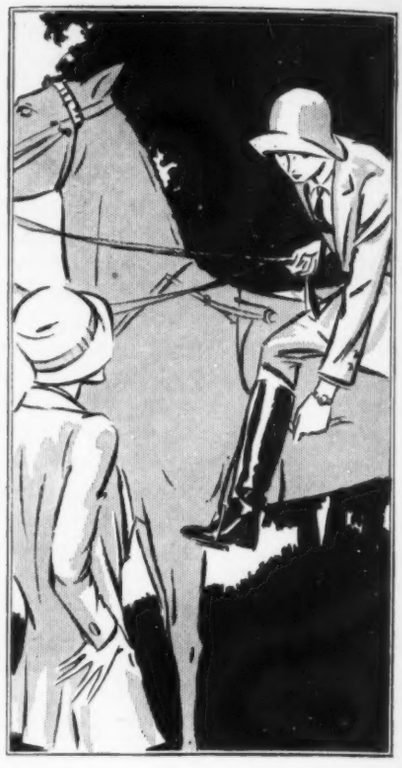
AT 46TH and AT 38TH

port that people in quest of the gay gift should hie them at once to Natica, Ltd., at 11 West Fiftieth Street, and there look at some trifles that I will enumerate to you. First, there are immaculate waiters, complete with tray, cabbies with long sweeping coats and whips, and demure monks which, placed over your favorite bottle of hootch, conceal it completely. In each case the head terminates in a cork; on each painted visage there is a leer. A grand gift for the host who Has Everything. For the top of a man's desk, there are wooden cigarette boxes with a square clock set in the top; and there is a collar-button box with a similar timekeeping feature on the lid. And you must look at the very latest Paris ripple—cotton jewelry to accompany your cotton summer frocks. These are chains of tiny white cotton beads, each with a splash of red or yellow upon it, and consisting of ten or twelve strands caught together at the side of the neck with wooden beads. They come in several colors, and in the single or double choker lengths.

You should try the heliotrope perfume here, which scent is so authentic that a good genuine heliotrope would feel like an amateurish old fool in comparison. This shop also has the exclusive agency for Studio de Beauté beauty products. I was particularly drawn to a liquid cleanser that smelled very much like the grenadine in your cocktail . . . ta-ta-de-ah.

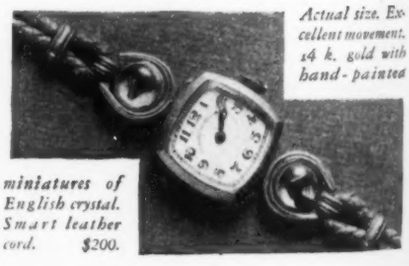
A FEW weeks ago, this department made a sad and serious error in reporting that the Christopher Robin Shop at 818 Madison Avenue had gone completely out of business. It has changed hands, but the policy of the shop will be continued as before by the new proprietresses, Mrs. Kingsland Hay and Mrs. Samuel Ordway. You may still take your small son thither with the greatest confidence.

A LINE of beauty products that came as a complete surprise to me really ought, in all justice, to be commended to your attention. The products go under the name of Jean Stuart preparations and, in the first



"YOU must be the rabid horsewoman to search all over Paris for that clever horseshoe watch."

"Search? Paris? Oh, dear no! This is an American creation —from Brand-Chatillon. They have the most thrilling collection of sport jewelry in town."



Actual size. Excellent movement. 14 k. gold with hand-painted miniatures of English crystal. Smart leather cord. $200.

THE BRAND CHATILLON CORPORATION

773 Fifth Avenue New York

Savoy-Plaza

place, are boxed simply lovely. The basis of the creams is oatmeal, which Scotch lassies are reputed to rub upon their faces and which, in collaboration with the mist around there, makes their complexions radiant. There is an almond cleansing cream, an almond skin food, a dandy almond-and-honey lotion for the visage. Naturally, they make everything the most finicky skin could possibly desire, but these, all elegant in midnight-blue jars and silver boxes, enraptured me most thoroughly. Also, since we cannot seem to get off the subject, their contribution to sunburn is called Romany Tan and consists of a lotion that gives a faintly bronze effect which does not rub off, and a powder of rosy beige hue. Both successful. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Bathrobes at Home and Abroad—Just Arrived

IF you travel this summer, you'll need one dressing gown and you may want several: one for warmth, one for the beach, and one that packs in a small space and will cover you adequately and smartly as you stumble sleepily along the aisle of a Pullman, or down the companionway of a steamer on your way to the swimming pool. Silk is best for the last requirements, and I recommend the dark-colored foulards that you can get in most of the shops at prices ranging from $25, for domestic silks, to $50 for gum twills imported from England. Often they come with envelopes of the same material, into which they can be neatly folded for packing.

Tripler's are printed in Paisley patterns and the envelopes contain flexible slippers to match. Peck & Peck have polka dots in a great many colors, with facings of plain satin suitable to the background. Albert Leonard George has an extraordinary collection of small English madder prints, some made into robes and others still in the piece, ready to be cut to measure. He also has plain, dark-colored, flat crêpe robes, with contrasting pipings, that are dignified.

Robes of natural pongee or shantung are not recommended for travelling because they soil easily, though they launder beautifully. Franklin Simon, among others, has double-

Lipstick TUSSY

Today, make-up must be natural and it must be subtle. No longer is one shade of lipstick enough for every frock and occasion . . . Bright sunlight requires one color, a dimly lighted drawing-room another . . . Lipstick Tussy comes in eight distinct shades, each one in its different colored galalithe case. And these lipsticks come to you from France.

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading manufacturer of Cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made in and imported from France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to—
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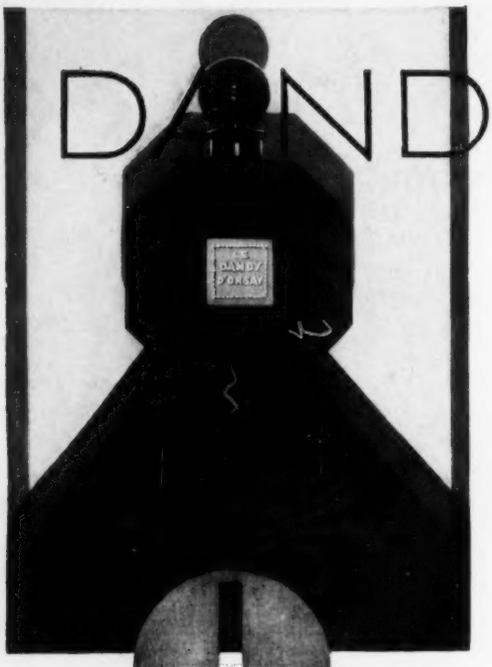
COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

"LE DANDY"



d'Orsay
le parfum mondain le plus subtil
17 rue de la paix · paris

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Clothes for the Country
Send for our NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

breasted pongee robes bound with dark-brown braid, and Brooks have some that are trimmed around the cuffs and down the sides of the front with bright bands of foulard.

IF silk doesn't please you, perhaps challis will—an almost transparent woollen that is usually printed with Paisley figures. Robes of this material pack in a small space, are somewhat warmer, and not much heavier, than silk. Most of the shops carry them, and often they come with envelopes to match, the price being about $20. At Saks-Fifth Avenue I saw some very smart robes of lightweight wool taffeta; grouped stripes of clear light colors on an almost white background give them a fresh clean look. They cost $12.50.

Terry cloth feels better than any other fabric on damp skin. Not only does it absorb moisture more rapidly than either silk or wool, but it also affords protection against a chilling wind without making the wearer too warm. It is made up in many ways, from the voluminous white bath gowns at McCutcheon to the tailored beach coats at Brooks, which are double-breasted, have pearl buttons, patch pockets, and notched lapels—in white and powder blue. In the latter shop I saw also bath gowns of terry cloth woven in two tones of the same color; these were cut with the conventional shawl collar and had silk cords. Tripler has beach coats of powder-blue terry cloth with trousers to match.

Heavy cotton cheviot is another suggestion for the beach or hot summer days at home. This fabric, in plain colors and modest stripes, has long been a staple at Brooks, and this year several new geometric patterns have been added. Saks-Fifth Avenue have cheviots in a novel weave that combines white pleasantly with bright colors.

IF you want a warm robe—and you'll need one if you go north—try flannel. Once more, these are in nearly every shop, and again, I like plain colors. I'll make one exception to that statement in favor of a plaid I saw at McCrory, 32 West Forty-sixth Street. The flannel has a very soft and pleasant feel and the plaid is the largest I've ever seen. At Saks-Fifth Avenue there are cashmeres in plain dark colors—navy, wine, brown—and shetlands in herringbone mixtures of the same colors; one of them will be welcome on a mean, chill day at the

seaside. Jaeger, 590 Fifth Avenue, famous for camel's hair, has warm dressing gowns of that material in its natural color, bound with grosgrain ribbon in a darker shade; $49. Striped flannel robes cost from $25 to $27.50. Tripler has bathing shirts to match the bright-colored flannel robes—single and double-breasted—that are sold there.

Cruger's new shop, 581 Fifth Avenue, is by now completely stocked with merchandise right off the boats. When I was there last week a great many of the boxes had just arrived and there hadn't been time to unpack them all, but I did see some English flannel robes in checks and small plaids—mostly black and white, and brown and white—and several plain cashmere travelling robes that are warm and very light. I was glad to see that printed wash ties are still a summer specialty; the prints are as small, as smart, and as crisp-looking as ever. This firm has added a shoe department where well-made English shoes can be bought at prices ranging from $14 to $18.

Albert Leonard George is among the first to show a lighter, the Automatch, that is more compact than any I have seen. The machinery is concealed inside instead of being on top, and when you press the bottom the light comes from the middle of the side. The design is modernist (you probably suspected that). It comes with different kinds of leather coverings; is automatic, has an asbestos wick, and costs only $5.

In this shop there are pigskin slippers that fold into a pigskin case for travelling; $7.50. . . . Wallets of Scotch pigskin, very smooth, with colored linings—dark blue morocco and moire for instance; $12.50. . . . Caps of Harris tweed in plain brown and gray; $5.50. . . . An amusing ash walking stick, the top of which resembles an elephant's head, trunk and all, with ivory tusks and green glass eyes; $18.

Tripler's golf scorer—about the size of a pocket watch—was new to me. You press the stem to register each stroke and numbers appear through small round holes in the dial, telling the score for every hole and adding up the total as you go along. Sterling, $20; chromium nickel, $12.50. . . . Leather scuffs for the beach; $2.50. —G. McC.

hand-painted-crepe hand-made

by the shoecraft salon

on the theme of a lovely hand-painted crepe, in whose iridescent colorings a *french* artist records his impression of *antibes* waters. *shoecraft* creates a new companionate of the slipper illustrated and a matching hat and bag. *the shoes* are $22.50.

SHOECRAFT

SALON: 714 fifth ave., New York

Palm Beach : Southampton

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL · SIZES 1 to 10 , AAAA to D

And with the Apéritifs—?

MANY a clever hostess has become famous for the originality of her dinners, whereas the credit should really have gone to Acker-Merrall's which supplied her with many of the rare delicacies with which she delighted her guests.

Particularly do the appetizers set the pace for your dinners. They can completely change the tempo of the evening and the temper of your guests by being either supremely good or frightfully indifferent. Why not let Acker-Merrall help you to serve some really new and tempting canapés.

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MALLORY STRAWS

"The Wise Men Of Gotham" Do Their Summer Thinking Under A Mallory Straw. What Could Be Smarter?

MALLORY STRAWS

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

CINDERELLA

THE GANGSTER TELLS A BEDTIME STORY TO HIS SON

"ONCE upon a time there's a jane named Cinderella, see? She lives with her sisters, a couple of the crabbiest dames in the world. The kid's a good-looker but the two dames never give her a break. They won't let her have no swell clothes, no parties—nothing. All they do is razz her plenty. The kid is game. She takes it on the chin.

"The town is bossed by the Prince and his mob. The Prince carries every ward in his vest pocket. About this time the Prince decides the racket has been so good he guesses he will throw a big party at the Palace. The Prince sends one of his payoff men, a guy named Chamberlain, around town with the bids. When he gets to the dump where Cinderella and her two sisters hang out, he rings the doorbell and the two crabs answer the bell. 'How many ducats to the Prince's whoopee can yuh get by with?' says Chamberlain. 'Two,' says one of the dames; 'thanks.'

"Just then, through the door, Chamberlain sees Cinderella, packing a mop and a bucket. He pipes off her shape. 'How about the wren?' he says, pulling out the ducats again. 'Don't she dance?'

" 'No,' says one of the dames. 'She's out. The kid has fits, and she's deef and dumb.'

" 'That's a tough break,' says Chamberlain. He puts the ducats back in his pocket and beats it to the next house.

"THE sisters don't tell Cinderella that Chamberlain made a crack about her. On the night of the party they have Cinderella help them doll up and the best they give her is a crust of bread and a couple of extra wallops. Then they blow over to the Palace to get an early start on the Prince's gin.

"After these two buzzards have blown, Cinderella sits down in the kitchen and busts out crying. 'Why don't I ever get a tumble?' she says. 'Life is sure handing me a lousy deal.'

" 'Snap out of it, sister,' says a voice. Cinderella looks up. Standing in front of her is an old, old dame she's never seen before. 'You're gonna crash the party, see?' says the old gal. 'And you're gonna make them two sisters look like a couple of bums.'

"The old dame packs a club. She waves it and, bingo, Cinderella's old

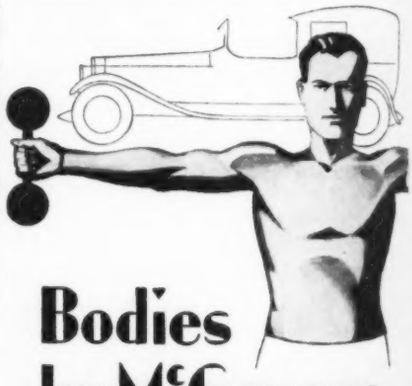
an hour and a half of permanent wave—

without a moment of discomfort! *why*, a playful tweak of your hair would hurt you more than the whole of this *jean* permanent wave. *and* it's so beautiful when it's finished—so perfectly adapted to your face and your features—so—so very becoming!

phone for an appointment

G. JEAN

32 west 58th street, plaza 1470



Bodies by McGovern

You wouldn't expect an early Woolworth body on a Rolls-Royce, nor a mis-fit body on a man or woman whose physical machinery is intended to run with the precision of a Rolls.

McGovern is body-builder to people who are accustomed to high-powered cars and high-powered existence. Building up or reducing where needed, he puts the physical mechanism into the pink of condition by rational exercises and clean sport.

Thirty minutes a few times a week will do the trick. Why not drop in and talk it over today?

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McGovern's Gymnasium Inc.

(for men and women)

Liggett Building
41 East 42nd St., at Madison Ave., New York City

"... But why didn't you get the tickets before dinner?"

"Didn't have time, my dear. Ten minutes—"

"That was plenty of time if you *knew* anything. You and your theatre ticket tours! *One* stop is enough when you go to Bascom."

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THE BILTMORE
PLAZA
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MURRAY HILL

kimona is changed into a swell gown. The old dame is a fairy godmother, see? She waves the stick again and, bingo, Cinderella has on silk stockings and a pair of nifty slippers with high heels. The slippers are made of glass.

"'How am I gonna get to the Palace?' says Cinderella. 'My dogs'll kill me if I walk that far in new shoes.'

"'Step into this Cad,' says the old dame, waving her stick at a pumpkin in the corner. The pumpkin turns into a swell closed bus—a custom-built job that must have cost twenty grand. 'Will I do it!' says Cinderella, getting in. The godmother hijacks a couple of rats and turns them into a driver and a lookout, wearing monkey suits.

"'Listen,' says the old dame, 'beat it home at twelve o'clock whether the party's got going good or not, or else I'm off you for life.'

"'K. O.,' says Cinderella, who is too hopped up to argue.

"CINDERELLA steals the party from the other dames. Right away Chamberlain and a bunch of the Prince's undercover men try to make her. The Prince calls them. 'Lay off,' he says. 'I want that baby myself.' The Prince dances every number with her.

"'I seen you was the class the minute you come in the room,' he says. 'Where do you work?'

"'I don't work; I live home, see?' says Cinderella.

"'That's what they all say,' says the Prince.

"The Prince and Cinderella follow up with a lot of routine. The Prince is beginning to fall for her. He dopes

WHO LIVES AT THE PARK CENTRAL?

AMONG guests at The Park Central are prominent leaders in every phase of human endeavor—Art, Music, Science, Aviation, the Diplomatic Service, Society, the Professions—all are represented here in numbers befitting New York's newest and finest hotel, And the large majority are permanent guests.

WITHIN the past year construction of apartment hotels in New York City has been almost negligible, and owners of modern buildings realize that there will be an unprecedented demand for apartments for Fall occupancy. We therefore recommend that you make reservations now.

Leases now being made for Fall occupancy for Apartments of 2 to 6 rooms, Furnished or Unfurnished.

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55th Street at 7th Ave.

A Select Residential Hotel With Transient Accommodations

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you open the soft-cooked egg that has just been served you for breakfast and you hear a faint "cheep-cheep" . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD.

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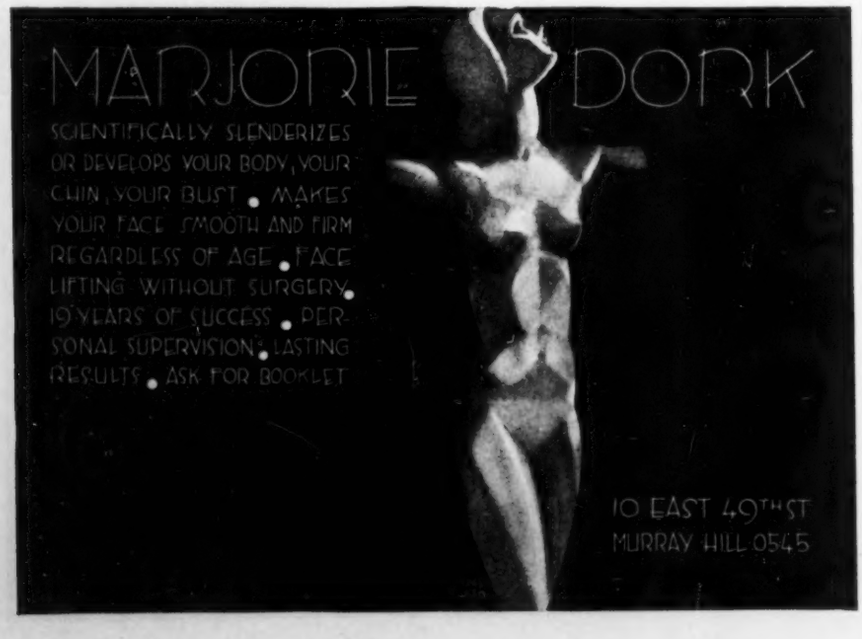
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her for a straight-shooter because she don't try to hand him no fast line, the way most of the dames do. And Cinderella is beginning to get That Way about the Prince. She nearly forgets the time. When she sees it is half a minute to twelve, she lams for the limousine. One of the glass slippers comes off while she's running. 'Leave it go,' she says to the driver. 'We've gotta step on it.'

"A busboy or the house dick at the Palace picks up the slipper and turns it in at the office. The Prince says he'll find the jane who wore it. The poor sap's forgot to get her name and phone number. This guy Chamberlain is such a heel he don't tell the Prince who she is.

"While the Prince is calling for a showdown of all the dames in the city to see who's got a foot that fits the glass slipper, Cinderella's two sisters try in every way to frame her, or have her taken for a ride. They are sore because Cinderella sugared the Prince. Cinderella's godmother don't let them get away with nothing. She gives one of the sisters fits and makes the other deef and dumb. Finally the Prince gets to Cinderella's house and tries the glass slipper on her. It is a perfect fit. The Prince is sure pleased. 'I've found you again, baby,' he says."

THE gangster stopped speaking, drew a Corona from his pocket, and bit off the end.

"Daddy, you left out part of the story," wailed his son. "You know, the part about 'the Prince is on the—' "

"Oh yes," said the gangster, contritely. "The Prince is on the up and up with the kid. He marries her and they live happy ever afterward. . . . Now go right to sleep, sonny."

—GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

NO MORE CARD TRICKS

A MODEL DIALOGUE SHOWING HOW THIS EVIL MAY BE DISCOURAGED

"EVER see any card tricks? Here's a rather good one; just pick a card, any one you like, and I'll tell you which one you pick."

"Any one I like?"

"Yes."

"Any color at all?"

"Yes."

"Any suit?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, let me see; I'll—pick—the—ace—of spades."

"No. I mean you're to pull a card out of the pack."

"Oh, to pull it out of the pack! Now I understand. Hand me the pack. All right; I've got it."

"Have you picked one?"

"Yes, it's the three of clubs. Did you know it?"

"No, you mustn't tell me like that. You're spoiling the trick. Here, try again. Pick a card."

"All right; I've got it."

"Put it back in the pack. Thanks. (*Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip.*) There it is, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I lost sight of it!"

"No, no, you have to look at it and see what it is."

"Oh, you want me to look at the front of it!"

"Why, of course! Now—then, pick a card."

"All right. I've picked it. Go ahead." (*Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip.*)

"Say, did you put that card back in the pack?"

"Why no; I kept it."

"Listen. Pick—a—card—just one—see—look at it—see what it is—then put it back—do you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly. Only I don't see how you're going to do it. You must be awfully clever." (*Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip.*)

"There you are; that's your card now, isn't it?"

"No; that isn't my card." (*This is a flat lie, but Heaven will pardon you for it.*)

"Not the card! Say—just hold on a second. Wait—here, now, watch what you're at this time. I can do this cursed thing, mind you, every time. I've done it on mother and father, and on everyone that's ever come round our place. Pick a card. (*Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, flip—bang.*) There's your card."

"No, I'm sorry; that isn't my card. But won't you try it again? Please do. Perhaps you are a little excited—I'm afraid I was rather stupid. You must go home? Oh, I'm so sorry. It must be an awfully clever little trick. Goodnight!"

—RICHARD J. MAYER

•

SURVEY TRACES LITTER OF CITY TO 28 SOURCES—*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

All of them good.

FOR YOU ALONE

A Facial Method from the world's largest beauty salon

by DOROTHY FITCH

To individualize the steps to facial beauty,—so that there might be, for each woman, a facial treatment that would create an individual type of beauty for her, and this treatment be so simple, the preparations so effective, that in her own home she could achieve for herself a supreme beauty—that has been the life-long ambition of R. Louis. It has reached a complete fulfillment in the R. Louis preparations and in the science of Beautistics.

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Sluggish and sallow skins or crêpey throats respond amazingly to this treatment that quickly brings back a youthful freshness. This is but one of many treatments described in the free book, Beautistics—treatments that are so simple that they can become part of your daily facial care.

Do not delay your discovery of the many unique R. Louis preparations. You will find them at the more distinguished places. Diagnosis questionnaire N-5, and the book "Beautistics" will be mailed to you without charge, on request.

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Shoot 'em in a long, straight line down the fairway—off Reddy Tees. It's easier, better driving when you use a Reddy. Sets the ball just right for a healthy smack. Why waste time and spoil your grip with wet, sticky sand? A Reddy's quick and sure and clean.

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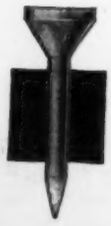

THE ARGA

Neophytes in the Master

WE hope there is no art-teachers' association with Ku Klux tendencies. We do not want to finish the art season riding out on a rail, and yet we feel the necessity of saying just what we think.

Coming from the annual students' show of the Art Students' League, we were saddened by the system whereby the young idea is taught how to paint. Here were some of the best teachers the country affords, and here were their pupils with their best feet forward. It was all very dreary, depressing, and molded—hundreds of scrummed little canvases, trying so hard to look like the masters'. Perhaps it is all necessary. Perhaps in no other way can the young get hold of the studio lore, the reminiscences of Whistler and Julian's. Perhaps in no other habitat can they pick up the phrases we heard bandied about the day we attended. There was such talk of receding planes, of constant values, of tonal balance, that one could hardly see the cigarette smoke.

WE claim that the whole system is wrong. If it were right, and in any way conducive to the fostering of genius, then you would see Benton samples in the Lahey bin, and Sloans mixed in with the Millers. As it is, each little neophyte is classed with his tutor and in time may learn to turn out stuff just as good, and go merrily on his way to the Academy downstairs. Geography may have something to do with it. If the Leaguers passed to their work every morning through passages lined with such stuff as hangs on Durand-Ruel's walls, the story might be different. Before the fact is sprung in rebuttal, we will admit that some of our favorites have worked themselves out of this environment into personal painting of a high order; but there is no proof that they could not have arrived at a quicker gait had they been left to their own devices and an observance of what is good and immortal in art. We find it hard to believe that in this day of our Lord there can be so many young men and women struggling along trying to paint in the dead tones of bygone days.

One bright note was the class of

ART GALLERIES

es in the Master's Footsteps

Vytlacil, who has a Braque-like approach. Some of his pupils were wild in comparison with the others. Then, too, there seemed to be some light in the pupils of the Von Schlegell classes. As there were no catalogues we can give no names.

DANIEL has gathered a group of his favorites to stand guard during the summer months. As it has been a prosperous year among the moderns, many of the better examples have found homes; but the remainder will do for the task ahead of them, it being almost necessary to step down the higher-voltage pictures for the visitors and summer-school students.

The current show has one of the early Demuths, several very good Dickinsons, and three Kuniyoshis, one being of this year's vintage. Schary is represented by a still life, the best of his tender career, and Elsie Driggs contributes her "Pittsburgh." The exhibition also contains one of the more poetic of the Billings landscapes, the early Spencer still life, a Peter Blume, and a Man Ray abstraction. We have always found in this emporium a willingness to show the newer canvases as they come in, hot from the studios.

CLARA FARGO THOMAS used the Wanamaker auditorium to exhibit the ambitious murals she executed for a gentleman of quality. These are to go into somebody's house, and are evidently the fruit of the owner's whim. Personally, we like this sort of thing very much. The murals tell a story of other places, other times. There is something more intimate about this than deer or nameless nymphs. Mrs. Thomas has a delicate touch and imagination. Some of the smaller panels, we thought, possessed considerable poetic beauty.

THE Dudensings closed their competition season with the shining works of Michael Baxte and Robert Fawcett. Both these young men have a certain glib facility, and now and then Baxte approaches something that seems like serious intent. However, we would withhold honors from them for a time until we see which way they are going.

MACY is having another show of very young America. This has

HERE is a toaster that really does ALL of the work — two slices at once and both sides of the toast done at the same time! This convenience for the breakfast toast rush is Edicraft—made by Edison. And the toast—done to just the shade of golden tan which your own taste prescribes—will be delivered to you HOT on both sides. You will pronounce it the finest toast you have ever eaten. At good dealers everywhere, you will find the—

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AUTOMATIC TOASTER

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Right from your powder puff . . . a smart, alluring Summer Tan!

Summer tan is the vogue . . . and Tangee Tan is the smart, easy way to acquire it.

Tangee Tan is the new shade of Tangee Face Powder. Just pat it on gently with your puff . . . and you achieve a fascinating complexion that seems inspired by salty ocean breezes and sun-drenched summer days.

If you prefer a moderate tan, Tangee Tan may be blended perfectly with your favorite powder to get the exact shade you desire.

Moderately priced: $1 at leading drug and department stores.

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Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case, $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crême Rouge, $1, Tangee Day Cream, $1, Tangee Night Cream, $1, Tangee Face Powder, $1. *Tangee Face Powder also in these shades: Rachael, Peachblow (Flesh), Cream, and White.*

THE GEO. W. LUFT CO., INC.
417 Fifth Ave. New York

TANGEE TAN

been a pleasant gallery for the beginners and has done much for those who have no uptown home. Someone signing himself a "stylist" writes that he will be very glad to go through the gallery with us. We suppose this is a regular service and should prove helpful to those who like their art explained.

HERE AND THERE: The Newhouse Galleries have put on a summer show of painters from Rembrandt to Chase. . . . Montross has an exhibit of its favorites, both foreign and American. . . . During June, the American Women's Association is exhibiting works of artist members at the new clubhouse, 353 West Fifty-seventh Street. . . . The Downtown Gallery is showing Joseph Pollet and lithographs by Walkowitz. —M. P.

•

SUBWAY RECREATION

THESE subway games, outlined below with instructions how to play them, are not only beneficial to the eyes, nerves, and muscles, but have the added attraction of not costing you a cent, excepting, of course, your original nickel. They will help you and your fellow travellers pass the time quickly, pleasantly, and beneficially while riding *in* a train or waiting for it.

"Subway Pisa"—In this you line up with your companions on the edge of the platform, toes well over the brink. The idea is to see who can lean furthest over the edge without falling on the tracks. The best time to play it is around 6 P.M.

"I Think I Can Make It"—This is played when you are already inside your train and beginning to get bored. In this game, you and your companions stay close to the subway door until a station is reached. When the doors open, you all dash out, run on the platform parallel with the train, and shout: "I think I can make it!" See how many doors you can pass before you jump into the train again as the doors close. In case your timing is incorrect and you find you are still running on the platform when the doors have closed on your competitors, you are then, naturally, "it."

"Subway Blind Man's Buff" is loads of fun, too. This is also played inside the train and, if the car is very crowded, it becomes even funnier. You blindfold one of your companions with your pocket handkerchief (and in case

RIGHT away—on your way to the grocery store to buy Shefford Snappy Cheese—make a Snappy Sandwich—good, too, for cooking.

Make it Snappy: Send for the Shefford Cheese Recipe Book.

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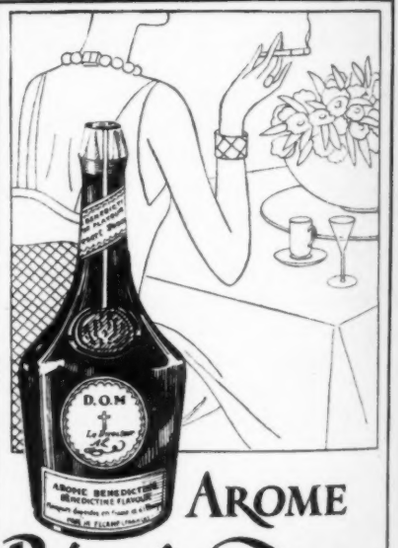

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It is the only product with the genuine Bénédictine flavor and is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain Arome Bénédictine from your dealer, send us $3.00 for a 24-ounce bottle, or $1.60 for a 12½-ounce bottle, charges prepaid.

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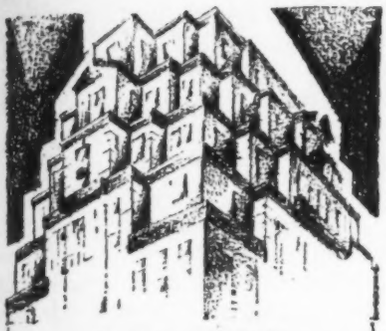

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you've forgotten your pocket handkerchief, the guard will gladly lend you one), turn him around three times, and then let him loose in the crowd. The blindfolded player then runs his fingers over the faces of the passengers nearest him, until, through his sense of touch, he recognizes your features. He is then declared the winner, and it is your turn. This is not only high fun for the players but it is vastly entertaining to the passengers as well.

THESE games become doubly attractive when special groups or clubs of players are formed. If a certain set of young men all journey to Wall Street they can be called the Wall Street Boys; if to Canal Street, the Canal Street Terrors, and so on. In this way it would be possible to keep scores in the various groups, the high man of each to be pitted in a city meet at the end of the month. Prizes, donated by the I. R. T., could be awarded the national winner of the month, thus giving every player something to strive for. We can think of no more fitting tribute than a year's edition of the *Subway Sun*, neatly bound in green plush.

—FLOSSIE JANE BLUMBERG

•

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

[*From the log of the Question Mark*]

When the great black plane reached the seventy-second consecutive hour of flight, a pursuit plane hovered above it and dropped breakfast to the crew; through a contact hose twenty-five gallons of oil were supplied.

FASHION WELTS derive their name from the Goodyear Welt process of attaching upper to sole . . . Shoes made by this process, whether walking shoes for country wear, featherweight kid or suede for more formal daytime occasions, retain their original shapeliness for the life of the shoe. Next time you are fitted to a pair of shoes, ask:

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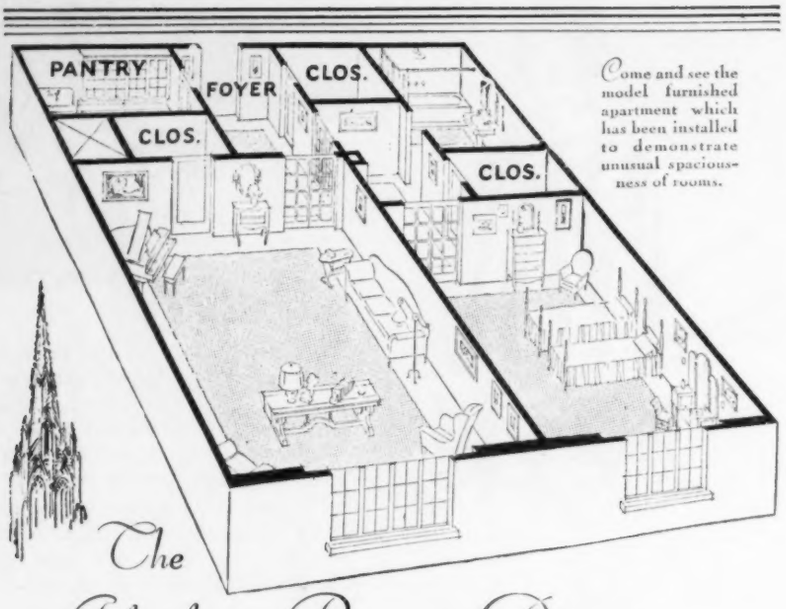

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"EX-TRA! EX-TRA!"

"DON'T pay any attention," said Mary sleepily. "They're just a bunch of fakers, with their extras. Let him bawl his lungs out."

I fidgeted restlessly in bed, ears cocked to the caterwauling, hoarse and insistent, out in the ordinarily quiet street. "Ex-tra! Ex-tra! All abouta wha-de-wha-wha! Ex-tra!"

At last, being of an astounding credulity at heart, I gave up and fumbled into slippers and bathrobe.

"Sucker!" said Mary scornfully, as I padded to the door.

The uncouth fellow ambled over at my hail, his great rubber mouth flapping till the windows trembled. Hastily I scanned the sheet. It was (I might have known) just the morning's stale news, with a new streamer across the top. There had been a subway blockade, it seems . . . lasting twenty minutes.

"Sucker," drifted derisively down the stairs. I turned to the fellow, assuming a disarming smirk. "How's business on these, pretty fair?"

"It ain't so rotten—people wanta get the redhot, y'know."

"Of course they do. And won't you, ah—have a little snifter? It's pretty warm tonight. Almost warm enough to get out an extra about it, it seems to me, ha ha!"

"Aw right. Wait'll I get this guy across the street."

HE returned, plumping down his heavy stack of papers on my Chippendale table, which swayed and collapsed. "Gees," he said, regarding the débris with frank curiosity, "that's a hot one, ain't it? I just set 'em down, an'—"

"That's all right," I reassured him. "You won't do it again. And now—tell me about your work. It sounds most interesting." He drank, smacking. "Oh, it ain't so hard. We just hang around till the boss comes out. 'Here,' he says, 'is twenny thousan'—or whatever it is—'leftovers. No pay till youse bums unload 'em.' See? He always calls us 'bums,' for a laugh!"

"Not bad, at that," I had to admit. "And what is that cry which you use?"

He favored me with a confidential leer. "Oh, hell, boss, we holler out any old thing. Like "BIG FIRE IN 10TH STREET!" or "PRESIDENT THREATENED BY WHA-WHA!" or

"BABE RUTH KILLED IN A NAREOPLANE FALL!"

I leered back, knowingly. "And don't you sometimes—come now—don't you sometimes just open your mouth and blat out, 'ALL ABOUTA TURRIBLE WHOOP-DE-DOO INNA WHA-DE-DA'? Come now, don't you?"

"Oh, that," he laughed modestly. "Sure—that's always good. Funny how it gets 'em, ain't it, at that?"

"Amazing," I said. "And don't you find, after all, that people are just great, big, curious children, at heart?" He picked up my glass—possibly by mistake—and polished it off with an indulgent laugh.

"Children? Sa-ay, they're tadpoles, boss. After this racket I could go to Dee-troit an' sell 'em buggy whips. Well, so long."

"Wait a minute," I begged. "You know, I've got to hand it to you—you boys are certainly putting it over. I like to see that—I'll just buy your stack. How much?"

"Four-fifty," he said instantly, "an' I ain't got no change."

"You chaps never have any, do you?" I laughed, nudging him in the ribs.

"No more'n a smart taxi-driver," he grinned. "Boss empties our pockets before we start out and we split wit' him when we get back. So long."

We roared over that, and I panted upstairs, knotting the cord of my bath robe securely about the massive bundle. "There's one born every second," observed Mary, as I struggled past to the front window. "What was it—has the Mayor got another new suit?" I maintained a dignified silence.

He had just reached the sidewalk. I could see him inflating for a terrific yell after his confederate, some three blocks distant. Balancing the ponderous bundle on the windowsill, I took careful aim and launched it into the air. . . .

"HEAVENS," moaned Mary, an hour later. "Here they are again—bunch of fakers! Just listen to that baying."

I stretched and yawned. "What's he saying, dear?"

"It sounds," she said doubtfully, "like 'something abouta man found moidered in Eleventh Street.' But you can't believe them, can you?"

"No," I said, burrowing comfortably into my pillow. "But it's a great thought, just the same."

—STANLEY JONES

Louis Philippe, Parisian colorist and creator of Rouge Incarnat, is studying Miss Hope Hampton's exquisite coloring. "Rouge Incarnat is delightful; I cannot feel it"—says Miss Hampton.

It stays on . . . for the entire evening . . . with Angelus Rouge Incarnat on your lips and cheeks you know your coloring will not change

Your mirror shows added Beauty . .

But you cannot feel this Rouge on your lips

Lovely natural coloring Couleur charmante, naturelle **shows in your added beauty.** se montre en votre beauté **But Angelus Rouge Incarnat** augmentée. Le Rouge Incarnat **is so smooth you cannot feel it on your lips. No flaky dried sub-** Angelus est si velouté que vous ne pouvez pas le sentir sur les **stance, no drying and caking. Your own tint and many others** levres. Point de substance seche qui s'écaille ou durcit. Le teint **including the two newest shades for the smart sunburn** juste pour vous et les deux teints nouveaux pour la **mode — "Sea-Tan" and "Sun-Bird". Indelible and waterproof,** mode de la peau halé, "Sea Tan" et "Sun Bird". Indelible et **smooth as satin, Rouge Incarnat** impermeable. Rouge Incarnat **stays on for the entire day.** adhere toute la Journee.

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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Fifth Overture—For All Grades of Juniors—Excommunication

A SQUALL blew up out of the West and swept through Forty-fourth Street, ruffling the curtains in the windows of the New York Yacht Club the day the club met and received the Royal Ulster Yacht Club's letter of challenge for the America's Cup, on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O. None of the disturbance got inside of the clubhouse, apparently. Nothing ever is allowed to unsettle the dignity of the New York Yacht Club when a challenge for the America's Cup is at hand.

This fifth overture from Lipton seems destined to undergo a very orderly process of consideration before it is accepted. At this writing it would be unsafe to say whether it ever will be accepted. When a committee of twelve is appointed to take up a matter you never can tell.

Lipton's terms are clear enough. He wants to race in 1930 with a cutter-rigged yacht, 77 feet on the load waterline, the New York Yacht Club's Racing Rules and Restrictions as to construction and measurement to govern the match. That is the hitch. Not long ago the New York club revised its "scantling" requirements so that boats of the size Lipton wants to race must hereafter be more staunchly built. No hollow shell like the Resolute can be the next Cup defender, if the club's own rules apply.

The Committee of Twelve has distinct instructions to stick to the "deed of gift." When the Cup was presented to the club ages ago, with it went a deed that has always caused trouble. Specifically, Lipton will be required to *sail* his next challenger, Shamrock V, across the Atlantic. His last one was towed most of the way.

We seem to be in for a prolonged correspondence before the fine points of the next race are settled.

THE Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound seems eager to do the right thing by our younger

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ALL THE THINGS YOU LIKE TO EAT AMONG PEOPLE YOU'LL LIKE TO KNOW
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By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
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sailors. It has changed an old rule so that the talent which is at school and college when the season opens will have a chance to win a class prize. Formerly, you had to start in at least three of the first seven and three of the last seven races of the long season in order to qualify. It was a scheme to get the sailormen out early and keep them racing till the last regatta. All very well, only the youngsters who couldn't come out before the end of June, and who had to get back to school early in September to take deficiency examinations, were left out of the reckoning.

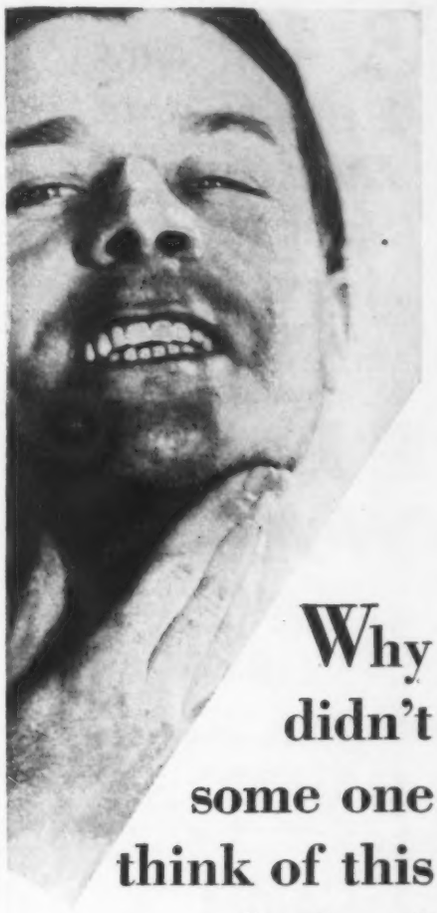
Hereafter, to qualify for a prize you have to start in more than half of the championship races during the season. It doesn't matter at what particular point in the proceedings you begin or at what point you pull out. Your class standing remains intact so long as you sail in enough events.

ONE of the numerous odd jobs that fall to the lot of Captain Ernest Stavey is to send out entry blanks to those eligible for the Sound championship races. The other day he issued three hundred and thirty blanks, and the replies indicate that a large majority will accept the invitation. Fortunately for some regatta committees, the racing fleet never reports in full strength. If it did, there would be agony on the committee boat.

The nearest to a complete attendance will be found at Larchmont during Race Week. On the opening day—Saturday, July 20—a congregation of more than two hundred racing windjammers is not impossible; the closing day may draw an even larger number. Larchmont prizes are not to be sneezed at—and there is something about racing there that always attracts a crowd.

ALFRED G. KEESHAN is the new race-committee chairman at Larchmont. Although an enthusiast, he has done little racing himself, but he has grown enormously fond of the sport, and his son, who took up sailing as a child, has developed into a promising junior.

Speaking of juniors, if you happen to have one—for that matter a midget will do—be sure to tell him about the shift in the date of Larchmont's annual Junior Day. Instead of Tuesday of Race Week, the juniors and midgets will do their racing on Wednesday, July 24. Perhaps the shift in the date will bring a change of luck. For the past two seasons the junior



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LAST WEEK!

STRANGE INTERLUDE

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

John Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way. Eves. Only at 5:30

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"A HIT."—*Heywood Broun, Evs. Telegram*

events at Larchmont have had almost no coöperation at all from the breeze.

AMONG the pranks of the present season, that which the Ratseys of City Island have sprung on their fellow yachtsmen of the International Star Class is easily the most amusing. The Ratseys, Ernest and George, have taken one of their two Irexes and rerigged her à la Marconi. When they brought her out this spring she had a mast five feet taller and a boom three feet shorter than these spars ordinarily are. Her sail area, however, remained the same. They maintain that this re-rigged Irex, now called Joy, is faster. In tests with the old Irex, the Joy has beaten her outmoded sister.

Since there are more than six hundred Star boats in the world, the innovation is causing a sensation. Commodore George Elder has come to the rescue by excommunicating the Joy from her class and establishing the old rig as the only fit one for a Star boat to race in this season. Another year may be different.

BALLAST: Charles Francis Adams keeping the yachting world guessing by neither accepting nor declining invitations to race this season. . . . The new club launch at Glen Cove, Junius Spencer Morgan, Jr.'s, present to the original New York Yacht Club house, now in its twenty-fifth year as Station No. 10. . . . Vanitie's new 157 feet of mast being handled with gloves at Nevins' City Island yard, lest it suffer the fate of Resolute's, which snapped in a gale the first night it was stepped. . . . The change of owners and the change of names in the Sound Interclub Class, the mellifluous Wee Betty giving way to Wild Cat. . . . The sale of the Phryne to Sidney Ballou, and with that the definite withdrawal of J. P. Morgan from the old New York Thirty-Foot Class. . . . Edmund Lang, new chairman of the New York Yacht Club's Regatta Committee, experimenting with an electric carriage-call device for use as a recall signal in yacht races.

—BINNACLE

•

The sprite-like Patricia Bowman must be in the full glow of the light every second. *Imagine the catastrophe should she be dancing in one place and the spotlight focusing elsewhere!—Roxy's Magazine.*

Now you've got us hysterical.

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The Musical Comedy Knockout **HOLD EVERYTHING!** Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting

BROADHURST West 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH

FOLLOW THRU

"The most cheerful of season's music shows."—*Her.-Trib.*

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Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme

Brilliant Cast of 150—with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, Gus Shy

IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"If you've followed your season closely you'll get great fun from this edition."—Charles Brackett.

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BOOTH Thea., West 45th St. Evgs. 8:30 Matinees WED. & SAT., 2:30

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"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Directors

EDDIE CANTOR IN "WHOOPEE"

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents

Journey's End

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MUSICAL-MELODRAMATIC ALL-TALKING PICTURE SUCCESS!

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500 GOOD SEATS at MATINEES 50c

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OPENS TUESDAY MAY 28th
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CHARLES DILLINGHAM *presents*
"STEPPING OUT"
A NEW COMEDY BY
ELMER HARRIS

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May 25, 26, 27: All Talking: CLARA BOW in "The Wild Party"; May 28, 29: Dane and Arthur in "Chinabound"; May 30, 31: Richard Barthelmess singing and talking in "Weary River"; June 1, 2, 3: John Gilbert in "Desert Nights".

THE TENNIS COURTS

Passed by the Customs—Canadian Spring — Not Much of a Surprise

JOURNEYING to Montreal for the first Davis Cup match that the United States has played in Canada was an experience neither the team led by Captain Fitz-Eugene Dixon nor the press correspondents in its retinue are likely to forget soon. The ride itself is pleasant, and when the trip is made in a drawing-room with connecting apartments and a valet in attendance, as Hennessey, Van Ryn, Allison, and Mercur made it, one is likely to forget one is a mere private citizen. Toward the end of the ride, however, come the immigration and customs men, and one proceeds to give up information and divers other things; the correspondents gave up their typewriters and the team came near parting with its portable phonograph. The customs men compromised when they learned the identity of the players, and accepted a twenty-five-dollar deposit on the music box, which was a great relief to Van Ryn and Allison, who have come to regard it as indispensable to their success.

The difficulty experienced in getting the phonograph through worried the players because they had a consignment of white flannels following. A diplomatic conversation solved this difficulty and the Americans made quite as immaculate an appearance as the Canadians. None was more resplendent than Hennessey. Last year, it will be recalled, Hennessey made a sensational entry on the hallowed turf of Wimbledon clad in striped flannels. Being an agreeable young man, he obligingly ambled over to Bond Street the next day and had himself measured for a pair of the traditional solid white, and since then he has studiously reserved the striped ones for dress.

ONCE they had deposited themselves and their paraphernalia on Canadian soil, the Americans had nothing to think about save adapting themselves to the Dominion courts and ball. That was a mere bagatelle; for them the match was already in the bag. Their confidence was a little disturbing to

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In his first All-Talking Picture
"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"
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Earle Boothe's Comedy
JONESY
By ANNE MORRISON and JOHN PETER TOOHEY
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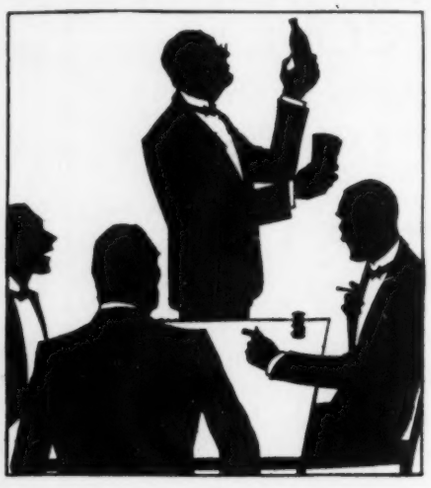
2 WARNER BROS. HITS
DESERT SONG
WARNER BROS. THEA. B'WAY & 52D ST.
TWICE DAILY 2:45—8:45
EXTRA 6 P. M. SHOW SUN.
"LAST DAYS"
NOAH'S ARK
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50TH ST.

[HEAR AND SEE]
The Idol of Paris
MAURICE CHEVALIER
A Paramount All-Talking Picture
"INNOCENTS OF PARIS"
CRITERION B'way at 44th—Twice Daily, 2:45 and 8:45—3 shows Sunday, 3, 6, 8:45

MOROSCO Theatre, 45th Street W. of B'way Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
JOHN DRINKWATER'S
COMEDY
BIRD IN HAND
With the Original English Cast as Presented for More Than a Year at the Royalty Theatre, London

AMBASSADOR Thea., 49th W. of B'y. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST LAUGH IN TOWN!
LITTLE ACCIDENT
8TH BIG MONTH
with Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander



...good mixers

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Captain Dixon. He wasn't lacking in it himself, but it wouldn't do the boys any good to think they were going to receive the match on a platter. He argued, and they kidded. So they laid a few wagers with him: That Canada wouldn't win three games in any set, and that Canada wouldn't win a set in the three days of play. Both bets were lost the first day, which was one the Americans will remember for some time.

THEY awakened to find rain pouring down, and when they went to the Mount Royal Tennis Club the courts were under six inches of water. At game time the water drained off but a sixty-mile gale was blowing, and the temperature was low enough to make even those in fur coats and blankets seek the shelter and warmth of the small clubhouse. None of the Americans thought there was any possibility of the matches being played. In Montreal, however, they are accustomed to such weather in May. The tie with Japan was played last year under even worse conditions, and apparently the Canadians thought it quite all right to go ahead. The stands were filled almost to capacity, as were the tops of the houses surrounding the club grounds; at Forest Hills the stadium probably would have been empty.

So Van Ryn was told to get dressed for the opening match with Willard Crocker. It wasn't what you could call a break for a young man playing his first Davis Cup match, nor did it do Hennessey's game any good to play under such conditions, with the wind toying with the ball and ruining length and timing. Hennessey lost a set to Jack Wright, and Crocker was four times within a point of taking the first set from Van Ryn. There were plenty of anxious moments for all the Americans. Not even the most optimistic followers of the Canadians figured they had a chance the day before the matches started, but there were plenty who thought that if Crocker had won that first set the whole color of the situation would have been changed.

IT is a testimonial to the adaptability of Van Ryn and Hennessey that they came through the ordeal as they did. They might well have lost their nerve, and that would have been disastrous, for both Crocker and Wright were playing well enough to be taken seriously. Crocker wisely made his stand at the net at every opportunity and

volleyed surprisingly well until Van Ryn found himself in the second set and got the range of the lines with his decidedly superior groundstrokes. Wright was just as effective as his teammate at close quarters, and his backhand slice, almost a court-tennis stroke, was a teaser that had Hennessey volleying set-ups into the net. He failed, however, to press his advantages, made the mistake of hammering Hennessey's supposedly weak backhand, and did not always choose the right moment to go forward. Had he been a little more aggressive Hennessey might have yielded more than a set to him.

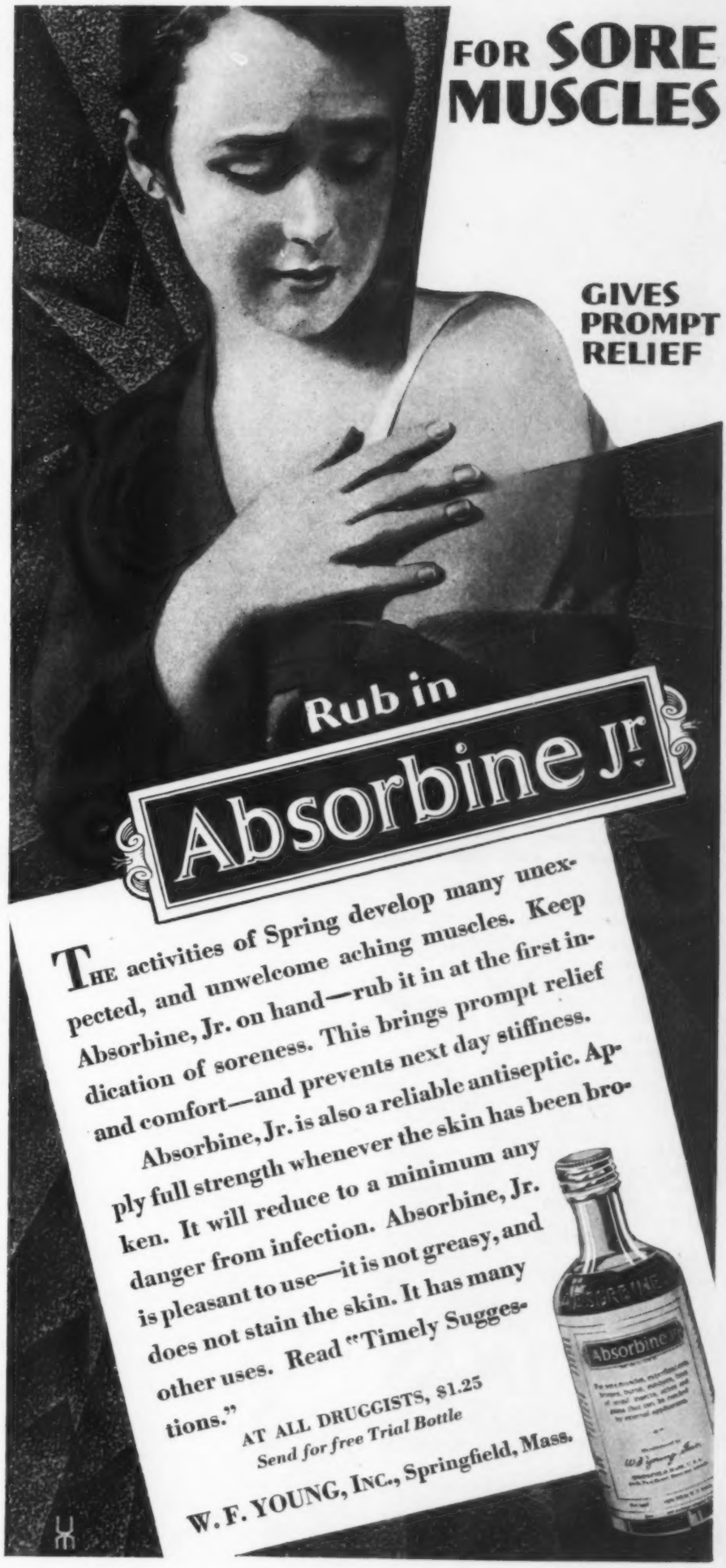
THE second day of play was a different story; there was a warm sun overhead and a secure footing underneath. Hennessey and Van Ryn went at their task in the doubles with a vengeance. In less than half an hour they had taken two 6–1 sets from Wright and Dr. Arthur Ham, and after a bad slump in the third, which found Wright rising to the most brilliant heights of the day, they quickly dispatched the Canadians in the fourth to sew up the tie for the United States.

THE conclusion of the play saw everyone in a good mood. The Canadians were satisfied with the showing of their team, though one wonders if Crocker and Wright would not have made a better doubles combination. Captain Dixon and Chairman Joseph W. Wear of the American Davis Cup Committee were relieved that they had brought their young charges through the first ordeal. While no one conceded the possibility of defeat for the visiting team, nevertheless the fact that the United States has dispensed with the services of its two top-ranking players—Tilden and Hunter—and held its third—George Lott—in Chicago, made the situation slightly ticklish, and even the thought of defeat a bit embarrassing. —A. D.

•

CHESS. A number of members have expressed their desire to play chess, and the Committee has invited them to meet at the clubhouse on Thursday night.
BACKGAMMON. It will be appreciated if members of the club who are interested in playing this game will kindly leave, or send their name to the office of the club.
—*Union League Club announcement.*

A man has to watch his personal habits, if he belongs to clubs.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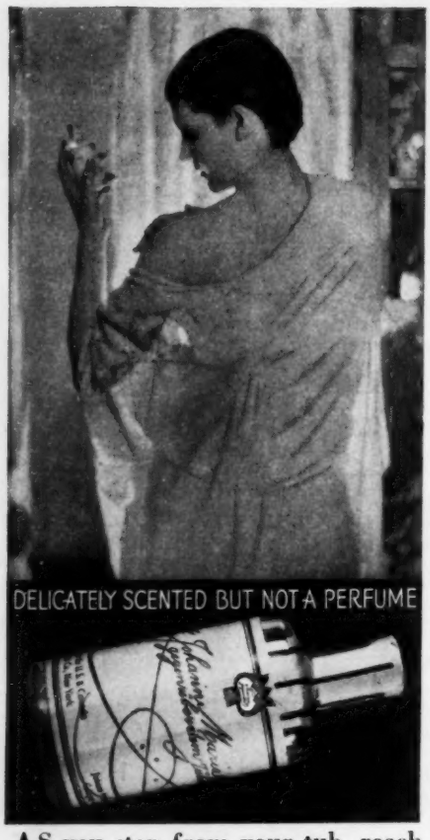

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THE OARSMEN

Hiatus—Camping De Luxe — Three Fine Eights—Spring Day

A PERIOD of quiet settles down over rowing now. Save for the American Henley on the tortuous course of the Schuylkill River this weekend, all preliminary events have been put behind. For most eights this means a slight break in training. There are such minor matters as examinations and commencements to be faced, and then will come the crews' return to the front pages when they face the eight most important miles they travel all year—the four at New London and the four at Poughkeepsie.

In a few days the various crews will be moving into their camps. For some these camps mean boarding-houses and hotels along the river at Poughkeepsie. Until this year—when Navy finished building its house on Governor Roosevelt's lawn at Hyde Park—Columbia was the only crew at Poughkeepsie to go into anything really like a camp. They have a white, two-storied house two or three miles above the town and on the opposite shore. You can reach it only by water or by walking for nearly five miles. There are no roads leading there. The result is a great deal of peace, long, sleepy days with a pair of white sailor pants, a rowing shirt, and sneakers for a costume.

AT New London the quarters are more like camps than most of those at Poughkeepsie. There are two little communities up the river, one at Red Top and the other at Gales Ferry, which Harvard and Yale men have been using for nearly three-quarters of a century. Here the two universities own tracts of land and have put up small villages to be occupied two or three weeks a year. Harvard is renovating its quarters and building new houses, the total cost to be somewhere around $200,000. All this for only a couple of weeks a season. However, no man who has been in rowing would ever agree that this means an overemphasis on the sport. To the oarsmen, these final weeks are the best of the entire season. The men are in fine shape physically, and they enjoy these final training days the most. It is a bit monotonous for some, for most

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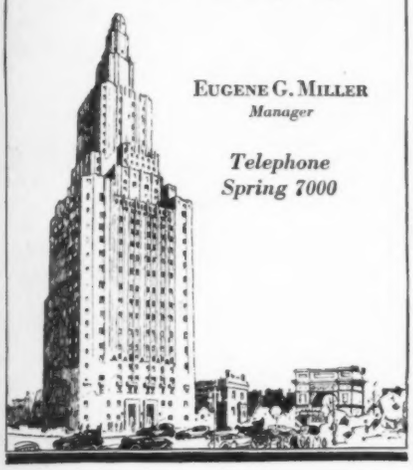

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of the day is spent in pitching horseshoes on the lawn, in reading or just lying about; but there is always a background of subdued excitement. Moreover, despite learned discussion to the contrary, most oarsmen would rather go the four miles of these final races than the shorter distances of the first part of the season. As a Number Seven said, "You can get your second wind and really settle down to rowing at four miles. In sprint races you just go as fast as you can and keep it up long after you're done."

THE early season racing has brought some amazing results, but none was more surprising than Pennsylvania's victory over Navy and Harvard last week. Here was a Penn crew badly defeated by Yale, Columbia, and Princeton and looking, to tell the truth, pretty much at the bottom of the list. It took a new stroke oar and plenty of courage for them to come back in one week and stay ahead of the Navy in the final drive to the finish. As things stand now, Columbia, Yale, and Cornell are the three really fine eights of the East, with Princeton not so far behind. Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Navy are pretty much below par. The five-lengths victory of Columbia over Tech means simply that the Columbia crew is improving every week.

Princeton alone has finished its season. Until something more is added to the schedule, Princeton will probably continue to have the same kind of crews. They are good eights, but never great. The short season with

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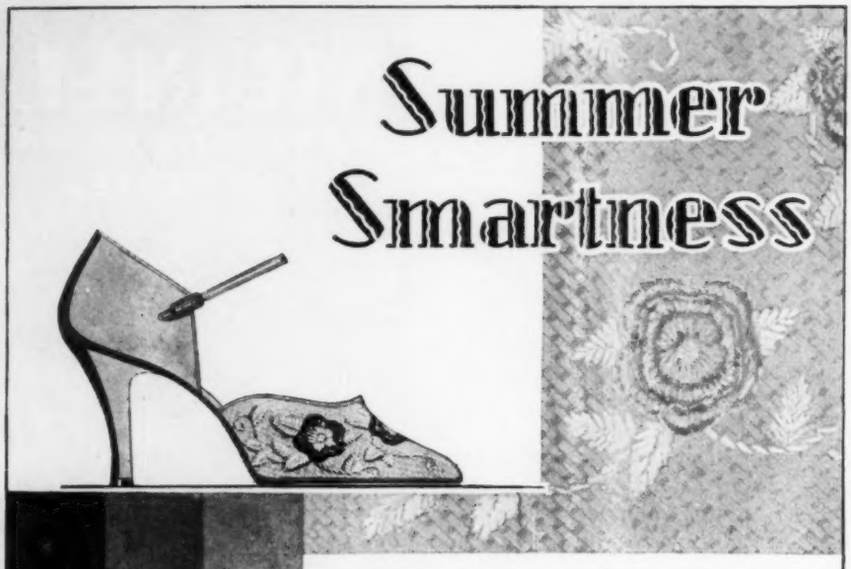

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no great climax holds small inducement for enthusiasm. Rowing is more or less casual at Princeton now.

CORNELL'S SPRING DAY: Ed Leader renewing friendship with Gil Dobie, the man who coached him as a football player at Washington. Leader and his twin brother, Elmer, were star tackles there. . . . Rym Berry giving directions from his tower on the observation train. . . . The motion-picture operator who got his crews mixed and told the microphone that the wrong one had won. . . . The crews riding to the start on the train. . . . Disappointed Cornell singing "Far Above Cayuga's Waters" after it was all over. —R. F. K.

•

IN RE IMPEDIMENTA

Hatboxes, satchels, and grips,
Portmanteaux, parcels, and rolls,
  Spawn of iniquity,
  E'en in antiquity
Jeopardized travellers' souls!

It is a matter of record
Mrs. Noah balked at the Ark:
  Ham, Shem, and Japhet plead
  Weeping—and then, 'tis said,
Barely could make her embark!
Why? 'Twas a question of baggage!
Beastage and birdage and buggage
  Swarming made stowage vain—
  She couldn't ascertain
Where she could marshal her luggage!

Caesar (G. Julius), a person
Highly adept in a brawl,
  Spoiling for glory
  Marched, says his story,
North for spring training to Gaul.
Why are his chronicles dull?
Bridging and yoking and raggage,
  Such made him smile!
  —He ruined his style
Trying to check up his baggage!

Suitcase and briefcase and bag,
Bandbox and trunk and valise—
  He who can juggle 'em,
  Herd 'em and smuggle 'em,
Long may his shadow increase!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

She tore down a picture and a calendar. He threw and broke a painted dish, and finally threw a flatiron across the room. This frightened her and she sat down and resumed reading a book.—*The Times.*

Borzoi?

THIS, the most significant apartment in course of construction, contains simplex and duplex housekeeping suites of 7 to 14 rooms (also a few smaller) in the mansion manner, plus restaurant and maid service. Kindly ask for plans that tell the story.

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THE LUNCH

"IT'S wonderful, the lunch they give you at this place. You get at least eight courses—imagine, eight courses, and it's only sixty-five cents. Can you imagine getting all that for only sixty-five cents?

"Well, first of all they start you with grapefruit. You get grapefruit or else you have your choice of soup—but I took grapefruit. No—this is it. They give you grapefruit and you also get soup, too. That's it. A nice clear soup and then you have your choice of meats. I didn't want any meat at first so I said to the girl there, you know, the waitress, I said, 'Miss, can I have a plate of cold cuts instead of the regular meats?' and she said, 'Yes. Sure you can.' Then I remembered we were having some sort of a delicatessen for dinner so I ordered instead some mushroom on toast. They give you peas with it, too. I guess you can get some other vegetable, but I took peas. Oh, I like peas very much. They're my favorite vegetable, although I like Brussels sprouts, too. I don't know which I like better really—Brussels sprouts or peas. Well, after that, instead of the salad they give you a fruit thing—yeah, compote of fruit. That's it. Oh, delicious. And then you get dessert. You get a big choice of desserts. I had a chocolate sundae, or a sundae chocolate, I forget what they call it. But just imagine getting all that for sixty-five cents.

"You know, I can't see how they can make any money on a meal like that. I guess what they do is to give you a cheap luncheon and they try to make it up on the dinner. I'd hate to go around there at night and order the dinner. I bet that's when they're expensive. But the lunch—at least eight courses and all for sixty-five cents.

"OH, but this is what I meant to tell you. Sitting next to me at this restaurant was a woman—she musta been thirty-five, or thirty. Well anyway, if she was thirty-five then she looked only thirty. And she was sitting with a girl who musta been her

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Here's a chance for anyone who thinks he's an architect. If you want an apartment with a double height studio and balcony; bathrooms full of bright color; closets of marvelous size; special electric fixtures and more outlets than you really need; dressing rooms; fireplaces; a private roof garden; simplex, duplex or triplex arrangements; and anything else you can think of—start putting your ideas on paper now. Construction will start shortly.

If you prefer to let well enough alone, all we need to say is that this is a Merowit building—a fact that means perfect attention to even the smallest detail. Most of them face the south, overlooking the Park. Further information may be had from A. G. Walker & Co., Inc., the Agents—565 Lexington Avenue, at 50th Street, Plaza 5750.

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But convivial impulses are nowise halted or hampered if there is a Sunkist Jr. in the house to provide the orange juice. This will instantly fulfill the requirements of the thirstiest possible party—be this party your little daughter of six or a gang of sixteen grown-ups bound for the country club.

Sunkist Jr. is a practical, strong, sturdy, electric home orange juice squeezer—put out at the low price of $14.95, delivered—*selfishly*—by Sunkist growers—to speed up the use and abuse of oranges. It stands 10 inches high and weighs 6 lbs., and is cleaned after using by holding two simple aluminum parts under the faucet a moment.

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daughter. She had for lunch—the daughter, I mean—just a salmon sandwich on rye bread, and some milk. Imagine coming to a place with at least eight courses and just ordering a salmon sandwich on rye bread and a glass of milk. Anyway, they left pretty soon and in comes this lady I see every day at the brokerage office.

"She comes in with this man she's been telling me about. He's supposed to be very rich and he musta lost about thirty-five thousand dollars on the market, according to what this lady says. Yes, he musta lost it on Chrysler because the other day she asked my advice on if it would be good to sell or hold on. Can you imagine her asking *me* about Chrysler?

"She recognized me in a minute and she says, 'I'm sorry I don't know your name because I wanna introduce you to my friend.' So I tell her and she introduces me to her friend—a Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Paine. I don't know which because it really sounded like Mr. Blaine. Anyway, she says to him, and I'm telling you I almost died, 'This lady here is the lady I see all the time at the brokerage office. She's a big trader.' I'm telling you I almost died laughing to myself.

"WELL, I just didn't say anything. All I said to this Mr. Blaine was, 'I'm not really a big trader. I'm only trying to learn the stockmarket game.' So we talked about stocks and he asked me did I think Radio was a good buy and how about Chrysler and a lot of questions like I knew something about the market. And all I kept saying was, 'Well, it's all right if you buy your stock outright for an investment but I wouldn't fool around with stocks on speculation purposes.' You know, all the stuff that Max tells me.

"We talked for a long time and then I told them I had to go. I could hardly control myself from laughing all the time the way they thought I was a big trader. Well, when I left I was only going to give the waitress a fifteen-cent tip, but I couldn't give her that with them thinking I'm a big trader. So I left a twenty-cent tip for the girl. But can you imagine anything so funny in all your born days, the way they took me for a trader? Wait till I tell Max about it when he comes home.

"But really, you must take down this address. Eight courses and all for only sixty-five cents."

—ARTHUR KOBER

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RECENT BOOKS

Hewn to the Line—Monarchs in Whitewash

IN three new books, three American authors have a fine time going native, each according to the picturesque customs of his own tribe. Louis Bromfield, a New Englander who has lived much in Europe, has just published a collection of short stories called "Awake and Rehearse." In it he assembles a batch of trashy and ineffectual lives, and surveys them with a cold-blooded detachment only possible in a New Englander who has lived much in Europe. In his novel "Banjo," Claude McKay grows so snobbish over the fact that he is a negro, and is so persuasive over the advantages of being one, that he leaves you feeling low and ashamed because you were unfortunately born white. And Sherwood Anderson goes violently home-folksy and backwoodsy in "Hello Towns," and has as much fun about it as Henry Ford presiding at an old-time barn dance.

MR. BROMFIELD'S sketches are a collection of coroner's inquests. Somebody dies in every story and Mr. Bromfield relates the events leading up to the tragedy and hands down the verdict. His violent insistence on the scent of tuberoses, the presence of the ashes in the urn, and other macabre details, makes you a little fidgety. Some of the stories are no more than studies—finger exercises for limbering up the literary technique; but at least three are dramatic and memorable, and any book containing three first-rate short stories is worth your attention.

CLAUDE MCKAY goes from Harlem to Marseilles for his background in "Banjo." There he discovers a group of black boys, bumming their way through life, stealing wine from the casks on the dock, basking in the sun of Provence, spreading joy in the *bistros*, and holding revels in the *Quartier Réservé*. When Mr. McKay (impersonated in this novel by a negro writer called Ray) takes to explaining, defending, and shouting for his race, he becomes tedious as do all writers when they talk to themselves in their books. But when he gets to

SONG

TODAY the world is drenched in music. Symphonies, jazz, operas, ballads, mammy songs, hymns, modernistic cacophonies pour into the ear from all sides. Amidst much of what is surely chaff, there are here and there rich grains of memorable and thrilling music. Even the music lover needs an expert to organize the possibilities of this rich field for him and guide him unerringly through to the surely good compositions and the interesting renditions. Such an accomplished expert is Irving Weil, Commentator on Music for the *New York Evening Journal*. For fifteen years he has been noting and studying the progress of music. His writings in the *Journal* form a readable history, a clear interpretation, a witty criticism of this musical age that has so swiftly made musical history.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

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describing a loose and carefree evening, then you have an orgy that *is* an orgy—not one of your cheap-fiction wild parties, not one of your sophisticated analyses of sex, but a bang-up, stamping, singing, and dancing revel, with everyone having a good time except a few minor characters who are accidentally killed or wounded.

To be coldly critical (which is a mean habit), much of "Banjo" is repetitious and all of it is formless. Nevertheless it prances along with immense gaiety and its dialogue has velvety beauty.

AS you probably know, Sherwood Anderson is living in Marion, Smyth County, Virginia, where he is editing two country weeklies; and he is getting about the same selfconscious enjoyment out of it as a man riding down Fifth Avenue in an open hack, with motors whizzing all around him. Mr. Anderson's flight to the mountains of Virginia and to a congenial little business all his own is every man's dream—that is to say, every city man's dream. In this day when even Bernarr Macfadden's editorials are available to the most remote country newspapers, there is something gallant and touching about Mr. Anderson's attempt to bring back the fine old flavor of pioneer American journalism.

"Hello Towns" is a collection of excerpts from Mr. Anderson's weeklies, with the editor soliloquizing in italics on his hopes and timidities. His prayer, in substance, is the prayer of all editors—"I hope to Heaven these people like me." The excerpts themselves are persistently homespun and unliterary. Mr. Anderson takes no chances of writing over the heads or offending the susceptibilities of his paid subscribers. When Otto Kahn sends money to support the town band, he is grateful and impressed. When the office cat dies, he grows properly sentimental. He is, in fact, a perfect country editor. Almost, one suspects, too perfect.

FOR those who cherish the memory of Leopold of Belgium as a grand old libertine in Paris and a Simon Legree in the Congo, Comte Louis de

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With the publication on April 13th of "The Three Just Men," which was No. 2 on the best seller list, Edgar Wallace becomes the first author in the history of American publishing to produce three successive best sellers. In February, "The Flying Squad," by Edgar Wallace, was No. 4 on the best seller list. In March, "The Twister," by this author, was No. 9 on the list of ten best sellers.

The "Murder Book of J. G. Reeder," by Wallace, (just out) promises to add a fourth to this amazingly successful series.

The NEW YORK TIMES states that Queen Mary recently bought 7 books for King George—6 of which were by Edgar Wallace.

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Lichtervelde's biography, "Leopold of the Belgians," comes like a dash of cold water. It really isn't fair to write a biography like this. Here Leopold spent a lifetime working up a reputation for picturesque wickedness and good old cancan waywardness, and then this well-meaning biographer tries to ruin the whole legend by picturing Leopold as a smugly upright businessman, thinking only of the prosperity of his country and the welfare of those poor African heathens.

The Count tries too hard. In clearing Leopold of his glamorous sins by completely ignoring them, he makes him a dull, bored king who went snuffling for money on the side and who used his position to augment his personal fortunes. Considered merely as reading, the book is tiresome—with its interminable accounts of local politics and its passion for explaining all the ins and outs of the Congo business.

"THE HOHENZOLLERNS" is better fun. It is a tour through the family album of the ex-Kaiser conducted by Herbert Eulenberg, a German republican who writes tolerantly and humorously of the Electors of Brandenburg and the Kings of Prussia. They were, these Hohenzollerns, good drillmasters, bad generals, despicable fathers, but fairly good husbands. Mr. Eulenberg's chapter on the family genius, Frederick the Great, is an adroit condensation of a character who is too big for the book, just as he was too big for his family. In the end, Wilhelm of Doorn emerges, not as a monster, but as an anachronism—a throwback to his ancestors. The book is neither profound nor inspired but it is readable, and that is something these fine spring days. —A. W. S.

•

ROTOGRAVURE

Famous people have, in pictures,
Always, couchant at their feet,
Russian wolfhounds; yet I rarely
See a wolfhound in the street.

Tell me, are there, kept in secret,
Agencies where people may,
Photographed for publication,
Rent a wolfhound by the day?

—CAROL PHYLLIS SCHMID

•

AND STILL THEY COME!

Eight American women were resented at Buckingham Palace last night.—*London newspaper.*

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AWAKE AND REHEARSE, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). Collection of macabre short sketches, with a few really dramatic ones.

COLD STEEL, by M. P. Shiel (*Vanguard Press*). Swashbuckling and incredible tale of how an innocent girl's virtue was preserved in the reign of Henry VIII. Exciting if you can translate Tudor English.

DARK STAR, by Lorna Moon (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A young girl's story, sensitively but vigorously told by a new writer of unusual powers of characterization and narration.

PENNY DREADFUL, by Malcolm Ross (*Coward-McCann*). Entertaining romance exposing the inner workings of the tabloids.

MIMI BLUETTE, by Guido da Verona (*Dutton*). Escapades of an amoureuse, which reach a tragic climax. Sophisticated and amusing with more than a touch of real feeling.

MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacratelle (*Putnam*). Early impressions of sex turn Marie Bonifas' natural emotions into unnatural channels. Interesting study of provincial French types.

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA, by Grace Zaring Stone (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Sacred and profane love in New Spain, in which a beautiful nun and a swashbuckling English captain play delicately dramatic rôles.

PASSING, by Nella Larsen (*Knopf*). The tragedy of a beautiful colored woman who "passes" as white and yet longs for the companionship of her own race.

STONE DAUGHERTY, by John P. Fort (*Dodd, Mead*). Brute force and murder in Tennessee a hundred years ago, swift-moving plot, and excellent characterizations make this novel well worth reading.

DOWNFALL, by Harold W. Brecht (*Harper*). A boy's reaction to his first experience with parental injustice, which may dismay even the most conscientious parents. Exceptionally interesting.

MAD FINGERS, by Hildegarde Huntsman (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another variation on the theme of "The Constant Nymph;" the daughter of an artistic genius has a hard time finding happiness.

FATHER WILLIAM, by Donald Ogden Stewart (*Harper*). A middle-aged father steps out, to the dismay of his children. The kind of humor best described as rollicking.

BLACK MAGIC, by Paul Morand (*Viking Press*). The ancestral magic of the negro as evidenced in modern types—and in breath-taking stories whose scenes are laid in America, the West Indies, and Africa.

SKIPPY, by Percy Crosby (*Putnam*). The Skippy of *Life* and the comics now figures as the engaging hero of a book for not-too-sedate adults.

NELLIE BLOOM, by Margery Latimer (*Scars*). Short stories of varying merit which entitle Miss Latimer to a place of some importance in the modern group.

Less recent:

DESTINIES, by François Mauriac. ROUND UP: The Stories of Ring Lardner. SIX

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